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THE MONTHLY MIRROR:

REFLECTING

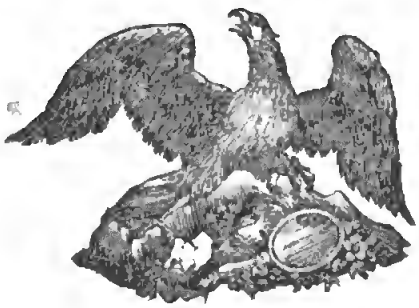
MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH

STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,

The Stage.

To hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature.



VOL. IX.

Embellished with superb Engravings.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Wright, Denmark-Court, Strand,

And published by VERNOR and HOOD in the Poultry;

Sold also by all the Booksellers in

Great Britain and

Ireland.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JANUARY, 1800.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF THE INGENIOUS MISS LINWOOD, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

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London:

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PREFACE

TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

IF we may not be permitted to say of our MIRROR, *as we do of* wine, *that it improves in quality as it advances in age, we have, at least, the satisfaction to know, that we are not adding one volume to another, without a constant accession of friends:—and an increase of circulation is, perhaps, the least equivocal, and certainly the most agreeable, testimony that can be produced in favour of a periodical miscellany.*

We know how to be grateful for this extended patronage. The present work was not instituted for the purpose of gain. *It was the original and continues to be the leading intention of the proprietors to sacrifice profit to respectability; and, conformably to their general system, they have disdained to take advantage of the advance of paper, to* RAISE THE PRICE OF THEIR WORK, *a measure that has been almost exclusively adopted by the proprietors of other magazines and reviews, and which, indeed, so unexpected and alarming a circumstance has rendered perfectly warrantable, if not indispensibly necessary.*

As a further proof of our anxiety to keep pace with the liberality of the public, we have, at a very considerable and unusual expence, procured an entirely new Type, from the Foundry of Caslon and Co. a Specimen of which is given in the present number; and we trust its superior elegance will be no less conspicuous than the acknowledged taste and accuracy of our printer.

We are convinced that this is the way to command *success, as well as to* deserve *it; for we have received an earnest of its efficacy. We do not rely altogether on rewards that are merely casual and prospective. We are not among those "who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of Hope;" but we are enabled, from* experience *of the past, to form a reasonable judgment of the future; and we, therefore, commence a* new year, *a* new volume, *and, if the chronologists will give us leave, a* new century, *with unabated industry, with expectations sanguine as our wishes, and with a determination to surmount all obstacles whatsoever, that shall threaten to impede our progress; for we are inclined to subscribe to the animating sentiment of Ovid—*

Audentes forsque deusque juvat.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In No. 52 will be given a Portrait of Benjamin Thompson, Esq. translator of the Stranger, the German Theatre, &c. and in No 53 a Portrait of Edward Jerningham, Esq. the Poet.

The communication on the subject of Heraldry, from our esteemed correspondent at Hertford, is unavoidably delayed.

W. MUDFORD has discovered that Gray borrowed a passage, in his *Ode on Spring*, from Cooper's *Tomb of Shakspere*. Our correspondent is rather unfortunate in this remark; for, in the first place, the coincidence is merely general; and, in the next, the poem of GRAY was published thirteen years *before* the Elegy of COOPER. If there be any imitation, the latter, therefore, is the plagiary.

Q. Z. is again requested to accept of our best thanks for her several communications.

CRITO requests that we will deliver our sentiments with respect to the THEATRICAL DISPUTE. Let us first hear the facts.

Two original Sonnets, from the pen of Mr. HARLEY, the actor, as soon as possible.

S. B. will see that we have paid attention to his note.

The Complaint, by T. G**a shall have a place as soon as its length and the claims of prior correspondents will permit.

OCTAVIUS, S. K. and I. P. TAYLOR, are severally entitled to our best acknowledgments.

A *Wolverhamptonian* shall be attended to.

We thank Mr. Siddons for his affecting Lines on a departed Sister, from *Newcastle*.

We are aware of the objections pointed out to us in a letter from *Poole*; but we fear they are not to be remedied altogether. The *audi alteram partem* is the only counteraction that can possibly be devised, in such cases as our correspondent complains of.

The rival efforts of C. H. and I. A. S. from Liverpool, are received, and under consideration.

The letter of an AMATEUR, from *Liverpool*, is likewise in our possession.

I. B's pamphlet was not forgotten. The epigrams we beg leave to decline.

The length of the poem addressed *to an unfortunate young Lady*, is not compensated by its interest, or its elegance. We are still willing to give a place to the author's first transmittal.

If our correspondent, in *Devonshire*, will permit us to lower his note of eulogium, and soften the asperity of his censure, the favour of VERITAS shall be inserted.

Marcus on the Sonnets of Shakspere, in reply to Mr. Chalmers---Letter I. in our next.

Remarks on the performers in Pizarro are omitted for want of room.

Juvenis will excuse us, on the same account.

Miss Linwood.

Published as the Act directs by Vernor & Hood, 31 Poultry, Jan. 31. 1800.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JANUARY 1800.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MISS LINWOOD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It is to the credit of European nations, and more particularly of our own, that the gentler sex have obtained their due rank in the orders of civil society; that in useful knowledge and elegant accomplishments they are successful competitors for the palm of excellence; and that in many of the higher walks of art, they even take the lead to the temple of fame. Our present galaxy of female genius is Britain's most honourable boast. As devotional and moral writers, it is gratifying to name Mrs. Trimmer, Chapone, and Miss More; as novelists, Mrs. D'Arblay, Ratcliffe, West, &c. as dramatists, Mrs. Inchbald, Cowley, and Miss Lee; while in the higher paths of poesy tread Miss Seward, Mrs. Barbauld, and Charlotte Smith; in the regions of attic lore, ranges Mrs. Carter; and over a branch of ancient art, which has been retrieved from oblivion by female skill, presides the lady who is the subject of this memoir.

She is descended from an ancient and respectable family in Northamptonshire, whose names stand in the list of members for that county. She was born in Warwickshire, but from her infancy her residence has been in Leicester.

Like many who have been led to the discovery of a natural bias by some accidental cause, this lady owes her first ideas of an art, in which she has so eminently distinguished herself, to a very trifling circumstance.

In the year 1782, a friend sent her, for inspection, a large collection of prints, in various styles of engraving, with no other view than that of affording a casual amusement. Inspecting them with the eye of genius, Miss Linwood conceived that the force of an engraving might be united with the softness of a mezzotinto: but being totally unacquainted with any process in that art, she had no instru-

ment, by which to make the experiment, but her needle. With that she endeavoured to realize her first idea, by copying such prints as most engaged her attention, with the rovings of pure coloured silk, upon white sarsenet. The needle, in her hand, soon became like the plastic chissel of Praxiteles, upon a block of marble: she touched the ground-work, and the figures started into form.

Encouraged by the liberal applause bestowed upon these first attempts, she made copies of them upon an enlarged scale; and the Empress of Russia, being then considered as the grand patroness of the arts, and her court becoming the repository of every ingenious production in Europe, Miss Linwood was persuaded, by the then ambassador from the court of Petersburgh, to present a specimen of her unrivalled work to the Empress. Not having, at that time, a thought of making a collection, Miss Linwood consented, and consigned a large picture to Petersburgh, which, in October 1783, was presented to her imperial majesty, by her then favourite general, Landskoy. She expressed the highest admiration of the performance, said "it was exquisite in that branch of art, unquestionably the first in the world;" and orderd the General to make such a return to Miss Linwood, as might be worthy of the work, and of herself. But the death of that General frustrated these liberal intentions; no one presuming to mention any thing which had reference to him in the presence of Her Majesty.—The picture, however, is particularly honoured, and occupies a favoured situation in the emperor's palace.

The first essay made by Miss Linwood to imitate paintings, was in 1785, and she so far succeeded, that, in the following year, she addressed, to the society for the encouragement of arts, &c. a St. Peter, from Guido; a head of Lear, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a hare, from the Houghton collection. For these, the society complimented her with a medal, on which is engraved, "FOR EXCELLENT IMITATIONS OF PICTURES IN NEEDLE-WORK." This was the first, and, we believe, the only instance of the society's presenting a medal for this species of art.

Encouraged by this flattering distinction, Miss L. made great additions to her collection, and, in the year 1789, copied the Salvator Mundi, from a picture of Carlo Dolci, in the Earl of Exeter's possession, for which exquisite production she has since been offered the prodigious sum of three thousand guineas.

Miss Linwood is entitled to the patriotic praise of having wrought the *first banner* which was offered to any military association, since the commencement of the present war, and had the honour of presenting it, in 1794, to the united corps of cavalry and yeomanry in Leicestershire. The very appropriate design was her own, and the workmanship was executed with a neatness which rarely has been united with so powerful an effect.

We have been informed that Miss Linwood never was regularly instructed in drawing, which may be considered as the grammar of her art; but, certain it is, that, by studious application, she has acquired the powers of designing and executing, in crayons, distemper, and colours, with accuracy, taste, and spirit.

Her first thought of making an exhibition of her own paintings, originated from some pictures which were sent to the royal academy having been refused admission; as one of the regulations of that institution is, that they do not admit any thing to be exhibited in *needle-work*. Nothing can more completely evince the absurdity of such a regulation, than the applause and attention which Miss Linwood's performances have obtained from a discerning public; an attention which reflects equal credit on the taste of the metropolis, and the talents of the artist.

Among the cultivators of this new method of painting, the names of Lady Yates, of Mrs. Wright, and of Mrs. Knowles, deserve to be respectfully noticed, for their excellent imitations of historical pictures, of fruit, and of flower-pieces: but it was reserved for Miss Linwood, to produce a *gallery* of imitative art, which, considering its magnitude and excellence, must be deemed a monument, not only of uncommon genius, but of a persevering industry, which surpasses the labours of Penelope at her procrastinated web.

From the late and the present president of the Royal Academy, her works have received the highest and most generous praise; and Sir Joshua Reynolds gave a sanction to *his* approbation, by pointing out such of his own pictures, as would have the best effect in her copies. By him, as well as by the late Earls of Exeter and Gainsborough, she was favoured with many capital paintings, of which her admirable imitations are now exhibiting in Hanover-Square. Miss Linwood will shortly add to her collection the Woodman, and the Shepherd's Boy, from the pencil of Gainsborough; and Lady Jane Grey, with Ephraim and Manasseh, from that of Northcote.

CRASHAW, THE POET.

MR. EDITOR,

OCTAVIUS, in his laudable recommendation of *Crashaw*, at p. 269, of your last volume, appears to have overlooked a valuable tribute to the memory of that devout poet and accomplished scholar, by the bard of Eartham, who contributed the article of his life, in the new edition of Biographia Britannica*. The zeal of Mr. Phillips, in vindicating the reputation of Crashaw, had led him to make some severe remarks on several English poets, and particularly on Pope, which have been repelled by Mr. Hayley, with much ingenuity and candour: but, from the charge of intentional borrowing, without acknowledgment, it does not appear in the power of any advocate to exonerate "the poet of reason," as, I think, he is styled by Dr. Warton.

Mr. Phillips was far from accurate in his account of editions of Crashaw's works; and Mr. Hayley has, therefore, erred by following him too implicitly. The second edition of "Steps to the Temple," did not appear in 1649, nor were the "Sacred Poems" included in the second edition; neither was it afterwards published with the false date of 1670, for they were entirely distinct impressions. Having taken some pains to collect and compare the successive copies of Crashaw's poems, the following list will probably be more correct than what has yet been given.

"Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber."—Cantab. 1634. [This publication appeared without the author's name. His initials only were prefixed to the dedication.]

"Steps to the Temple, with other Delights of the Muses, by *Richard Crashaw*, sometimes of Pembroke-Hall, and late Fellow of S. Peter's Coll. in Cambridge."—Lond. 1646.

"Steps to the Temple, with the Delights of the Muses, by *Richard Crashaw*, &c. The Second Edition, wherein are added divers Pieces not before extant."—Lond. 1648. [A frontispiece by Cross was prefixed to this edition.]

"Carmen Deo Nostro, Te decet Hymnus. Sacred Poems, collected, corrected, augmented, most humbly presented to my Lady the Countess of Denbigh, by her most devoted Servant, R. C. in hearty Acknowledgment of his immortal Obligation to her Goodness and Charity."—Printed at Paris, 1652. [This curious little volume is embellished with beautiful vignettes, which appear, from some introductory verses, to have been designed, if not engraved, by Crashaw himself, who, according to his early editor, was accomplished in 'music, drawing, limning, and graving.' At the end of the volume is Cowley's poem of "Hope," and Crashaw's "Answer for Hope."]

"*Richardi Crashawi* Poemata et Epigrammata, Quæ scripsit Latina & Græca. Editio secunda, auctior & emendatior." Cantab, 1670. [The additi-

* It should also be remarked that Headley, in his 'Biographical Sketches,' and Dr. Anderson, in his 'Lives of the British Poets,' have paid respectful attention to the merits of Crashaw.

onal poems occur between sig. A 4 and B 3, with 3 pages at the end, consisting of Latin and Greek distiches.]

" Steps to the Temple, the Delights of the Muses, and Carmen deo nostro. By *Rich. Crashaw*"—printed in the Savoy, 1670. [This is erroneously called the *second edition* in the title page: most, if not all of the poems printed in the Paris edit. of " Carmen deo nostro," are contained in this volume, but they differ very materially in the two publications; and where the earlier reading is departed from, it is commonly for the worse. Between the two copies, a much better text might be obtained than hitherto has appeared.]

" Poetry by *Richard Crashow*, who was a Canon in the Chapel of Loretto, and died there in the Year 1650; with some Account of the Author, and an introductory Address to the Reader, by Per. Phillips."—[This is a judicious selection from the Eng. and Lat. Poems] Lond. 1785. A copy of verses by *Crashaw* is printed before " Herbert's Hygiasticon, or Course of preserving Health," 1634, and another in " Voces Votivæ Acad. Cantab." 1637.

Anthony Wood has entered *Richard Crashaw* among the incorporations at Cambridge in 1641, and his authority is confided in by Messrs. Hayley and Phillips; but the diligence of Dr. Farmer discovered that our poet proceeded A. B. in 1634, and A. M. in 1638.

Pray pardon this antiquarian trespass on your elegant miscellany, from,

Sir, yours, &c. S. K.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

To attempt to account for a mere difference of taste, would be equally frivolous and tedious. The subject has been " bolted to the bran." Allow me, Sir, however, to say to my friend Octavius, that, though he has assuredly " extended that pleasure which he himself received," by his quotations from the ' Pleasures of Hope,' I am unfortunate enough not to relish the beauties of ' Gondibert;' at least, I conceive them too thinly interspersed, to repay a man for wading through such an ocean of alternate verse. Dr. Aikin's support is, indeed, a tower of strength; and of his taste I should have entertained no mean opinion, had I read nothing besides his beautiful little ballad (the composition of his youth) ' It was a Winter's Evening, and fast came down the Snow.'

Under the auspices of Dr. Aikin, a new edition of ' The Spleen' has lately issued from the press. The Doctor notices, in the preface, Melmoth's observation, in his ' Fitzosborne's Letters,' that " no poem of the same length (I think only seven or eight hundred lines, of eight-feet verse) contains so much *originality of thought*." Yet two of his lines brought so strongly to my memory two of Prior's, that I wonder the author gave them admittance.

" Perceiv'd in hack, with lover fine,
" *Like Will and Mary on the coin*"—

are too palpable a plagiary from

" Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
" *Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.*

For this slip of Green's, however, were it not pedantic, we might, with so much justice, quote the old " Verum ubi plura nitent, &c." as wholly to obviate any unfavourable impression of the author, whom, when once perused, the purchaser will not allow to be a " fixture on his shelf." A short specimen from him is here presented, not for its poetic beauty, but its solid sense, and as affording excellent advice to those youths who are for ever wishing to push Reason entirely off the coach-box, and to let Imagination take the reins into her own hands, uncontrolled by the admonitions of so cold-blooded a friend.

" When *Fancy* tries her limning skill,
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And shew her talent to excel—

I *guard* my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And, disappointed, feel despair,
At loss of things that never were.

With Octavius I perfectly coincide in substituting Cowper, Beattie, Burns, and Gisborne, for those he has named, as classed among the poets, but very little read: of the last, indeed, I trust it is no disrespect to say, that I prefer the manly convincing reasoning of his *prose*, to his 'Walks in a Forest.' Of poor Burns I well remember being in the company, with a large party, at Edinburgh, in the spring of 1787; that period of his life when he

" Bore his blushing honours thick upon him;"

when, together with the literary, the noble, the gay, and the affluent, all paid court to him. He possessed strong intellect, as well as a fine poetic vein; but, alas! a too great love of company, and of those *certain poisons*, spirituous liquors, brought to an early grave a man formed, by nature, for nobler purposes.

I am, Sir,

Theatre Halifax, respectfully yours,
Dec. 23. W. P. TAYLOR.

REMARKS

ON THE

MORAL AND LITERARY CHARACTER

OF

DR. JOHNSON.

Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, too!
His sun is set.---Oh rise some other such. *Cowper!*

THE name of Dr. Johnson must ever be revered, for the valuable and great additions, made by his exertions, to the literature of his country. Considering the complication of disorders under which he laboured, one cannot but be surprised at the clearness of his perception, the brightness of his imagination, and the accuracy of his judgment. As a poet, an essayist, a biographer, or a philologist, he stands in the first class; and I am not hazarding too much, when I say, no writer has done more real service to society.

His imitations of Juvenal possess the indignant fire and pointed severity of the Roman satirist. Of his London, published before the death of Pope, that great poet was heard to say,* "Whoever the author is, he will not be long concealed;" alluding to the passage in Terence: *Ubi, ubi est, diu celari non potest.* The merit of the Rambler the world has long acknowledged; and, therefore, of it I need say but little: those who are fond of maintaining useless paradoxes (the petty wits and prigs in literature) endeavour to detract from the merit of Johnson, by invidiously comparing his style with the style of Addison, not considering the different views of the authors:---the elegant irony of the courtly Spectator was calculated to laugh them out of their vices and follies; the sententious gravity of the argumentative Rambler was meant to reason them into right; each has his distinct and peculiar merit; both pursued the same ends, by different means, and he who endeavours to raise one, at the expence of the other, will lessen the merit of both. The style of Addison is certainly safer to copy, for Johnson's language is suited only to the weight of Johnson's thoughts. In the compilation of the Dictionary of the Engliſh Language, he has added science to labour, and united genius to learning: the academy *Della Crusca*, at *Florence*, his biographers tell us, would scarcely believe that so great a work was performed by one man. In his political, there is the same harmonious style, and fertility of thought, as in his other writings; and there is little doubt but his benevolent exertions helped to allay the

* Murphy's Essay on the Life and Genius of Johnson.

ferment of a heated populace. His Journey to the Western Islands gave him an opportunity of surveying the various habits and manners of men, in their different situations. His account abounds with such judicious remarks, growing, as it were, out of the narrative, as might be expected from so accurate an observer of human nature; and every one must wish, if it would not have interfered with his more serious avocations, that "to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his business." The beautiful tale of Rasselas should not be forgotten; and it should be remembered that the best papers in the Adventurer were written by him. The Lives of the Poets were written when the author was seventy years of age, and were probably occasioned by a conversation he once had with the king*.---This is generally considered the most popular of his works. As a biographer, he stands confessedly unrivalled; his narrative is regular and judicious, not clogged with unnecessary circumstances, but embellished with anecdote and moral reflection; and his characters have the nice discrimination of Clarendon, without his carelessness of language. Bold and original in his strictures, he is never the echo of former critics; no *tenth transmitter* of a preconceived opinion; and if the mists of prejudice have, in one or two instances, clouded and perverted his judgment, let not misguided malice condemn him in the gross. There is not, perhaps, any author who has so little need to blot, nor any in whom there is so much to admire. From his writings much learning may be gathered, and much information obtained: his pen was always exerted in the cause of virtue and morality, and, on whatever subject his mind was employed, it was his determined purpose *to give ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.*

"The best part of an author," Johnson has said, "is to be found in his works:" but if we turn from his books before us, to the volume of his life, we shall not have much cause to regret the transition: in his moral concerns, pious and devout, almost to enthusiasm; in his domestic relations of man to his fellow, he was benevolent and charitable;

> And, from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
> He never, never turn'd away his ear. †

His house was the resort of penury and wretchedness, and misery and disease seldom went unrelieved: he was least amiable as a companion; he was rough and uncivil, sometimes even to his best friends; but this rudeness was momentary, and he was always desirous and anxious to be reconciled. One good effect, he would say, his aspe-

* Vide Boswell's Life of Johnson.
† Beattie.

rity had, was, that folly, obscenity, and irreligious conversation were repressed in his presence. By those who are fond of looking on the black side of human nature, his ascerbity of temper has been magnified into the greatest crime, and the glass has been reversed in looking on his virtues: but it will be well for us if, "when we shall meet at compt," a little roughness of diposition, caused by constitutional melancholy and disease, shall be the greatest and only crime imputed to us. To say he had failings, is only to say he was a man. No temporary and time-serving moralist, his works will probably sink only with the language in which they are written, and we should be mindful that every one who is made better by his writings, adds a leaf to his laurel.

Stamford. OCTAVIUS.

THE CONVERSATION OF BIRDS.

MR. EDITOR,

GESSNER relates a long dialogue which passed between two nightingales, at an inn in Ratisbon, in which not only the human voice was imitated to admiration, but where sagacity, and strength of argument, were displayed on both sides. Thus, when we are possessed of high reputation, for *any one* quality, the world is ready to allow us others, to which we have no pretensions. Gessner seems to *credit the relation from his correspondent*; and it can only be produced from the pen of so great a naturalist, as a proof how much the most enlightened minds may be biassed, on a favourite subject; and how difficult it is to discriminate between truth and error, when our passions and prejudices prompt our belief. "Whilst I was at Ratisbon, I put up at an inn, the sign of the Golden Crown, where my host had three nightingales. What I am going to repeat is wonderful; almost incredible; yet true. The nightingales were placed separately; so that each was shut up by itself, in a dark cage. All day long they were silent. But it was usual, about midnight, when there was no noise in the house, but all still, to hear two of the nightingales jangling, talking to each other, and plainly imitating men's discourses. For my part, I was lost in wonder!—for at this time, when all was quiet, they held conferences together, and repeated whatever they had heard among the guests by day. They even rehearsed unseemly words, that they had heard cast out, which *ought rather to have been repressed.* But these birds, *not knowing the difference* between filthy

and *honest words*, did out with them. I verily had never believed *our Pliny** writing so many wonderful things concerning these little creatures, had I not myself seen with my eyes, and heard them with my ears, uttering such things as I have related! Neither can I yet, of a sudden, write all, or call to remembrance every particular that I heard." This *imputed* power of ratiocination, in birds, from a naturalist of *that* age [1565] not only approaches them so near human nature as to degrade it, but is apt to lead it into farther error. How pleasing it is to man to fancy himself the peculiar favourite of heaven, and how important to his desire to deserve its favour, we need not expatiate upon. But our *modern* naturalist, Buffon, gives us the happiest cause for exultation, in his reflections on the anatomy of the ourang-otang—reflections, which would have comforted Dr. Johnson, when he exclaimed, on the sight of a monkey, "Oh! it is *so like* us." "The tongue, and all the organs of the voice, are the *same* as man's, and yet the animal is *dumb*; the *brain* is likewise formed in the *same manner*, though the creature is *destitute* of *reason*: an *evident proof that no disposition of matter can constitute a mind*; and that the body, however nicely constructed, is constructed in vain, when *no* SOUL is infused into it, for the purpose of *directing* its operations."

Q. Z.

AN ALLEGORY ON THE ACACIA TREE.

Ut Sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
Prima cadunt; ita
Debemur morti nos, nostraque.

As I sat carelessly at my window, and threw my eyes upon a large Acacia, which grew before me, I conceived it might aptly represent a country divided into provinces, towns, and families. The larger branches might hold out the first; the smaller branches, connected with them, the second; and those combinations of collateral leaves, which specify the acacia, might represent families composed of individuals. It was now late in the year, and the autumnal tint had taken possession of the greater part of the tree. As I sat looking at it, many of the yellow leaves (which, having been produced earlier decayed sooner) were continually dropping into the lap of their *great mother*. *Here* was an emblem of *natural* decay. The most obvious appearance of mortality.

As I continued looking, a gentle breeze rustled amongst the

* Conrad Gessner, the Pliny of Germany.

leaves; many fell, which, in a natural course, might have enjoyed life longer. *Here* malady was added to decay.

The blast increased; and every branch that presented itself bowed before it. A shower of leaves covered the ground. "The cup of vengeance," said I, "is poured out upon the people. Pestilence shakes the land. Nature sickens in the gale. They fall by multitudes. Whole families are cut off together!" Among the branches was one, entirely withered; the leaves were shrivelled, yet still clinging to it. *Here* was an emblem of famine. The *nutriment* of life was stopped. *Existence* was just supported; but every form was emaciated and shrunk.

In the neighbourhood was a branch, not only shrivelled and withered, but, having been more exposed to winds, was stripped, almost entirely, of its leaves; here and there hung a *solitary leaf*, just enough to shew that the whole had lately been alive. "Ah," said I, "*here* is an emblem of depopulation; some violent cause hath laid waste the land; towns and villages, as well as families, are desolated; scarce ten are left to bemoan a thousand." How does every thing around us bring its lesson to our minds! Nature is the great book of God; in every page is instruction to those who read. Mortality *must* claim its due. Death, in various shapes, hovers round us; and thus far went the *Heathen* moralist. *He* had learned no other knowledge from these perishing forms of nature, but that men, like trees, are subject to death.

——————Ita
Debemur morti nos, nostraque—

Better instructed *christian*, learn thou, that that God, who, with the blast of winter, shrivels the tree, and with the breezes of spring restores it, offers to thee an emblem for thy hope. *His* works are uniform; the truths which *nature* teaches, as far as they go, are the works of *revelation* also. It is written in *both* these books, *that the power which revives the tree, will revive thee also, like it, with increasing perfection**.

Hertford. Q. Z.

* "And this, our life,
"---------- Find tongues in trees,
"Books in the running brooks,
"Sermons in stones---*and good in every thing.*"
Shakspeare's "*As you like it.*"

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

TEMP. CAR. 2.

FROM Dr. PLOTT'S HIST. OF OXFORDSHIRE.

As to what concerns death, I must add a relation as *strange*, as it is *true*, of the family of Captain Wood, *late* of Bampton, *now* of Brise-norton, captain in the late wars of the king; some whereof, before their deaths, have had signal warning given them by a certain knocking, either at the door without, or tables and shelves within the house. The *number* of strokes, and *distance* between them, and the *place* where, for the most part, respecting the circumstances of the persons to die, or their deaths themselves, will be collected from the following circumstances and relation. The first knocking that was observed was about a year after the restoration of the king: in the afternoon, a little before night, *at* or *upon* the door, it being then open. Mrs. Eleanor Wood, mother of the captain, only heard it. She was much disturbed, thinking it boded some ill to her or her's—fourteen days after she heard news of the death of her son-in-law, Mr. George Smith.

Three years after that, there were great knocks thrice given, very audibly to every body in the house, viz. to Mrs. Eleanor Wood, Mr. Basil Wood and his wife, Mrs. Hester W. and some servants, which knocks were so remarkable, that one of the maids came from the well, which was about twenty yards from the place, to see what was the matter; and another maid saw three pans of lard shake and totter so, upon a shelf, in the milk-house, that she was like to fall down. Upon this violent knocking, Mr. Basil Wood and his wife, being then in the hall, came presently running into the milk-house, to their mother, and, finding her much disturbed, she replied "God knew the matter—she could tell nothing but that she heard the knocking." Mr. B. W. concluded it must be for some of the family at home; and that upon the door for a friend abroad, which accordingly fell out; three of the family, according to the number of the knocks, dying withing half a year after, viz. Mrs. Hester Wood, a child of Mr. Wood's sister, and Mrs. Eleanor Wood, his mother!

Q. Z.

[To be continued.]

CASTLE OF LANGARRAN.

A WELSH STORY.

From the MSS. of the late James Petit Andrews, Esq. F. S. A.

LETTER XVI.

Sir George Sinclair to Lord Glenham.

I MUST, I verily believe, Glenham, leave off all my friendly admonitions. You are incorrigible; and this last story of the girl at Amiens heaps up the measure of your noxious follies so high, that I can only console myself with the idea of its holding no more. But take heed, most ineffable non-descript coxcomb! the ground you now tread is dangerous; the relations of Letty Fletcher were peaceable clergymen; you could escape the 'trombone' of Signor . . . . . by crossing the sea, and the 'stiletto' of Don Lopez di Velasquez, by climbing the Pyrenees; but here you will have two spirited Irishmen to deal with; fellows that will pursue you over the Channel, and make you honest in spite of yourself. You are no coward, I know; but a cause so wretchedly bad, as that which I foresee you will soon have to defend, would blunt the point of a Durindana, if mad Orlando were to step out of his grave and hand it to you.

In spite of your faults, however, I cannot get rid of my old trick of serving you, when you stand in need of me. So, yesterday, I had little to do but to be scolded for your confounded inconsistencies.--- Early in the morn, I was visited by your pliant, placable, insipid caput mortuum of a tutor. He begged me to attend the admiral, your uncle, immediately, as he had left him, last night, in a very ill humour. I desired to know the particulars, and found that, as soon as the uninteresting priest reached town, he went to Weymouth-street, and apologized, as you bade him, for your absence. That the old tar, fixing his goggling eyes upon him, roared out, 'Doctor, I respect the cloth; no man in England respects it more, else I should tell you that it's all a d—d lie, and you know it is, doctor; the young wh—son is as well as you are, only he's got foul of some d—nd outlandish painted galley; that's all, doctor: but I'd fain know why you don't preach to him, doctor, and tell him about the harlot Rahab, and Queen Jezebel, and what sad ends they came to: that would be doing your duty, doctor, better than in shewing false lights, and leading his kinsman astray.' The poor doctor, as your uncle calls him, not being able to comprehend either his divinity or his tactics,

made off, in some confusion, and left the whole knotty business to my consideration.

As soon as I could get ready, I repaired to Weymouth-street, where I found the old gentleman, growling like a bear, and walking across and across his study, with all the graces of a Newcastle skipper. Your last letter, which he held in his hand, seemed by no means to supply any grains of alkali to the acidity of his sensations. His rage found a happy vent at the sight of me. 'Here's a dog, Sir George! here's a pretty son of a—— (and there he stopped, recollecting his relationship to the lady in question) D'ye know what his plausible b—h of a tutor has been jawing about?' He then related to me what your commissioner had told him, and how thoroughly he believed it all a lie. I shall now try to proceed in his own emphatic words; but you must pardon me if I err, as I am no adept in the sea language, and hardly comprehended half what he said.—'D—n the lubber, does a think to come over me with all this gabb? Why didn't he make sail, when I hove out a signal that his commanding officer was dead? Answer me that, now! Instead o' that, did not a hawl upon his wind, and stand off. * * * * * * * * * * * * Don't I know the trim of his vessel? He's as surely foul of the hawser of some d—d painted French galley, as ever my name's Tobias: but as he brews he may bake, for me; I ha' been his friend, man and boy, as the saying is, these twenty good years, and if I had not boused out cable for him, his sheet anchor would ha' come home many a good time and oft. But no matter for that: all I know is, that if he gow to sea under outlandish colours, the devil a dollar shall he ever see of my money, to pay for the victualling of his ship. No, I think, for my share, the family have had enough of French women, already; a pack o' false-hearted papish b——s! A fine madam, indeed, I shall have for a niece! D—me if I sha'n't expect to have her lie in of the pope, the devil, and the pretender, at a birth.'

I cannot repeat any more of the good man's rhapsody, verbatim; but I gathered, from the tenor of it, that he wanted to write you a letter, on the subject of your supposed engagement in France, but that the wound in his right hand had lately broke out again, and that he must, therefore, wait until Mrs. Walden comes from Bath, and then make use of her pen. His voice now sunk into a surly hum, out of which I could make very little meaning; yet I think I am not mistaken when I say that he has got some heiress in his eye for you; but *whom*, I cannot tell.

And now, Glenham, if you have not gone too far with your new love, take my advice, and come home instantly. Your connexion with her will only produce misery to both. Your uncle will never bear with patience your marrying what he will call an outlandish, Jacobite, Irish Papist; and how can you, 'entre nous,' go on, without either a legacy from your uncle, or a fortune with your wife? One or other, it should seem, were necessary, after such a possessor as lately tenanted Glenham Place. In the mean time, I enclose a draught for two hundred pounds:—take it, without scruple, and repay it from the first quarterly payment of your estate, which will be next Friday six weeks—a month after quarter day. You may find it convenient, for I do not think the good man Tobias is in a humour to (send you any remittances this post or two) bouse out any more cable, as he calls it, to you, for one while.

I will find no more faults in this letter, lest you should tell me that I have been only gilding a bitter pill; and, lest I should relapse into my monitories, I will conclude, as

Your truly affectionate friend,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

[Number x.]

MARY OXLIE OF MORPETH.

MARY MORPETH was a Scotch poetess, (says Phillips, in *Theatr. Poetarum, p.* 259) and a friend of the poet Drummond, of whom, besides many other things in poetry, she hath a large encomium in verse. The "many other things" mentioned by Phillips, are, perhaps, no longer extant; but her panegyric on the Petrarch of Scotland, hath been preserved before a rare edition of his poems, printed at London in 1656, and affords no unpleasing testimony of this lady's poetical attainments.

TO WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

I never rested on the Muse's bed,
Nor dipt my quill in the Thessalian fountain;
My rustic Muse was rudely fostered,
And flies too low to reach the double mountain.

Then do not sparks with your bright suns compare,
Perfection in a woman's work is rare;
From an untroubled mind should verses flow,
My discontents make mine too muddy show;
And hoarse encumbrances of houshold care,
Where these remain, the Muses ne'er repair.

If thou dost extol her hair,
Or her ivory forehead fair,
Or those stars whose bright reflection,
Thralls thy heart in sweet subjection:
Or, when to display, thou seeks
The snow-mixt roses on her cheeks;
Or those rubies, soft and sweet,
Over those pretty rows that meet;
The chian painter, as asham'd,
Hides his picture, so far fam'd;
And the queen he carv'd it by,
With a blush her face doth dye;
Since those lines do limn a creature,
That so far surpast her feature.

When thou shew'st how fairest Flora
Prank't with pride the banks of *Ora**;
So thy verse her streams doth honour,
Strangers grow enamour'd on her.
All the swans that swim in Po,
Would their native brooks forego;
And, as loathing Phœbus' beams,
Long to bathe in cooler streams.
Tree-turn'd Daphne would be seen
In her groves to flourish green;
And her boughs would gladly spare
To frame a garland for her hair.
That fairest nymphs with finest fingers,
May thee crown the best of singers.
But when thy Muse, dissolv'd in show'rs,
Wails that peerless† prince of ours;

* The mistress of Drummond was a daughter of Cunningham of Barns, who dwelled on the *Ora*, which Mr. Pinkerton believes to have been the river so called in Fife, running from Loch Orr to Leveo river. See list of the Scottish Poets, 1786, p. cxxiv.

† Prince Henry, son to James I. 00 whose death in 1613, Drummond published an elegiac poem, entitled "Teares on the Death of Meliades."

Cropt by too untimely fate,
Her mourning doth exasperate
Senseless things to see thee moan,
Stones do weep, and trees do groan;
Birds in air, fishes in flood,
Beasts in field forsake their food;
The nymphs, foregoing all their bow'rs,
Tear their chaplets deckt with flow'rs,
Sol himself, with misty vapour,
Hides from earth his glorious taper,
And, as mov'd to hear thee plain,
Shews his grief in show'rs of rain.

S. K.

ANECDOTES.

INNOCENT IMPIETY.

THE following three anecdotes are of a congenial nature, and the same very singular wish seems to have been formed, by three persons, who, it is very certain, could have no knowledge of each other.

Herbelot, in his treasure of oriental literature, notices the prayer of a Turkish captain, which finishes thus: "O Almighty God, I, thy servant, do never forget thee, so do thou please sometimes to remember me."

M. De la Hire, a French general, in the reign of Charles VI. before a battle, prayed to God, that God would give him the victory, as he would give the victory to God, if he were De la Hire.

Camden gives us an epitaph, inscribed on the tomb of Martin Eltingbrod, which equals these in absurdity; for we must not suppose that either of these persons were sensible of the impiety of their addresses to the Divinity.

"Here ligg I, Martin Eltingbrod,
"Have mercy on my soul, Lord God;
"As I would do, if I were God,
"And thou wert Martin Eltingbrod."

ADDISON.—The following curious particulars relating to this celebrated man, deserve to be revived, and will be interesting to his admirers.

Budgel gives this account of a conversation between Lord Halifax and Addison, at which himself was present. It happened a little

before they went to wait on George I. at Greenwich, at his first landing after his accession to the throne. Lord Halifax told them that he expected the white staff, and intended to recommend Mr. Addison to the king, for one of the secretaries of state. Mr. Addison, I believe, says Budgel, very sincerely told his lordship that he did not aim at so high a post, and desired him to *remember he was not a speaker in the house.* Lord Halifax briskly replied, "Come, prithee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty. I made thee secretary to the Regency with this very view. Thou hast the best right, of any man in England, to be secretary of state; nay it will be a sort of displacing thee, not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that *silly sheepishness* of thine, that makes thee sit in the house and hear a fellow prate, for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense; I should be glad to see it, but since I believe that is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been an honour to thy country, and will be a credit to thy king."

The well-known modesty of Addison is confirmed by this conversation; but Lord Halifax was too partial to his friend, when he supposed him endowed with the talents of a statesman.

THOMSON.—The adulation of this great descriptive poet, when yet a young and obscure writer, is singularly apparent, in his letters to Aaron Hill. He there employs language, little short of impiety. He says, that "Next to the approbation of heaven, he wishes his. (Hill's). That Hill's lines were most glorious, and that he shall ever be his devoted servant."

A manuscript annotator, assuredly a person of a temperate constitution, and who seems not to have even heard of the name of Thomson, had no conception of the ardent feelings of a poetical young man, trying at patronage; and he wrote on the page, whoever this Mr. Thomson was, he must have been a strange kind of a man. Perhaps there was something of the Scotchman in Thomson's character; and his associate and compatriot Mallet was one of the most impudent of literary fawners.

DRYDEN.—In one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, a lover said, with an unfortunate antithesis,

"My wound is great, because it is so small!"

The Duke of Buckingham cried out, with astonishing quickness—

"Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all."

And the play was instantly damned!

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET,

MISCELLANEOUS.

St. Leon: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By William Godwin. 4 Vols. 12mo. 16s. Robinsons. 1799.

"IT is well known that the philosophers' stone—the art of transmuting metals into gold, and the *elixir vitæ*, which was to restore youth, and make him that possessed it immortal, formed a principal object of the studies of the curious for centuries." Mr. Godwin puts his hero in possession of these long-sought treasures, and endeavours to demonstrate, what, however, hardly required demonstration, that a man, thus gifted, must be *miserable*. The author has, therefore, created a character that never existed, merely to draw an inference that was never disputed. The subject, however, opens a wide field for Fancy to range in, inasmuch as it renders an author independent of many of the restrictions to which the delineator of *life* and *manners*, and even the moral fabulist, are necessarily subject, and gives him an opportunity of indulging in the marvellous, without much fear of encountering the scepticism of the reader, who commences the work with the expectation of unusual occurrences. Though we consider this as an advantage, we are, at the same time, aware of the difficulty of throwing a man, who is supposed to enjoy inexhaustible riches, and immortal vigour, into situations and perplexities adequate to the importance of his character:—ordinary calamities cannot affect him; common incidents are unsuitable to the dignity of his endowments. This difficulty Mr. G. has not surmounted; his attempts to represent the pernicious effects of the secrets which have been entrusted to his hero, are, generally, either ludicrous or uninteresting; and, to shew the inefficacy of gold, and the inutility of endless youth, he is at last obliged to resort to the common expedients of other novelists, by shutting him up in the cells of the Inquisition, or immuring him in the dungeon of a solitary castle.

THE STORY.—St. Leon, a nobleman of France, having lost his whole fortune at the gaming table, accompanies his wife and family to a retreat in Switzerland, where he endures all the miseries attendant on extreme indigence. After some years of severe suffering, a decrepid old man arrives at his cottage, and, in return for the hospitality with which he is treated by St. Leon, bequeaths to him the secrets of the *philosophers' stone* and the *elixir vitæ*. The old man dies

soon after the communication, and St. Leon, quitting his wife and daughters, instantly travels, with his son Charles, to Dresden, where the Duke of Saxony holds his court. Here the extraordinary splendour in which St. Leon lives, without any apparent means of supporting it, excites suspicion, and Charles, having received some affront, in consequence of the ambiguity of his character, hastens to his father, and *peremptorily insists* on an explanation of the manner in which he has acquired his wealth. The most determined silence, upon this point, is one of the conditions which the stranger had imposed on St. Leon, when he disclosed to him the great secrets. The required information is, of course, not given, and Charles takes a formal leave of his father, resolved to throw himself into the arms of poverty, rather than suffer the imputation of dishonour. A letter from his wife summons St. Leon back to his residence, at Constance; and here he listens to a similar remonstrance from *her*, which is no sooner concluded, than the poor man is committed to prison, on suspicion of having murdered the mysterious stranger. His wealth is now of service to him:—the keeper is bribed to permit his escape, and St. Leon accompanies his family to Pisa, from whence he is compelled to fly by the populace, who consider him as a conjuror. He arrives at Lucca, where his wife dies. Having repurchased his estate of St. Leon, he sends his daughters to reside at the paternal Chateau, and departs himself for Madrid. Here he is soon recognized by a person who had seen him at Pisa, and, information against him being lodged with the holy office, he is consigned to the dungeons of the inquisition, from whence, after an imprisonment of twelve years, he is released, to increase the triumph of an *Auto de fé*, at Valladolid, but escapes through the crowd which had assembled in that city, to witness the procession. He is now fifty-four years of age; but, from his long confinement, has more the appearance of eighty. He thinks this a favourable time for him to try the effects of the *elixir*, and, having mixed it up *secundum artem*, and swallowed it, behold! he is no longer either eighty or fifty-four, but a blooming youth of twenty!! Under the disguise of a travelling merchant, he pays a visit to St. Leon, in order to gratify the anxiety of a parent with a sight of his daughters. One of them had died during his imprisonment, but the others still existed, and were, in appearance, considerably *older than himself*. The sight of his children strongly affects his feelings, and he has much difficulty to retire without a discovery. He now resolves to make a good use of his inexhaustible resources, and journies to Buda, in Hungary, the inhabitants of which town are nearly perishing with hunger, the consequence of a tedious war.

He saves the country, and is worshipped as a deity by the people, to whose ingratitude, on a reverse of fortune, he is near falling a victim. To shield himself from the effects of popular resentment, he makes choice of a friend, Bethlem Gabor, a gigantic Turk, whom misfortune and disappointment had converted into a misanthrope and a barbarian—a sort of Polypheme, in short, and strikingly answerable, in person, to the description of Virgil—

Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, *cui lumen ademptum est.*

With this savage he enters into the closest alliance; but, possessing some of the 'milk of human kindness,' and not delighting in blood, like his friend Bethlem, the latter conceives an antipathy to him, stronger than was at first his attachment; and, causing him to be conducted to his castle, shuts him up in one of its remotest dungeons. While he continues in this situation, the Austrians attack and set fire to the castle, and Gabor is slain. The release of St. Leon follows of course: he demands to see the commander of the victorious assailants, and discovers him to be no other than his son Charles, who had embraced a soldier's life, and, having distinguished himself in several campaigns, had been entrusted with an important military command. He succeeds in gaining the confidence of his son, who is old enough to be considered the father of a stripling like himself; and, learning that he is attached to a young female related to the Palatine of Hungary, he interests himself to bring about the match. His interviews with the lady, for this purpose, are so frequent, that he unfortunately excites the jealousy of his son Charles; and the report of his being a dealer in magic prevailing, at the same time, St. Leon flies the country, and pens that history of his life, of which we have attempted to give the above imperfect outline.

It will be seen, from this sketch, that the story is full of extravagance and absurdity. It should seem that the author has put invention to the rack to produce a series of incidents, which should entitle him to take the lead of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, whom he quotes in his title-page, or of that *liar* of still greater *magnitude*, the adventurous and renowned traveller—Baron de Munchausen.

This, however, is not one of those bold fictions, which, though founded on a supposition irreconcileable with the ordinary course of human events, discovers such a felicity of arrangement, and consistency of character,—such a "dependency of thing on thing," that the reader, by taking the outset for granted, can readily account for all the subsequent stages of the narrative; nor is it a romance of which we can pardon the incongruities, in consideration of the power-

ful interest that it excites, or the excellency of the moral it inculcates; but it is a *farrago*, as unmeaning as it is improbable, and as useless as it is dull; for, though we admit that a man may possess the *magnum opus* which shall endue him with immortal youth and endless riches, not one of the adventures in which St. Leon engages, or of the distresses he undergoes, appears to be a natural consequence of those extraordinary endowments.

If it were the express intention of Mr. Godwin to prove that the possession of those advantages which are supposed to constitute the perfection of the *chemic art* is incompatible with the present condition of humanity, and would operate as a curse, rather than a blessing; that intention should have been borne out by correspondent illustration; but St. Leon's misfortunes arise, not from his possession of the philosophers' stone and the *elixir vitæ*, but from circumstances totally disconnected with either. An oath is taken—a mystery is created—and *hence* originate the persecutions of St Leon:—he is sent to the prison of Constance, on a suspicion of murder—his wife dies—his son insults and forsakes him—and he consents *to estrange himself from his children*, because he cannot communicate his secret; though why all or any of these events should take place, it is not easy to comprehend. The mob at Pisa set fire to his house, in consequence of his having *needlessly* tried certain magical experiments. On the same account he is imprisoned in the Inquisition. The people of Buda become his enemies from the same principle which induces *any* mob to attribute their calamities to the supposed misconduct of *any* governor;—indeed, it is to his *gold* that he is indebted for his life, by making presents to the Bashaw, as before he had effected his liberty by bribing the gaoler in Switzerland. His sufferings, in the castle of Bethlem Gabor, are the consequence, not of his wealth, nor of his immortality, but of his own folly, in selecting a "demi-devil" for his friend, who looked, and spoke, and thought, as never human being thought, looked, or spoke, and who has a motive for his cruelty which it never did, nor can, enter into the heart of man to conceive. His subsequent adventures are but links of the same chain, excepting that the author *outdoes his usual outdoing* towards the end of the work, and closes with a climax worthy such a tissue of absurdity.

Were we not fearful of extending this article farther than our limits will allow, we would state what we conceive might have been done with this subject, so as to have satisfied the judgment, and left a good moral impression on the mind, of the reader. Mr. Godwin has done neither.

The author recants some of the opinions advanced in his *Political Justice*, and pays respect to the social feelings and relations which bind one human creature to another; but he has adopted the sickening *sentimentality* of Rousseau, and other writers of that class, which is as injurious to society, and, we sincerely believe, as *foreign to the heart*, as the opposite extreme of apathy; nay, we are not sure that Mr. Godwin's *Political Justice* is not preferable to his *scheme of morality*; for it is better to sacrifice individual connexions to the public good, than foster a *mock*-SENSIBILITY, which is to be considered as paramount to all the ties of affection and consanguinity. St. Leon's is a family of love, and not a member of it but overflows with sensibility: but, mark the disunion of these "*commingling souls.*" The mother dies, with a solemn injunction that St. Leon should *snap the cord that binds him to his children*; and St. Leon adopts the resolution, instantly, though he has nothing to do, nor any where to go; but he feels himself *alone in the world*, and, *therefore*, he can do no less than abandon his female offspring to their fate. The young ladies, it must be confessed, part with their parent with equal *sang froid*, notwithstanding their *excessive susceptibility*, and Charles, who is the very *soul* of affection and honour, gives up father, mother, sisters, and all, because, forsooth, a French coxcomb had thought proper to be impertinent to him in a tennis-court. If such are the *mysterious sympathies of our nature*, heaven forbid that they should ever be unravelled.

It would be both endless and without use to state all the objections to which the work is open. The *negro*—the *stranger*—*Bethlem Gabor*—and, though last, not least, the *black dog*, will not escape the animadversion of the critical reader, if the frequency of the digressions, the procrastination of the story, and the clumsiness of its construction, do not deter him from proceeding to the end of the tale.

The general tendency of the production is certainly not good:—and there are some sentiments advanced in it which we pronounce to be immoral, blasphemous, and dangerous to the civil and political institutions of society.

In point of style, it is, in general, nervous, glowing, and lofty, but redundant; and the language is, occasionally, obscure, affected, vulgar, and, sometimes, even grossly ungrammatical.

It would be unjust, however, to deny that the volumes present many choice specimens of fine writing, and that the interest is, at times, extremely powerful. The first volume is by far the best, and we have no recollection of any work in which gaming has been ex-

hibited in a more detestable point of view, or in which the agonies of a gamester have been more forcibly depicted.

St. Godwin: a Tale of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth Centuries. By Count Reginald De St. Leon. 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d. Wright.* 1800.

THIS is a satirical parody on the production we have just reviewed, and a more seasonable and humorous exposure of its absurdities could not have been planned.

The author, who is evidently a wit and a scholar, has seized, with uncommon felicity, upon the most reprehensible and ridiculous parts of Mr. Godwin's work, and has given him a castigation of which he will not forget the effects, even should he take a sup of his own *elixir*.

If a man can be *laughed* out of his follies, we have some hope of Mr. Godwin's reformation, for here is "a glass held up to him where he may see his inmost part." The obliquities of his judgment—the errors of his philosophy—the looseness of his principles—his inflated diction—his affected phraseology—his grammatical lapses—are all exhibited to him, in the mirror of this literary *Democritus*, with that liveliness of humour which is often productive of the desired effect, when the force of argument and the gravity of criticism are either unheeded or despised.

The author's *burlesque* is not a whit inferior to his satire. By a very justifiable *licence*, he has given to incidents, which Mr. G. designed should '*freeze the blood*,' and '*harrow up the soul*,' the most ludicrous turn imaginable; and the expertness he has discovered, in this mode of treatment, is equal to that of Pietro di Cortona, who, by a single dash of his pencil, upon the portrait of a child he was painting, so completely altered the effect, that the infant, "who, a minute before, seemed ready to break its heart with crying, appeared in equal danger of bursting its sides with immoderate laughter."* We call this a *justifiable* liberty, since it is exactly conformable to the principle of Mr. Godwin's novel; for if we suppose a *father* in possession of youth that never can decay, we may as easily fancy his *daughters* to be *seventy-four* as *twenty-eight*, and then the following scene becomes as probable as the original, which it is intended to burlesque.

St. Godwin's Visit to his Daughters.

'As I drew near the door, "*their light and airy* figures, as I last saw them at Constance, in 1547, danced before the eyes of my imagination. I was afraid to breathe."

* See P. 277 of the Monthly Mirror, Vol. VIII.

'Entering, "I saw two ladies who appeared to be respectively about seventy-eight and seventy-four years of age, and whom, but not without much difficulty, I recognised for my daughers, Julia and Louisa." The youngest appeared to me to have St. Vitus's dance, and the eldest, whose nose and chin were in perfect contact, was very much palsied, and nodded her head about in all directions, like a mandarine on a chimney-piece. "Their gesture and manners, as I expected, were *finished, matronly, and sedate.*"

'They were seated in arm chairs, with their backs to the door, and being, as I afterwards understood, both deaf, they did not know that I was in the room, until I marched up between them; when one mumbling out, La, bless me, how you frighten a body! the other, putting on her spectacles, and looking up, took me for the apothecary. What a situation for a father!

'In vain did I protest that I was no apothecary, for they could not hear a word I said. At length, "*the mysterious sympathies of our nature*" getting the better of me, I seized hold of Louisa, and threw my arms round her neck. The other instantly began kicking the floor as if she was mad. Immediately two servants appeared, and according to their misstresses orders, notwithstanding all the oratory of a father, I was kicked out of doors.

"I now quitted the residence of my daughters. I had satisfied the longing curiosity of a father; had seen their situation; had *witnessed their beauty, their accomplishments, and their virtues.*

'Leaving St. Godwin, "the idea of these two amiable sisters soon *faded in my sensorium.*" "I laid my hand upon my heart and congratulated myself."

The extraordinary intimacy which takes place between St. Leon and Bethlem Gabor is no less happily ridiculed.

'I wanted a friend to consult—I cast my eyes about, and soon fixed upon one. The name of the man was Bethlem Gabor, or as he told me *Giber*—גבר some supplying the vowels in that manner. I shall describe him. He was a Turkish-Jew, and had been a desperate warrior. "He was more than six feet in stature. His voice was like thunder. His head and chin were cloathed with a shaggy hair, in colour a dead black. In the wars he had lost three fingers of one of his hands; the sight of his right eye was extinguished, and the cheek half shot away, while the same explosion had burned his complexion into a colour that was universally dun or black. His nose was scarred, and his lips were thick and large."

'Such was the amiable creature I elected for my bosom friend.

"If ever, on the face of the earth, there lived a misanthrope, old *Bedlam* (for so I used to call him) was the man.

"He cursed mankind, he rose up in *fierce defiance of eternal providence*; and your blood curdled within you as he spoke. Such was Bethlem Gabor: I COULD NOT HELP ADMIRING HIM!" "In his estimate, the poorest and most servile of all maxims, was that of the author of the christian religion, to repay injury with favour, and curses with benediction.—I felt myself attached to him!"

"Frequently did we continue whole nights, relieving our souls by cursing and d———g all the world; and were surprised still at our serious board by the light of the morrow's sun. It is scarcely necessary to add, that my *understanding* confirmed what my heart impelled, and that old Bedlam appeared to me the fittest man in the world upon whom to fix for a friend!"

"I have now, I believe, fully accounted for our intimacy, and displayed the

ligatures that secretly bound us to each other.—I did him every service in my power."*,

'I believed him to be just the "self-centred *individual*" I was myself. But "Little, alas! did I understand the compound of tenderness and ferocity, of *decisiveness* and *inscrutability*, with which I was now concerned."

Having very humorously described the manner in which St. Godwin was lured into the dungeon, by Old Bedlam, the ingenious author thus proceeds.

'Thus entrapped, "I cursed; I stamped with my feet; I smote my forehead with my closed hands; I tore my hair; but all in vain; *nothing came of it!*"—I stayed here one month without seeing any one, during which time I felt "the *horrors of hunger sublimed by despair.*" "*What a termination of life was this for*" AN IMMORTAL BEING!

'At last Gabor came, and peeped into the cell, thinking to find me dead, or, at any rate, too sick to eat; he, therefore, brought me some provision. Seeing I still lived, he looked at "*my glassy and rayless eyes*," and said, in a tone that might "quail the stoutest,"

"*I hate*

* 'It seems almost unnecessary for me to say, that I borrowed this character in part from De Montford, a tragedy, published in a series of plays, depicting the passions, and now preparing for representation at Drury-lane theatre. The misanthropic hero, there, experiences every description of kindness from another, which only serves to make him hate his benefactor the more, and he in the end destroys him. It will be seen that old Bedlam would have rewarded me in the same manner, if I had not tasted the *julep*.

'It may appear remarkable that I, who live, as it were, in the theatres, should say nothing about them in my whole work, but what I here state. This is my reason: to descant on Shakspeare, and the writers of the beginning of the eighteenth century, would be superfluous; and in those of the latter end of it, although I have watched them narrowly, I have discovered but one thing of their invention important enough to rescue the dramatists of this period from the imputation of dulness and want of originality. I am happy to record it.

'Mr. Knight, author of the Turnpike Gate, with all the daring boldness of genius, proposes, in his advertisement, to substitute, "for the old and ridiculous signs of P. S. (prompt side) and O. P. (opposite prompt) R. H. (right hand) and L. H. (left hand)." To this truly original thought, there is but one objection, and that the fervour of the author's imagination led him to neglect. It is, that the players all know where the *prompter* is, but all do not know their right hand from their left. If the military plan, however, of chalking the right arm, was introduced, I think this great idea would then be every way perfect.

'Other ingenious novelties, (but far less momentous,) such as a man in want of light, calling to the moon to appear, and she appears, (Votary of Wealth); or virgins singing to the sun to come and light their fire, which he does, (Pizarro); or the very clever trick, when an author has brought his characters all together, and does not know how to get rid of them, of suddenly letting the curtain fall, &c. &c. I could dwell on with delight; but paper is so excessively dear, that I must be excused for thus briefly touching on the grand and sublime inventions of the fag-end of 1800.'

" *I hate the man in whom kindness produces no responsive affection!* There is food; there is a light; eat!"

Though I observed that his look was very " *truculent*," and his " eyes blasted and dried to horn," I determined to expostulate with him.'

We shall make one other short extract from this whimsical little volume. It is a dialogue between St. Godwin and the negro he is supposed to meet with in the prison of Constance. The philosopher stands convicted by his own testimony.

" You are very poor," said I.

" *So they tell me*," said he.

" *I was surprised at the propriety of his answers.* I am unable, at this distance of time, to recal the defects of his language; and I disdain the mimic toil of inventing *a jargon*;"—yes, my characters shall all think and speak like philosophers —such philosophers as myself. I went on:

" It is a very sad thing to be poor!"

" Why, yes," said he, " *so I have heard, Sir.*"

" I had before been *struck with a certain correctness of thinking* in him;" but his last answer was so just and philosophical, that I could not help gazing upon him with amazement. I marked the lineaments of his face, in which I fancied I discerned the interminable lines which denote a love of liberty. I therefore asked him whether he " would be pleased, instead of being a *turnkey*, to have the *key turned* on himself."

' To this the negro answered, with his usual acuteness, " that he should not;" but finding this a round-about way of coming to the point, I cut short all further preliminaries, and offered him a sum of money to connive at my escape. This, with a philosophy much *above my comprehension*, he positively refused, saying, he would remain faithful to his master. I now perceived that he was affected with the " whim of integrity;" *(indeed integrity and every thing of that sort is all whim;)* but, before I could attack him in any other way, he quitted me.

" KINGS might have confessed their inferiority to this man," *as they should to any man!* " But is he" *(who* is only superior to *kings!)* " to be regarded as the model of what a human creature should be wished to be? *Oh, no!*"

The *Travels of St. Leon* and the *Travels of St. Godwin* we now leave to the choice of the reader.

" His *bane* and *antidote* are both before him."

New Tales of the Castle; or the Noble Emigrants: a Story of Modern Times. By Mrs. Pilkington, 12mo. 2s. *Vernor and Hood*, 1800.

THE ingenuity of Mrs. Pilkington is so conspicuous, in all her productions, and her condescension is so amiable, in applying it to the amusement and instruction of juvenile readers, that she merits the praise of every critic, and the gratitude of every preceptor. These " New Tales" are calculated to excite an equal interest with

any that have preceded, and abound with useful observations on the vicissitudes of life.

Inkle and Yarico. A Poem. By Mr. C. Brown. 4to. pp. 55. 2s. Glendinning. 1799.

THE affecting tale of Inkle and Yarico is formed to leave a lasting impression on every reader of sensibility. Hence, it has been novelized, dramatised, and poetised; but, in our opinion, with a diminution of that pathetic effect which is produced by the simple prose narrative of Sir Richard Steele. We cannot compliment the present writer on being adequate to the task he has undertaken, for *a task* indeed it appears, as we gather from more passages than his address to Miranda, which may serve as a fair sample of the versification.

" Engaging fair, with every virtue blest,
Of every female excellence possest;
Whose outward beauty mental charms improve,
Charms ever blooming, and which merit love;
Who all your sex's follies can despise,
And o'er their little arts superior rise:
Before you, by your orders I appear,
And as you bid, a dress poetic wear.
I doubt it all befits—but as I pay
Respect to all your orders, I obey;
Oh! should I chance to please—obtain your praise;
Shou'd you attend too, and approve my lays,
Then greatly blest—I have my utmost aim,
Nor vainly covet more extensive fame.
The author dreads not the harsh critic's rage,
Too weak for their attacks his humble page;
He boasts no favour of the sacred nine,
And feels no influence of their pow'r divine;
Ne'er have they tun'd to sing his artless tongue,
Or bless'd his numbers, or inspir'd his song:
Why writes he then? he writes to please a friend,
And if she loves, let others discommend.
If here the smallest pleasure you shall find,
Aught to improve, or to delight the mind:
If with your smiles you bless my humble strain,
My utmost wishes I shall then obtain,
And shall not, dear Miranda, write in vain."

The modest pretensions of this author disarm the 'critic's rage,' and make us wish that his endeavours to please his 'lovely fair,' may not have been exerted *in vain*.

The Importance of Religion considered, and the relative Duties it inculcates; with occasional Meditations, Prayers, and Hymns. 12mo. 1s. 6d. *Scatcherd and Sael.* 1799.

By those who think seriously on a serious subject, this volume will not be lightly esteemed. It asserts the leading doctrines of christianity, in a clear and comprehensive manner; and it forcibly inculcates the importance of a moral and religious life. These topics were ably treated in a valuable little tract which appeared long since, under a kindred title: but the vast accession of theological publications, since that period, has given to the present writer an opportunity of modelling a new work on a similarly useful plan.

The following note contains a pointed allusion to an opprobrious fashion of the times.

"In the neighbourhood of London, it was a custom, not many years ago, to assemble in the public walks on a *Sunday evening*, when the public worship of the day was over: but *now*, the *morning*-service is scarcely at an end, before Hyde Park is crowded like a race-course, and a sort of Vauxhall promenade is kept up all the afternoon, to the almost total desertion of our churches and chapels, at both ends of the town. Surely these things ought not to be so in a Christian country, under circumstances so peculiarly awakening as our present are, and especially when we see before us, in a neighbouring kingdom, the baleful consequences of national apostacy from religious faith, religious practice, and religious principles." p. 171.

The Life of Robert Ferguson; with a Critique on his Works. By David Irving. 8vo. *Glasgow. Chapman.* 1799.

Though it may not often be an object of solicitude, to know whether an author be 'a fair or brown man,' before we peruse his works, it certainly is a gratification to be made acquainted with his general character. That of Ferguson was far from exemplary—but his life forms a desirable addition to our poetical biography. It is written with a manly zeal for historic truth, and with a candid spirit of critical inquiry.

A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the Close of the eighteenth Century, pp. 442, 12mo. 5s. *Edinburgh, Brown and Symington,* 1799.

"The acquaintance of the ancients with Nigritia, beyond Cerne or Arguin," says the able author of this interesting volume, "was extremely vague and inaccurate, and the information of the moderns is scattered over a wide surface of crude, superficial, inconsistent, and desultory relations. By attempting to collect, condense, and arrange

this knowledge, the author imagines that he has performed an acceptable service to men of literature, taste, and philosophy."

This "service" the anonymous author may assure himself of having performed, in a manner eminently useful to others, and honourable to himself. Abridgements and compilations too frequently are undertaken by those whose sole stimulus is gain, and whose object therefore is dispatch; whence it follows, as a natural consequence, that they are crudely digested, and incongruously put together.—They may be considered as dwarfs in literature, whose several parts seldom bear any just or relative proportion. Of the present work, we can give, with much confidence, a very different character. It is the labour of a man of letters, of liberal principles, and of ingenuous research; whose intellect is expanded by philosophical knowledge, and whose mind is enlarged by Christian philanthropy. This, without knowing the author, we may safely pronounce, at the same time that we recommend his production to every reader with whom the *utile et dulce* is a desideratum in historical composition.

The following spirited lines point out the author to be a student in the Darwinian school of poesy. They describe the conflagration of an Indian forest, which the Hindus assert to be frequently occasioned by the percussion of the flexile canes, agitated by the storm.

"In Mysore thus the shrill tornado raves,
And bends the pliant canes in curling waves,
Grinds thin silicious joints with ceaseless ire,
Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire;
While heav'n's broad arch around him seems to blaze,
The Hindu dreads on seas of flame to gaze;
While o'er him floats the burning crimson ray,
That flashes o'er the earth infernal day:
The hills resound with one discordant yell
Of fiercest beasts that, harmless, crowd the dell;
The barb'rous tiger whets his fangs no more,
Nor laps, with lingering wrath, his victim's gore.
Curb'd of his rage, the lion's strength is tame,
And owns the pow'r of all-devouring flame."

Frederic Latimer; or the History of a Young Man of Fashion. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* *Cadel.*

We here find an interesting fable, and impressive moral; a picture, too faithfully drawn, of what is called elegant life, and a specimen of sensible and unaffected diction.

Sheridan and Kotzebüe.—The enterprizing Adventures of Pizarro; preceded by a Brief Sketch of the Voyages and Discoveries of Columbus and Cortez: to which are subjoined, the Histories of Alonzo and Cora, on which Kotzebüe founded his two celebrated Plays of the Virgin of the Sun, and the Death of Rolla. Also Varieties and Oppositions of Criticisms on the Play of Pizarro. With Biographical Sketches of Sheridan and Kotzebüe: the whole forming a Comprehensive Account of those Plays, and the Grand Ballads [Ballets] of Cora, and Rolla and Cora, at the Royal Circus, and Royal Ampitheatre. Dedicated to R. B. Sheridan, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. *Fairburn.* 1799.

THE extraordinary success of the play of Pizarro will naturally excite the curiosity of the public towards that portion of the History of America, upon which Kotzebüe has founded his drama. Mr. Britton, the compiler of this little work, has collected, from Dr. Robertson, and other respectable authors, the various particulars relative to the discovery of the new world, by Columbus, and the subsequent expeditions of Cortez and Pizarro. He has likewise extracted, from the Incas of Marmontel, the several passages which describe the cruelties of the Spaniards, inflicted on the Peruvians, under the command of Pizarro, and the loves of Alonzo and the Virgin of the Sun.

The Biographical Sketches of Sheridan and Kotzebüe are those which appeared in this miscellany. Among the criticisms, we observe Mr. Britton's "Observations on an illiberal Critique on Pizarro," the greater part whereof was inserted in the Mirror, p. 39, vol. VIII. and also extracts from *our* remarks upon the play, some of which he has omitted to distinguish by inverted commas.

Upon the whole, we can recommend this pamphlet, as affording, at a very moderate price, a great variety of interesting information upon the subjects of which it professes to treat. It is decorated with a frontispiece, from the design of Thurston, representing Rolla in the act of protecting the child of Cora, which he had just rescued from the hands of the Spanish chieftains.

We were sorry to notice such inaccuracies as the following: "the cautious politics of that prince [Henry 7th] *was* totally inimical, &c."—"The Indies he was in quest of, *was* still at a distance," [p. 2.] "The characters of Elvira and Rolla *has* subjected him," [p. 70.] "The manners and playing of this actress, justly *personifies*," [p. 91. Note.] Mr. Britton is not correct when he states that Marmontel's Incas is "*but little known in England*," few works are more deservedly popular in this country.

A Memoir of the Life of R. B. Sheridan, Esq. with a concise Critique upon the new Trajedy [*Tragedy*] *entitled Pizarro.* 8*vo. pp.* 43. *Parsons.* 1799.

THIS memoir appeared, several years ago, in the paper of the *World*, and came from the pen of the Reverend Mr. Este. It is written with spirit, but gives a very imperfect account of Mr. Sheridan; and the authenticity of some of the anecdotes is extremely disputable. It is not true that Mr. Sheridan was born on the passage from Dublin to Holyhead; and the following story we believe to be equally void of foundation:

'Mr. Sheridan's father introduced him at Bath, with a view to assistance in his *readings*, where the following story is told of him: the father, knowing the son's excellence at declamation, had caused his name to be inserted in the advertisement of his own reading; the youth, mortified at this supposed degradation of education and character, went to the printer, and menaced him with chastisement, if he should ever again make free with his name, and the printer remembering the wholesome advice of the old adage *in propria pelle quiesce*, omitted it, and to this circumstance is imputed the subsequent misunderstanding between him and his father.'

The critique subjoined to the memoir does not appear to be written by the same person. It enters very slightly into the merits of the play, of which the author gives a dull, perplexed, and very unsatisfactory account.

The Abbess; a Romance. By W. H. Ireland, the avowed Author of the Shakspeare Papers. 12*mo.* 4 *vols. Earle and Hemet.* 1798.

MR. IRELAND has produced this novel to convince the public that *he can write*; and that they have, *therefore*, no right to deny his claim to the reputation of being the author of the Shakspeare Papers. He glories in, what he calls, the success of his literary fraud, and laughs at the folly of those who attributed the MSS. to the pen of Shakspeare.—"Whose fault is it," he asks, "that they were so considered, mine or the world's? How could they suffer themselves to be thus deceived? Men of superior genius, of uncommon understanding, truly, sincerely, and firmly believed, that Shakspeare alone, and no other, wrote those papers. I knew they would believe it. I knew how far the credulity of mankind might be imposed upon.—Success crowned my bold attempt. I have deceived the world, you say. No, the world have deceived themselves. Whose fault is it? I ask again; mine or the world's?"

This is the triumph of the devil, when he has caught a victim in his toils:—he first betrays, and then insults the credulity he has ensnared. If Mr. Ireland, the *avowed* author of the Shakspeare Pa-

pers, (giving *credit* to his avowal, though we have still *no proof* that he *is* the *sole* author; nor, indeed, the author of any part of them) can rest contented with a pitiful sophistry, like this, we fear he is something worse than the knave he has openly declared himself.

It is not the mere fabrication of the papers in question that attaches so much criminality on Mr. Ireland, but the impudent and wicked falshoods of which he has been guilty, in the course of that public examination to which they were exposed. He has deceived, NOT *the world*, but the incautious and precipitate few who pronounced judgment in favour of their authenticity. *The world* detected the lie, and despised the forgery. *He has deceived himself*, woefully and beyond reparation. *The world* will question his veracity, even when he may act towards them with the most scrupulous sincerity. *He has deceived his friends*, who listened to his protestations, and joined in the defence of his character. *He has deceived* HIS OWN FATHER, whom he made the instrument to proclaim the wonderful discovery, and perpetuate the infamy of his son. Such, perhaps, have been his deceptions—but he has *not deceived* THE WORLD.

As to the *Abbess*, it is evidently intended as a counterpart to the *Monk*; though infinitely inferior to the original in point of writing, invention, and interest; the grossest plagiarisms are apparent from Mrs. Radcliffe, as well as Mr. Lewis; and a variety of episodic matter is introduced, which fatigues the reader's attention, and sometimes excites his disgust. The affectation of *padre*, *madre*, *Comte*, *Duca*, *Domina*, &c. though every other person and object are expressed *Anglicé*, merits reprehension; and the grossness of the *Abbess's* character may prove injurious to the morals, and will certainly shock the delicacy, of the female mind.

Upon the whole, however, the volumes discover a degree of talent above what we ordinarily meet with in productions of a similar nature.

DRAMATIC.

The Tournament, a Tragedy; imitated from the celebrated German Drama entitled Agnes Bernaueur, which was written by a Nobleman of high Rank, and founded on a Fact that occurred in Bavaria, about the Year M,cccc,xxxv. By Marianne Starke. Author of the Widow of Malabar, [and] of Letters from Italy, between the Years 1792 *and* 1798. 8*vo.* 2*s.* *Phillips.* 1800.

ALBERT, son to the Duke of Bavaria-Munick, having united himself to Agnes, who is supposed to be of obscure and illegitimate

origin, his father, indignant at the marriage, debars him from the privileges of knighthood, and denies his right of succession to the throne of *Bavaria*, unless he will consent to renounce his bride. This he absolutely refuses, and expresses his determination to resist any measures that shall be taken to separate him from his wife, who resides at his castle near Ratisbon. The Viceroy of Straubing, however, who indulges a passion for Agnes, and is commissioned, by the Duke, to proceed against her as a state criminal, contrives to carry her off by force: and upon her refusal to accept of life, upon the vile conditions he proposes, she is publicly tried, and, being pronounced guilty by the deciding voice of the viceroy, he orders her to be thrown from a bridge into the Danube; but, just as the guards are about to execute the sentence, Albert rushes in, with a band of knights, and, rescuing his bride, inflicts that punishment on the viceroy, which he had designed for the innocent Agnes, who, in the course of the play, is discovered to be the neglected daughter of a brave prince, the friend and kinsman of Ernest. The Duke is reconciled to his son, and the tragedy concludes.

This catastrophe does not accord with the historical fact, for Agnes was really thrown into the Danube. Miss Starke has preserved her life, for the sake of dramatic justice.

The language of this play is neither so correct nor so poetical as the author's tragedy of the *Widow of Malabar*, which very deservedly met with considerable success on the stage. The sentiment and phraseology are hacknied, and the constant recurrence of the words *by Heaven*, an asseveration in too common use with dramatic writers, is extremely offensive both to the ear and feelings. The story, however, is not uninteresting, and the manner in which it is conducted, discovers considerable ingenuity.

Edmond; Orphan of the Castle, a Tragedy, in five Acts. Founded on the "Old English Baron," a Gothic Story. 8vo. *pp.* 73. *Faulder.* 1799.

THERE is not a fault in composition which the author of this wretched doggrel has not committed, in every page of his production. For the benefit of the poor deluded writer, and as a warning to all other illiterate scribblers, who may feel an untimely ambition to supply the cheese-mongers with waste paper, we shall transcribe the first scene of act the third, in which the *Orphan of the Castle* is supposed to discover the ghost of his murdered father. Imperfect metre, obscurity, turgidity, nonsense, bad English, flat contradictions, are observable in almost every line.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Edmond on the bed asleep; on one side the ghost of Lord Lovel in armour, with the beaver down: on the other Lady Lovel; soft music is heard, and they retire through the folding doors.

EDMOND *(awakes much disturbed.)*

Edmond.—Ah! is it so? or do *ideal flights oppress my brain?*
Methought, they said "HAIL EDMOND LORD OF LOVEL!"
And then! Oh God! with *solemn groans* cried "MURDER" thrice!—
With hands uplifted blest me as their son,
When heav'nly sounds possess'd my wond'ring soul!——
My stricken heart, of superstition void,
Beats with emotion at my marv'lous dreams:
(A wind proceeds through the apartments, *and the folding doors close.)*
Behold! the doors now close through which they pass'd!
Great Heaven! are these thy messengers of fate;
Are they decreed t'unfold each *darken'd deed,*
Which *sapient villany* hath still secreted?——
Yet stop, and ponder well, vain Edmond!
E'er [ere] thou'rt convinc'd, *to thee the augur tends;*
Edmonds there are besides the orphan Edmond!
My mind's a labyrinth without a clue,
Oft have I dream'd, and like a vision 'twas
Playing o'er my fancy of reflection void.
My *new 'woke eyes* by real objects struck,
The fleeting forms lost ev'ry faint impression——
—— Here! dread solemnity *my senses power'd,*
And though I slept, yet still I seem'd awake!
(turning towards the doors)
Through yonder doors they made their awful exit!
My enquiring mind would fain seek further proof—
Guilt may have fears—but innocence hath none!
I'll follow!———*(goes through the door).*

It will scarcely be doubted, whatever the reader may think of the '*ideal flights*' of the LORD *of* LOVEL, that the *mind* of this prince of Grub-street drones is truly a '*labyrinth without a clue*,' and that a '*fancy*' so completely '*void of reflection*' should not be permitted to circulate its '*marv'lous dreams*' any where but within the walls of Bethlem or St. Luke's.

Sir John Butt: a Farce. In two Acts. 12mo. *Edinburgh.* 1798.

THE object of this farce, as far as we can collect, (for it does not appear to be very obvious) is to point out the consequences of an alliance, or fraternization, with the French. The author's humour is extremely coarse and indelicate, and he makes no scruple to use expressions which would defile the lips, and offend the ear, of depravity itself. It must be observed, however, that his *Dramatis Personæ* consist chiefly of *Butchers, Lamplighters, Scavengers, Chimney-sweepers, and Fishwomen.*

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

WHAT ARE THE PARTICULAR EFFECTS OF THE STAGE?

AN ESSAY.

By Frederick Schiller.

[Continued from Page 360, Vol. VIII.]

SHOULD we attempt to appreciate comedy and tragedy, in proportion to the effect produced, experience would probably give the preference to the first. Ridicule and contempt offend the pride of man more sensibly than detestation torments his conscience. Our cowardice shrinks before the terrible; but even this cowardice exposes us to the sting of satire. Laws and conscience often guard us against the commission of vice and crimes;---to escape ridicule requires a peculiarly fine taste, which we have no where so good an opportunity to cultivate as at the theatre. We could accord, to a friend, the liberty to attack our morals and our hearts; but could not, without difficulty and pain, forgive him a single laugh. Our mistakes can endure the presence of an inspector and judge; our bad habits scarcely a single witness. The stage alone is privileged to laugh at our weaknesses, because she spares our sensibility, and appears to be unacquainted with the culpable fool. We observe our masks fall to the ground, without blushing, and return thanks, in secret, for the gentle admonition.

This is, however, but a small part of her power: the stage is, more than any other public institution, a school of practical wisdom; a guide through domestic life; the safest key to the most secret passages of the human heart. I grant that self-love, and stubbornness of conscience, frequently render abortive her best attempts; that thousands of the vicious stand unabashed before her tribunal—thousands of good feelings rebound fruitless, from the cold hearts of the spectators. I am even of opinion, that the Harpagon of Moliere never reformed one miser; that the example of the self-murderer, Beverley, never cured the fatal passion for play; that the unhappy fate of Charles Moor has contributed but little to the security of the high roads:—yet, though we circumscribe, in a great measure, these effects of the stage; should we be unjust enough to deny them altogether; still how vast remains her influence! If she neither annihilate, nor lessen, the sum of vice,—has she not made it known to us?

With vice and folly we are doomed to live :—we must either yield to them, or oppose them; either undermine them, or ourselves succumb. They can no longer, however, take us by surprise. We are instructed with their designs. The stage has betrayed to us the secret of detecting and rendering them innoxious. She unmasks the artful hypocrite, and disentangles the net in which cunning and cabal had enveloped us. Deception and falshood she drags from their winding labyrinths, and exposes their frightful visages to the face of day. Perhaps the dying Sarah has never shocked a single voluptuary, nor all the pictures of punished seduction cooled his ardour for a moment; perhaps even the frail actress has earnestly striven not to produce these effects; yet how happy is it, that unsuspecting innocence is now acquainted with his snares; that the stage has taught her to suspect his oaths, and tremble before his adorations.

The stage does not merely direct our attention to men and characters, but likewise teaches us the great art of supporting our destinies. In the play of life, Design and Chance act parts of equal magnitude: we direct the one—are blindly subject to the other.—Happy are we, indeed, if inevitable fate come not upon us unawares; if our fortitude and prudence have been already exercised on similar occasions; if our hearts be fortified against the attack. The stage exposes to our view the many-coloured scenes of human sufferings. She artfully entices us to participate in sorrow not our own,—then rewards us, for the transitory pain, with tears of the most exquisite pleasure. With her we follow Ariadne through the echoing Naxos, accompany her to Ugolino's tower, ascend with her the bloody scaffold, and listen with her for the awful toll of death. Nature, surprised, here confirms, loudly and incontestibly, the slight presentiment of our souls. In the prisons of the Tower, the deluded favourite is abandoned by his queen. At the hour of death, the tortured Moor is forsaken by his false sophistical wisdom. The Almighty permits the dead to reveal secrets which to none living can be known; and the fearless villain loses his last resource, when he knows even graves can speak.

But it is not enough that he stage informs us of the destinies of man; she likewise inspires us with mercy for the unfortunate, and teaches us to judge them with indulgence. It is only when we are able to estimate the pressure of his wants, that we ought to pronounce judgment. No crime is more shameful than theft;—yet, does not a tear of compassion accompany our condemnation,

when we reflect on the maddening distress which urges Edward Ruhberg to commit the deed. Suicide is commonly abhorred as impiety; yet, when Marian, assaulted by love, by the threatenings of an enraged father, by the image of a frightful cloister, drinks the poison, which of us would be the first to pass sentence on the unfortunate victim of an accursed prejudice. Toleration and humanity become the predominating feelings of our times: their rays penetrate to the seat of justice;—yea, farther still, even to the hearts of our princes. What portion of this excellent work is to be ascribed to the stage? Was it not she who made man known to man, and first disclosed the secret movements of his mind?

The higher ranks of men have cause to be more thankful to the stage than all the rest. The great meet here, what they never, or seldom, meet—truth; see, what they never, or seldom, see—man.

So manifold and important are the services which the improved stage renders to moral cultivation. Her powers are not less suitable to the enlargement of the understanding. It is in this high sphere the ardent patriot, and philosopher, knows how to make the most advantageous use of the theatre. He casts a look through the human race; compares people with people, centuries with centuries, and finds how slavishly the great mass of mankind lay fettered to the chains of prejudice and opinion—eternal obstacles to happiness; learns how few are the minds which have been enlightened by the pure rays of truth, and how the little gain has probably been purchased with the whole labour of a life.—By what means can a wise legislator communicate it to a nation?

The stage is the common canal, by which the choicer spirits of a nation pour down the light of wisdom, in gentle currents, through the entire state. Juster notions, more enlightened principles, purer feelings, flow hence through all the veins of a people; the clouds of barbarism and superstition disappear, and night gives place to day. Of so many admirable fruits of the improved stage, I shall only notice two:—How general is the toleration of religion and sects become within a few years! Nathan, the Jew, and the Saracen, Saladin, have already put us to the blush, and preached the divine doctrine, that devotion was independent of our opinion of God. Long before Joseph the Second attacked the fearful hydra of pious hatred, the stage had planted humanity and benignity in our hearts, and taught us, through horrible pictures of the rage of heathen priests, to avoid religious rancour. By the help of this frightful mirror, Christianity has wiped away her stains.

Errors in education might be, in the like manner, successfully attacked by the stage: the piece is still a desideratum which shall treat this interesting subject. No employment is of such importance to the state as that of education; yet it is, of all others, the most neglected; the most confided to the direction of whim and caprice. It belongs to the stage, alone, to exhibit the unfortunate victims of neglected education, in touching and affecting forms. Our fathers might here reject their obstinate maxims, and our mothers learn to mix sense with love. False notions mislead preceptors who possess the best of hearts: it is still worse if they boast of methods, and systematically destroy the tender shoot in hot-houses and academies. The present prevailing propensity to trifle with God's creatures; the memorable frenzy to metamorphose man, which resembles Deucalion, (with this difference, to be sure, that they change man to stone—he changed stones to men), deserves, more than any other wandering of the mind, to feel the scourge of satire.

The stage is, likewise, an excellent means by which the ministers and guardians of a state may correct the opinions of the nation, concerning the government and governors. Here the legislature speaks to its subjects, in borrowed symbols; justifies itself against their complaints, before they become public; and, unperceivedly, silences their murmurs. Even emulation, and the arts, might be powerfully excited, if dramatists would become patriots, and governors condescend to listen to them.

I cannot forget to mention, in this place, the great influence which a well-regulated theatre might have on the spirit of a nation. The agreement in the opinions and tastes of a people upon points respecting which other nations think and feel differently, I call national spirit. It is in the power of the stage alone to produce this conformity in a high degree; because she alone traverses the whole empire of human knowledge, exhausts every situation of life, peeps into every corner of the heart; because she alone unites in herself all classes and conditions, and possesses the directest way to the head and heart. If a characteristic trait predominated in all our vices, if our dramatists were all of one accord, and would enter into a combination for this purpose; if an inflexible choice presided over their labours, and their pencils were devoted solely to national objects—then we might possess a national stage; then should we become a nation. What chained the people of Greece so fast together? What attracted them so irresistibly to the theatre? What but the

national contents of their pieces, the great preponderating interests of the state, the polished humanity which breathed in them.

The stage possesses still another merit—a merit which I the rather mention, because I conjecture that its adversaries are already put to silence. What it has been the business of this essay thus far to shew, "that she was of real service to morals and the understanding," has been hitherto doubtful; but that she, "of all the inventions of luxury, of all the institutions for social recreations, deserved the preference," even her enemies have confessed. Yet, what she effects in this point is more important than has usually been supposed.

Human nature cannot endure to lay eternally upon the rack of occupation; the attractions of sense perish with their gratification. Man, glutted with sensual enjoyments, weary of continued efforts, and tormented by the ceaseless impulse to action, either thirsts for choicer pleasures, or rushes headlong into extravagant dissipations, which precipitate his fall, and disturb the repose of society. Bacchanalian joys, ruinous play, a thousand frenzies which idleness begets, are unavoidable, if the legislator know not how to conduct this propensity of the people. The man of business is in danger of embittering a life with dismal spleen, which he devotes so magnanimously to the state; the man of learning of degenerating into the stupid pedant; and the people of becoming brutes. The stage is the establishment in which pleasure with instruction, repose with effort, and pastime with improvement, go hand in hand; in which no faculty of the soul is strained to the prejudice of another, nor any pleasure enjoyed at the cost of the whole. If grief corrode the heart, if clouded humours empoison the hours of loneliness, if business and the world disgust us, if a crowd of vices oppress our souls, and professional drudgery threaten to destroy our excitability—then let us repair to the theatre: in this fictitious world we dream away the real, we again collect ourselves, our feelings again awaken, salutary passions agitate our slumbering nature, and impel the blood in more impetuous streams. The unhappy, here, in bewailing the sorrows of others, assuage their own; the fearless become apprehensive, and the happy melt into tears.

MR. SHERIDAN'S PIZARRO.

MR. EDITOR.

MUCH has been said of PIZARRO, and much of ROLLA'S *patriotic speech*, which is the only passage in the play that Mr. Sheridan exclusively claims for his own: but even that scanty claim must admit of some deduction, when the following lines are recollected in Mr. Cowper's justly celebrated "Task."

——"We love
The king who loves the laws, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free.
We love the man; the paltry pageant *you*.
We, the chief patron of the commonwealth;
You the regardless authors of its woes.
We, for the sake of liberty, a king;
You, chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust."

S. K.

IAGO'S FIRST SPEECH TO OTHELLO.

MR. EDITOR,

'TIS possible I may add to the number of those, who, as your correspondent observes, "still leave some difficulty unexplained," but the passage from Othello *seems*, to me, very clear—not that he could have *conscientiously killed Brabantio*; for how is it possible to suppose it? but that his conscience *deterred* him from *murdering* him; under which designation Iago would not have been singular, had he classed that action by which a man takes away the life of a fellow-creature in a *duel*. I forbear a long explanation, as I doubt not, ere this, a more full and satisfactory one, from some of your ingenious correspondents, has reached you.

Theatre Halifax. W. P. TAYLOR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET

TO MISS MARY B——M.

Lo dreary Winter has begun his reign,
The leafless trees confess his chilling power;
While silently upon the whiten'd plain
He sheds his all-assimilating show'r.
Short are the days, and dismal is the night,
No birds, harmonious, proclaim the morn
And usher in the sun's refreshing light—
Speedy to go, unwilling to return.
Yet oft thy converse, Mary, has beguil'd
The weary length of winter's ling'ring space;
While pleas'd I mark'd *Serena's temper mild,
Reflected in thy kind and fairer face:
Thy absence, hopeless, I must now deplore,
And those bright scenes which will return no more.

Stamford, Nov. 1799. OCTAVIUS.

THE KISS.

Long have I sedulously tried
My fair ones lips to press;
Long has the cruel maid denied
My ardent hopes to bless.

At length the lovely girl complies,
And grants the balmy treasure;
Love sparkles in her brilliant eyes,
And every look is pleasure.

Kitty! I thank thee for the kiss,
Of each dull care the soother,
But oh! when next thou grant'st the bliss,
Pray——*shave a little smoother!!!*

Exeter. GIAFAR.

* Hayley's Triumphs of Temper.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

JAN. 18.—Miss De Camp appeared, for the first time, in the character of *Miss Hoyden*, in the *Trip to Scarborough*, which she played in a very arch and spirited manner, and proved herself fully competent to act as a substitute for the inimitable Jordan, in case of her illness, or occasional secession from the stage.

21.—*The Ring, or love me for myself.*—This is the entertainment of the *Pavilion*, altered, and somewhat improved; but the audience were still dissatisfied, and once more dismissed it from the stage, with every mark of disapprobation.

JAN. 25.—*Adelaide*—a tragedy, by Mr. Pye, the laureat—author of the *Siege of Meaux*, an historical play in three acts, represented a few years back at Covent-Garden theatre. This drama is founded upon events which took place in the reign of *Henry the Second*. *Richard*,* his son, having been affianced to *Adelaide*,† sister of Philip, king of France, who remains a hostage at the court of Henry,‡ demands that the nuptial ceremony be performed. This the *Pope's Legate*,§ absolutely prohibits, till Richard shall have first fulfilled the vow he had made to join a crusade against the Saracens. This interference of the Legate his brother *John*‖ attributes to the influence of Henry, who, he pretends, has a passion for Adelaide, and alarms the jealousy of *Cœur de Lion*, by insinuations injurious to the character of his betrothed princess. Richard instantly upbraids Adelaide with her inconstancy, who soon succeeds in removing his suspicions, but, refusing to escape with him to the court of Philip, and thereby become accessary to his design of taking up arms against his father, John adduces this is an additional proof of her fickleness, and urges his brother to oppose the measures of Henry and the legate by force of arms. Having succeeded thus far, he obtains permission, from his brother, to follow him, at the head of a formidable force, under the pretence of obstructing his rebellious progress, instead of which he joins the standard of Richard. The old king is so affected by the perfidy of this his favourite son, that he instantly falls ill, and dies of a broken heart. His body is brought upon the stage by *Clifford*,** his natural son by *Rosamond*, at the moment the two princes return to enforce their pretensions, and Adelaide, who had retired into a cloister, appears only to announce to Richard the everlasting impediment to their union.

The author has adhered pretty closely to historical fact, in the fable of his tragedy. The perfidy of John, the rebellion of Richard, his resistance to the papal authority, his attempt to draw his sword on the Legate, and the death of Henry, occurred nearly in the manner here represented. The artifice practised by John upon Richard, and afterwards upon his father, are the invention of the poet, who has also given an importance and interest to the character of Adelaide, which are not justified by the fact. Neither does it appear that Henry had any child by Rosamond, though it is true that he was attended, in his sickness and last moments, by an illegitimate son, who bore the name of *Geoffry*.

* Mr. Kemble. † Mrs. Siddons. ‡ Mr. Aickin. § Mr. Cory.
‖ Mr. Barrymore. ** Mr. C. Kemble.

We do not think that the portion which Mr. Pye has selected from our English annals, affords much scope to the dramatic writer; nor are we of opinion that the deficiencies of history have been satisfactorily supplied by the art and address of the poet. The fire and heroism of the *lion-hearted* Richard is exchanged for weakness, credulity, and suspicion. John's contrivances are clumsy, shallow, and unnecessary; for the advantages he is to gain by them are not very apparent; and so much pains were hardly necessary to incite a prince to rebellion who had already been, more than once, guilty of that crime, impelled by no other motive than his own ambition. Adelaide is a consistent and amiable character: chaste, generous, and dignified; sacrificing even her love to the sacredness of principle, and disdaining to accept the hand of a man who had groundlessly suspected her fidelity, and wickedly opposed the authority of his parent.

We commend Mr. Pye for having omitted to notice the tradition of the *bleeding corpse*, but the remorse of Richard, on the sight of his father's body, might have furnished a more empassioned burst of grief and self-accusation, which would have given some degree of spirit to a denoüement at present exceedingly flat and unimpressive.

If, to constitute a tragedy, it be necessary to raise either *terror* or *pity*, then this play is not entitled to that denomination, for it excites no emotion, and induces no anxiety. We behold, we listen, but we do not feel. Interest there is scarcely any. Incident there is not much. Passion there is none. The diction is chaste and classical, but frigid and unawakening. It is not prosaic, but, on the contrary, it is not poetical; and the sentiments seldom discover any novelty of thought, or that unexpected aptness and fervency of expression, which are sometimes even better than originality of idea.

There is some little spirit in Richard's retort upon the legate, but it is a mere *flash in the pan*, which rouses the audience for a moment, who relapse immediately into indifference, and yawn for the dropping of the curtain.

Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Aickin, Barrymore, Cory, and C. Kemble did every possible justice to the piece.

The Prologue, or rather the *Ode*, (for it is an *Apostrophe* to the Tragic Muse) is a very fine composition. Mr. Sotheby is the author. The Epilogue, by Mr. Taylor, which possesses infinite point and humour, turns upon the circumstance of Adelaide's retreat into a convent, to avoid the addresses of her lover, a proceeding which Mr. Taylor whimsically contrasts with the less scrupulous conduct of our modern belles.

The prologue was delivered by Mr. C. Kemble, and the Epilogue by Miss Mellon.

COVENT-GARDEN.

JAN. 16.—*Joanna*—'a Romance of the fourteenth Century, formed upon the Plan of an unpublished Drama, written and transmitted by Augustus Von Kotzebüe.' The task of adapting this drama to the English stage has been assigned to Mr. CUMBERLAND, who, as we understand, has merely made use of the *plot* of the German bard; the sentiment and diction are said to be entirely his own.

We cannot detail this plot—and we would not if we could; for we do not think that it would be either useful or entertaining to follow M. Von Kotzebüe through all the intricacies of a story, not highly interesting in itself, and of which the object seems to create perplexity without interest, bustle without meaning, and multiplicity without variety. The outline, however, is this:

Albert, the Lord of *Thurn*, in *Switzerland*, and *Lazarra*, an Italian chieftain, are rivals in arms, as well as in love. The influence of the former predominates in both; for, having defeated Lazarra, in single combat, he obtains the hand of *Joanna* of *Montfaucon*, and retires with her to his castle, which Lazarra, with the assistance of a formidable banditti, whom he had gained over to his interest, suddenly surprises. Albert with difficulty escapes, leaving his wife behind him, at the mercy of the victor, who, in vain, endeavours, both by entreaties and threats, to shake her fidelity. Albert, in the mean time, falls into the hands of a man who, in resentment for some supposed injury, orders him into confinement, and gives a promise to Lazarra, that, at a certain hour, he will put the *Lord of Thurn* to death. His deliverance, however, is effected, by the heroism of *Philip of Belmont*, who frustrates the sanguinary intentions of his father, and excites the peasants to arm in support of their chief. Albert advances at their head, and, meeting with Lazarra, a contest ensues, in which the latter has the advantage, and is on the point of sacrificing his enemy to his vengeance, when Joanna unexpectedly enters, and plunges her dagger in the tyrant's heart.

The under plot discloses an attachment between *Philip* and *Eloisa*, the supposed daughter of a cruel and avaricious Swiss, who insists on her marrying a leader of the troops of Lazarra: from this detested connection she is rescued by the stratagem of a hermit, who, in the end, proves to be her father, and the rightful Lord of Thurn, of which he had been dispossessed by the father of Albert.

The scene where Kotzebüe has laid his play, and the time of action, the fourteenth century, are favourable to the representation of occurrences which may be allowed to fall under the description of *Romance*. Differences between petty states and petty lords, on the continent, were perpetually springing up, the feudal system was in full force, and power was respected more than the claims of justice. Such was the spirit of the times, and hence the incessant turbulence and confusion which prevailed at that period, and of which a description is attempted to be given in the drama of *Joanna*, which is nothing but *hurry skurry* from beginning to end—*battles*, *processions*, *marches*, *skirmishes*, *assaults*, *exits*, and *entrances*.

This is more a *spectacle*, therefore, than a play, and it seems to have been the intention of the parties concerned in preparing it for exhibition, to dazzle the view by magnificence of scenery and decoration; to occupy the attention by a bewildering rapidity of action, and a constant succession of tumult and disorder; rather than to interest the feelings, by a story of gradual and well-wrought distress, to satisfy the judgment by skilful discriminations of character, or captivate the fancy by the charms of sentiment and language.

Considering it in this light, the rules of criticism are nugatory, and it would be the height of pedantry to apply them to such a subject; but it may not be unreasonable to express our surprise that Mr. Cumberland, who has discarded every thing belonging to Kotzebüe *but* the plot, should not have put that into some better regulation, by amputating those excrescences into which the luxuriant

muse of the German bard had betrayed him. We are likewise at liberty to question the propriety of substituting, in so general a manner as is acknowledged, the *thoughts* and the *words* of Cumberland, for the *thoughts* and *words* of Kotzebüe, of whom it is not one of the least excellencies, to conceive justly, poetically, and originally, and to express his sentiments with correspondent manliness and vigour. This mode of proceeding seems to imply a disdain of his great abilities, which an author, who has condescended to become the servile instrument of his *invention*, has scarcely a right to indulge; and it does not appear to us improbable that the *self-love*, which is almost inseparable from the character of an author, may have induced Mr. C. to reject many fine passages, in favour of others which an impartial judge might pronounce inferior to the original; for the WRITING of *Joanna* is certainly not remarkable either for elegance, spirit, or poetic embellishment, but is, on the contrary, often gross, vulgar, inaccurate, and inane. The speeches are few indeed which sparkle with the brilliancy of genius, and these are hardly to be considered but as scintillations reflected from the bright sun of Shakspere.

There are frequent attempts to imitate and to rival the most popular passages in *Pizarro*, but they are neither ingenious nor successful. Mr. C. follows, at humble distance, in point of talent, as well as time, and reminds us of a lame man hobbling after the vigorous youth who had nearly attained the goal.

Though the incidents are, in general, trifling and common, the scene in which *Philip of Belmont*, who is by far the most interesting personage in the whole drama, opposes his father's determination to take away the life of Albert, and that in which his mind is torn by the struggles of contending love and friendship, deserve to be ranked among the most successful exhibitions of the German drama. Mr. H. Johnston, whose merits we have frequently noticed, and whose excellence we have predicted, discovered a degree of genius and sensibility, in this character, which excited the general admiration of the audience, and which certainly preserved the piece from utter condemnation. The energy, pathos, and activity of this young actor merit the highest thanks both of the managers and the author. The other performers, particularly Holman, Murray, Munden, Incledon, and Mrs. H. Johnston, are entitled to much commendation. The character assigned to Mr. Pope was scarcely worthy of his talents, and Joanna is but little calculated for Mrs. Pope's style of acting.

With respect to the *getting up* of the piece, no opportunity has been neglected of bestowing upon it every decoration of dress and scenery, and of rendering the *spectacle* as striking and magnificent as possible. The mustering of Lazarra's troops produces a very grand effect, and forms a *coup d'œil* which has seldom been equalled on the English stage.

The music is by Mr. Busby, the composer of *Ocean*, an ode, and the oratorio of the *Prophecy*, which was, some time back, performed at the Little Theatre in the Hay-Market. Its general character is grandeur and solemnity; much, (perhaps too much for theatrical music,) in the style of Handel. The overture is bold and masterly, and the airs and chorusses swell into that *full tide of harmony* for which the composer we have mentioned was so deservedly celebrated.

We understand that, after the first night, the catastrophe was altered, by making Lazarra fall by the sword of Albert, instead of the dagger of Joanna.

A prologue, contrary to custom, was delivered, before the overture, by Mr. Murray, who also informed the audience that Mr. Incledon, in consequence of a domestic misfortune, laboured under a derangement of intellect. This information, conveyed in a tone of uncommon seriousness, somewhat alarmed the audience at first, but Mr. Incledon soon proved that his *voice* had suffered no *derangement*, notwithstanding the disorder into which Mr. Murray had thrown his *intellect*.—We are sorry to state, that the loss of an infant daughter was the occasion of this apology, which was followed, in a few days, by the death of his wife, a most worthy and amiable woman, a tender and affectionate wife, and a fond and careful mother.

KING'S THEATRE.

If ever endeavour and ability to produce effect sufficient to attract and hold captive the admiration of the world of taste and fashion were crowned with success, by the proprietors' best reward, a numerous and brilliant audience, such, in the fullest extent, was displayed on the night in which the doors of this magnificent theatre were thrown open to the subscribers and the public. The new opera was received throughout with repeated bursts of applause, which were bestowed alternately on the efforts of the composer, the performers, the machinist, and the painter. As acting manager, encomium cannot advance too far in favour of Mr. Kelly.

MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH.

From a mistaken notion, that the fire at Braham's ingenious manufactory, was, instead of making its ravages on that spot, consuming the rotunda, many were kept from visiting a masquerade, in our opinion, the worst we have ever witnessed. The admission was certainly at an humble price, and humble indeed was the fare. The few attempts at character were too impotent to waste a censure upon; the company, in the mass, too vulgar for notice.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from Page 376.]

DRURY-LANE.

Season of 1758-9, *continued.*

TUESDAY, MAY 1.—*Orphan of China.*

2.—Ben. of Mr. Rooker and Mrs. Vernon.—*Zara*—Mrs. Yates. *Fortunatus.*

3. (Author's night)—*O. of China.*

4. (Ben. of Mr. Cross, *Prompter*, and Mrs. C.)—*B. Body—positively the last time that season.*—Patch, Mrs. Cross. *With the Epilogue addressed to the Town in the Character of the B. Body, by Garrick*(a). *Q. Mab.*

(a) "Garrick," says Mr. Davies, "endeavoured to support his consequence by an epilogue, spoken in the character of Marplot; but he soon discontinued the part.

5.—*O. of China.* 7. (Ben. of Bransby and Champnes.)—*B. Opera.*—Macheath, Beard; Peachum, Bransby; Locket, Champnes; Filch, Raftor; Lucy, Mrs. Clive; Mrs. Peachum, Mrs. Cross; D. Trapes, Mrs. Bradshaw; Polly, Miss Macklin. *Apprentice.*

8.—*O. of China.* 9. (Ben. of Leviez, *Ballet Master.*)—*C. Lovers.*—Scaland, Havard; Indiana, Miss Macklin. *Q. Mab.*

10. (Ben. of Mr. Pritchard, *Treasurer.*)—*Rom. and Juliet.*—Romeo, Fleetwood. *Q. Mab.*(b)

11. (Ben. of Burton and Philips.)—*N. Way to pay O. Debts.*—I. Greedy, Wellborn, and Allworth, (*1st time*) Yates, Palmer, and Holland; Ld. Lovell, Havard; Sir G. Overreach, Burton; Marall, Philips; Margaret, Mrs. Davies; Ly. Allworth, Mrs. Pritchard. *Tom Thumb the Great.*—T. Thumb, Miss Simson; King, Philips; Ld. Grizzle, Clough.

12. (Author's night.)—*O. of China—last time that season.*

14. (Wilkinson's night.)—*Othello*—(*1st time*) Wilkinson; Brabantio, Burton; Roderigo, Yates; Cassio, Palmer; Iago, Havard; Emilia, Mrs. Bennet; Desdemona, (*1st time*) Mrs. Davies. *Diversions of the Morning. Foote's Characters of Lady Pentweazle, and Puzzle, the Instructor, with Additions,* by Wilkinson, *(in the manner of the Original) in which he introduced a Mock Italian Burletta, &c.*

15.—**R. Officer.*—Kite, Bransby; 2d. Recruit, Brownsmith(d). *T. Thumb.*

16. (Ben. of Austin, and Wood, *Sub-treasurer.*)—*Fair Quaker of Deal.*—Beau Mizen, (*1st time*) O'Brien; Captain Worthy, Havard; Rovewell, Austin; Sir C. Pleasant, Palmer; Commodore Flip, Yates; Arabella Zeal, Miss Haughton. *D. of the Morning.*(e)

17.—*London Merchant.*—Thorowgood, Davis. *Eng. in Paris.*

18. (*By command of* P. OF WALES.)—*Anth. and Cleop.*—Enobarbus, Burton.

19. (Ben. of Varney, *Housekeeper.*)—*Orphan.*—Monimia, MISS PRITCHARD. *T. Thumb.*

21.—**Tancred and Sigis.* and (*1st time*) *The Heiress, or Antigallican*(f).—

Charles Fox, the present illustrious statesman, when a boy, being asked, by his father, when Garrick was dining with him, what he thought of his Marplot, said, Mr. Garrick could not look foolish enough for the part. *Davies.*

(h) The farce of *Catherine and Petruchio* was changed to this pantomime, by desire of the African Prince.

* Ticket nights.

(d) Under-prompter to Mr. Cross.

(e) Mr. Wilkinson had ventured to introduce a scene from the *Author*, the representation of which had been prohibited. A very severe letter from the chamberlain was the consequence of this temerity, and the objectionable scene was, therefore, not repeated on this evening.

(f) This farce is the production of Mr. Mozeen, the actor, who was one of the persons interested in the benefit. It was received with some degree of favour, though not sufficient to entitle it to repetition. The author was originally bred to the law, which he quitted for the stage, where, however, he made no very conspicuous figure. Yet he gave some proofs of genius and humour in the writing

Yates, Palmer, Beard, Burton, Miss Barton, Miss Bride, Miss Young, &c. The music by Arne, Junr.

22.—*Henry VIII.*—K. Henry, *by a* GENTLEMAN(g), *(his first appearance on the Stage.)* Bp. Gardiner, Clough. *Fortunatus.*

23. (Ben. of Widow Simson and her 3 children.)—*Hamlet*—Mossop; Laertes, Austin; Ophelia, Miss Macklin. End of the play, *a new Dialogue by way of Epilogue*, by Master and Miss Simson. *M. in her Teens*, by the children.

24.—*W. of the World.*—Mrs. Fainall, Mrs. Bennet. *M. in her Teens*, as before.

25.—*Rehearsal. Q. Mab.* 28.—*B. Opera.*—Filch, West; Lucy, Miss Eliz. Young; D. Trapes, Mrs. Havard. *L. Valet.*

29.—*M. Bride. Apprentice.*—Dick, (*1st time*) Austin. 30. (Ben. of Messrs. Foley and Veil)—*C. Husband.*—Edging, Miss Barton. 31.—*Zara.*—Osman, CLARKE (h); Zara, Mrs. Cibber. *Guardian.*—Miss Barton, vice Mrs. Clive.

JUNE 4. (*Last night of the season.*)—*Wonder.*—Col. Briton, Holland. *Occasional Prol. by Garrick*(i). *Q. Mab.*

The theatre opened again on June 19, *for the ben. of some distressed actors, who formerly belonged to the theatre. B. Opera.*—Lucy, Miss Barton. *L. Valet.* On 28 June for a similar benefit. *C. Husband.*—Ld. Morelove, Packer; Ly. Graveairs, Miss Haughton. *M. in her Teens*, as before.

The house again opened for one night only, on 12 July, when Lillo's *Arden of Feversham* (k) was performed for the 1st time. Arden, Havard; Mosby,

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way, being reputed the author of a very diverting account of the adventures of a summer company of comedians, detached from the metropolitan theatres, commencing capital heroes within the limits of a barn, and to the audience of a country town. The book is entitled *Young Scarron*, and gives evident proofs of the author's having a perfect knowledge of the scenes and characters he attempts to describe, and no very unskilful pencil for the pourtraying them with their most striking features, and in the liveliest colours. He has also written some little poems, which were published by subscription, together with the farce of The Heiress above mentioned.

(g) Mr. Moody. Vide Note (c) p. 117. vol. 8,

(h) Of Covent-Garden theatre. Mossop, we presume, had left town, as some of our great actors do now, before the close of the season.

(i) In compliment to the birth day of the Prince of Wales (his present Majesty.)

(k) This tragedy is founded on a Chronicle in Holinshead, relating that one Arden, a gentleman of Feversham, in the reign of Edward VI. was murdered as he was playing a game at tables with one Mosebie. It was left in an imperfect state by Lillo, and was completed by Dr. John Hoadly, the younger brother of the author of the Suspicious Husband, whom he is said to have assisted in that comedy. He was born in Broad-street, October 8, 1711, and educated at Mr. Newcome's school in Hackney, where he got great applause, by performing the part of Phocyas, in *The Siege of Damascus.* In June, 1730, he was ad-

Bransby; Green, Packer; Franklin, Scrase; Mayor of F. Burton; Michael, Wignell; Black Will, Philips; Shakebag, Vaughan; Bradshaw, Johnston; Maria, Miss Barton; Alicia (Mrs. Arden), a young Gentlewoman (l), her 1st App. on the Stage.

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mitted at Corpus Christi College, in Cambridge, and, about the same time, at the Temple, intending to study the law. This design, however, he soon abandoned; for in 1735 he took the degree of LL. B. and, on the 29th of November, in that year, he was appointed chancellor of Winchester, ordained deacon by his father, Dec. 7, and priest the 21st of the said month. He was immediately received into the Prince of Wales's household, as his chaplain, as he afterwards was in that of the princess Dowager, May 6, 1751.

He received several preferments, and had the honour to be the first person on whom archbishop Herring conferred the degree of a doctor. He wrote some poems in Dodsley's collection, and published an edition of his father's works, in 3 vols. folio. He died March the 16th, 1776, aged 64, and with him the name of Hoadly became extinct.

He was the author of *The Contrast*. 1731. C. N. P.—*Jephtha*. O. 1737.—*Love's Revenge*. P. 1735.—*Phœbe*. 1748. P.—*The Force of Truth*. O. 1764.—and wrote also the fifth act of Miller's *Mahomet*.

He left several dramatic works, in manuscript, behind him; and, among the rest, *The House-keeper*, a farce, on the plan of *High Life below Stairs*, in favour of which piece it was rejected by Mr. Garrick, together with a tragedy on the subject of *Lord Cromwell*. So great, however, was the Doctor's fondness for theatrical exhibitions, that no visitors were ever long in his house before they were solicited to accept a part in some interlude or other. He himself, with Garrick and Hogarth, once performed a laughable parody on the scene in *Julius Cæsar*, where the *Ghost* appears to *Brutus*. Hogarth personated the spectre; but, so unretentive was his memory, that, although his speech consisted only of a few lines, he was unable to get them by heart. At last they hit on the following expedient in his favour. The verses he was to deliver were written in such large letters on the outside of an illuminated paper lanthorn, that he could read them when he entered with it in his hand on the stage. Hogarth prepared the play-bill, on this occasion, with characteristic ornaments. The original drawing is still preserved.

(l) The name of this lady is not known to us, though, from the concluding lines of the epilogue which she spoke, it seems that she was desirous of continuing on the stage.

Last for my humble self—thus low I sue;
Do not, too rigid, give me all my due.
What's wanting, pardon; and, if aught appears
That may be ripen'd by theatric years,
Kindly protect the plant your smiles now raise,
Be mine obedient thanks, yours all the praise.

Mr. Havard delivered the prologue.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

A threatening letter, written to the Duke of Queensberry, has occasioned much conversation, and is thus accounted for: Mrs. T. widow of a gentleman of the British factory at Lisbon, has, with two daughters, alike amiable, resided, for some time, in privacy, at Richmond. The Duke of Queensbury, purposing to have a musical party, and understanding, from the Rev. Mr. H. who was at his house, and acquainted with music, that these ladies, with whom he was acquainted, were fond of that science, his Grace requested this gentleman to invite the ladies to meet two ladies and a few gentlemen, apologizing for the manner of the invitation. On the 7th ult. at Mrs. H—p's assembly, the Rev. Dr. W. accused Mr. H. of having taken these ladies to a house of notorious ill character, and the next morning the Duke received the following letter:

" The Duke of Queensberry is desired, as he values his personal safety, to desist from all further intercourse, even of civility, with the family from Lisbon, at present of George-Street, Richmond. Let him not imagine that rank, riches, or attendants, shall shelter him from the signal chastisement that awaits him, if neglectful of this admonition; a chastisement that will make him a burden to himself, during his remaining days, and effectually incapacitate him from any future attempts on youth and inexperience. The Duke of Queensberry will perceive, by this, that all his motions are watched, and that all his snares, for what *he* deems *unprotected innocence*, will be defeated, by a spirit of vengeance more active and refined than what animated a *Blood* or a *Koningsmack*. He is warned not to implicate, in any shape, the Countess of Yarmouth, or any other female, in his infamous plot, as such will then become liable to treatment that would be unwillingly inflicted on any of the sex. The Duke of Queensberry is further desired to tell the singing parson, the empty fool who has been the instrument of his nefarious designs, that a share of just retribution shall not be wanting for him, if an immediate stop be not put to the proceedings that occasioned this letter. Once more they are cautioned to leave a virtuous family in the undisturbed possession of peace and honour, without delay, or to tremble at the bloody expiation that will be exacted from them, by the hand of

REVENGE.

The Duke of Queensberry offered a reward for the discovery of the writer of this letter, a copy of which he inclosed to Mrs. W.

The King is stated to have settled on Cardinal York a pension of 4000l. per annum.

Frozen apples, potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbages, &c. should be thawed by being immerged in cold water. They become rotten by being exposed to heat without such previous process.

The Minister, it is said, purposes to take a farthing from the halfpenny lately added, by the brewers, to the price of porter, from which he expects to derive a revenue of 200,000l. a year.

An action was lately tried against a *Music Master*, to recover damages for falsely pretending a young lady's instrument was a bad one, that he might recommend the buying of another, for which he received a premium from the seller.

It appears, by a paper read to the National Institute of France, that, by the dismemberment of Poland, Russia acquired 1,697 square myriameters, or 6,069 square Polish leagues, of 20 to a degree, with a population of 2,195,161 individu-

als, and a revenue of 8 millions of francs; Austria 3,876 square leagues, 3,778,010 inhabitants, and 11 millions of revenue; and Prussia 4,288 square leagues, 3,764,509 inhabitants, and between 6 and 7 millions of francs revenue.

The plan uf the Union is said to propose the introduction into the British parliament of the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, and of 2 Bishops, and 32 temporal peers, to be elected from their respective bodies; together with two members for Dublin, two for Cork, two for each county, and as many for the boroughs as will make the number of commons and peers amount to 100.

Ka Hing, who, in February last, succeeded his father, Kien Long, as Emperor of China, has displaced Ho Choon Taung, the Prime Minister uf his father, and the enemy of the English, aud appointed, as his successor, a person much attached to Britain.

Intelligence has been received that the Missionaries who remained at Otaheite were well last September. The Sally, Clark, received this information from Captains Bligh and Moore, on the whale fishery, at the Gallipagos. The Royal Admiral, going with convicts to Port Jackson, is, it is added, to take out more Missiunaries to Tongataboo and Otaheite. The Missionaries at the Cape had travelled 400 miles up the country, amongst the Boshemen; and Dr. Vunderkemp and Mr. Edmonds had gone 26 days journey up amongst the Caffrees. The Missionaries had, in each instance, been kindly treated.

There cannot be a more striking instance of the caprice of fortune, than that the present Sovereign of France should be a Corsican, and her Majesty a *Creole!*

An important Improvement in Boots and Shoes.——The following method of preparing water-proof leather, at a very small expence, will be found invariably to succeed. Take one pint of drying oil, two ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of spirits of turpentine, and one ounce of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow fire; with this composition new shoes and boots are to be rubbed, in the sun, or at a distance from the fire, with a sponge, as uften as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; the leather then is impervious to wet, the shoes and boots last much longer, acquire softness and pliability, and, thus prepared, are the most effectual preservatives against cold and chilblains.

Junior Orders of the Clergy.——The public prints recently contained an advertisement respecting the appropriation of Mr. Stock's bequest of 10l. to each of ten curates, of the established church, whose respective incomes did not exceed 40l. per annum. "Many petitiuns were presented, stating *circumstances of much distress and commiseration.*" The law, if we do not greatly err, directs that each established officiating clergyman shall be paid at least 50l. per annum; but, in defiance of the law, in defiance uf policy, of decency, of humanity, these ten gentlemen, members of the most liberal profession, and the immediate and efficient servant of their God, had amongst them but 299l. a year. The preceding statement of "the Governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy," whose uniform labours should be successful as they are meritorious, in mentiuning the ten gentlemen whose preeminence of wretchedness obtained, in the year 1798, the trivial temporary aid benevolence had provided, relate, that the Rev. John Jones, after 68 years, principally employed in the duties of bis mission, had but *thirty pounds a year*, to minister to his infirmities, and to *support and educate twelve children.*

We "love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd, and duty, in his service, perishing." From the exorbitant price of the essentials to existence, the stipend al-

lowed to the junior orders of our officiating clergy is not equal to the support of a coal-porter; and there are few coal-porters who do not receive more. We conceive it the peculiar duty ot the Bishops to devote a thought to this meritorious and wretched class, and, until their exertions obtain for them the means to live in comfort and respectability, to see that the present disposition, such as it is, be carried into its full effect.

The 36th G. III. c. 85, requires all millers to receive payment in money, and not in toll, on the corn they grind; and to place, in a conspicuous situation in their mills, a table of the rates to which they are entitled, under a penalty of 20s. for each offence, and to have balances and weights according to the standard of the exchequer, and to weigh and give thefull quantity, allowing for regulated waste, under a penalty of from 20 to 40s.

Many of the persons who pronounced sentence on the unfortunate Louis XVI. made elaborate speeches, tending to justify their conduct. When it came to Sieyes to vote, he said no more than "*La mort sans phrase.*"—This distinguished character, when lately in attendance at the court of Berlin, as ambassador from the Republic, requested to be introduced to field-marshal Mullendorf. The gentleman to whom he applied, instantly walked up with him to the general, and desired to have the honour to introduce Sieyes; but the veteran roughly answered, "*Non! sans phrase,*" and turning his back on the minister of the *great nation*, convinced him that, though a stranger to mercy, he was yet susceptible to shame!

A hare, hard pressed by greyhounds, after a chace of a mile and a half, ran into a rabbit hole, twelve feet in length, near Cambridge, and was found six feet beneath the surface.

A magistrate of Sutton Coldfield lately received information that a man lay dead upon a neighbouring common, when, desirous to doall that seemed in his power, but impressed with the erroneous opinion (which cannot be too forcibly exploded,) that the law does not permit the removal of a person supposed dead, until the coroner has held a jury on it, he directed that, on this process having taken place, the body should be removed to the work-house; where, having at length arrived, it was placed beside that of a person who had some time before expired. In this state it continued for some ime, when, a person, attracted by curiosity, conceived that it was yet animated.—A surgeon was instantly sent for, and, by the adoption, for some hours, of the means prescribed by that benignant body, the Humane Society, this almost inhabitant of the grave was perfectly recovered.

Agriculture and Population.—Sir John Call, in a recent address to the Bath Agricultural Society, states this country to be at present materially incompetent to the support of its inhabitants. He recommends the immediate cultivation of 160,000 acres of waste land; and calculating on an annual increase of 100,000 souls, observes, that a further improvement of 30,000 acres, yearly, would be necessary for their support.

It is admitted, by all writers on political œconomy, that the population of a country must ever depend on the means which it possesses, and the due application thereof, for the support of its inhabitants.—"England at this time possesses the unemployed means for subsisting, in addition to her present numbers, *one third more* of inhabitants." Were these resources called into action, the injurious and impolitic

practice of depending on foreign markets for supply would be obviated, and the internal strength and productive labour of the nation would be increased.

Sir John Call calculates on an increase of 100,000 souls annually, and, taking a medium calculation of the general population of this kingdom, a period of upwards of 60 years would elapse, before our numbers would double their present estimate: whereas, in America, by propagation only, without the accession of foreigners, the numbers are stated at double in 28 years. The cause is obvious—The produce of America exceeds its consumption; and the peasantry are thus invited to early marriage. But in this country, under their present want of confidence, that their industry will enable them to support an infant offspring, they are not allured to the gratification of an early and generous passion, which is, doubtless, of the highest political, as well as moral consequence.

The ox for which Mr. Westeard, of Buckinghamshire, received the premium of 100 guineas, and which he sold, on the 14th, for as much more, weighed near 300 stone, was 8 feet 11 inches long, six feet seven high, and ten feet four round the girth.

A beautiful Circassian has arrived at the Turkish Ambassador's, a present to his Excellency, from the Grand Signior. She was attended by six black eunuchs.

A plan is suggested of consolidating all the poor-rates of the different parishes in London into one fund, that the whole of the poor belonging to any parish in the metropolis, may be maintained equally therefrom. At present it is justly complained, that within the city the poor are few and the rates low, while in the out-parishes, such, for instance, as Bethnal green and Mile-end, the panpers constitute a great majority. Those paupers are the labourers and artisans of the wealthy citizens, and consequently should be maintained by them.

A clergyman, some time since, rather hurried while reading the funeral service over a corpse, when he came to the words "this our brother, &c." forgot whether the deceased had been man or woman. Turning, therefore, to one of the mourners, who happened to be an Hibernian, he asked him, "Is this a *brother* or a *sister?*—"By J——s, neither one or the other," replied Pat, "it was only an *acquaintance!*"

The practice of going drunk to the theatres, and making sham quarrels with each other, or insulting some aged persons to shew their valour, has properly submitted to the fear of punishment; and we profess to think that these poor things are treated with too great severity for the much less offensive, though, perhaps, not more successful mode they have adopted, in their endeavours to appear *like men.*

It is said, that among the new taxes will be an addition of 25 per cent. on the Income Tax, making it an eighth part instead of a tenth.

The idea of erecting a Naval Pillar has been abandoned, the fund proving insufficient to the undertaking. The subscription did not exceed £4000.

During the late frost a thermometer exposed in a garden, at Ipswich, at six feet from the ground, sunk to six degrees, and remained stationary for two hours.—Another, placed on the surface of the snow, was two degrees warmer. On the following morning, however, the case was reversed, for the snow was three degrees colder than the air.

Letters from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, and from General Buonaparte, with the answers returned to them by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, His Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

No. I. Letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France. No. II. Letter from General Buonaparte. No. III. Letter from Lord Grenville to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France. No. IV. Official Note.

Translation.—My Lord, I dispatch, by the order of General Buonaparte, first Consul of the French Republic, a messenger to London: he is the bearer of a letter, from the first Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty the King of England. I request you to give the necessary orders that he may be enabled to deliver it directly into your own hands. This step, in itself, announces the importance of its object. Accept, my Lord, the assurance of my highest consideration.

(Signed) CH. MAU. TALLEYRAND.

Paris, the 5th Nivose, 8th year of the French Republic, (Dec. 25, 1799.)

Translation.—French Republic—Sovereignty of the people—Liberty—Equality.——Buonaparte, first Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain and of Ireland.

Paris, the 5th Nivose, 8th year of the Republic.

Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the first magistracy, I think it proper, on entering into office, to make a direct communication of it to your Majesty.—The war, which, for eight years, has ravaged the four quarters of the world, must it be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, powerful and strong beyond what their safety and independence require, sacrifice to ideas of vain greatness the benefits of commerce, internal prosperity, and the happiness of families? How is it that they do not feel that peace is of the first necessity, as well as of the first glory? These sentiments cannot be foreign to the heart of your Majesty, who reign over a free nation, and with the sole view of rendering it happy. Your Majesty will only see in this overture my sincere desire to contribute efficaciously, for the second time, to a general pacification, by a step, speedy, entirely of confidence, and disengaged from those forms which, necessary perhaps to disguise the dependence of weak states, prove only, in those which are strong, the mutual desire of deceiving each other. France and England, by the abuse of their strength, may still for a long time, for the misfortune of all nations, retard the period of their being exhausted. But, I will venture to say it, the fate of all civilized nations is attached to the termination of a war which involves the whole world.

Of your Majesty, (Signed) BUONAPARTE.

Downing Street, January 4, 1800.

Sir, I have received and laid before the King the two letters which you have transmitted to me; and his Majesty, seeing no reason to depart from those forms which have long been established in Europe for transacting business with foreign states, has commanded me to return, in his name, the official answer which I send you herewith enclosed.—I have the honour to be, with high consideration, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) GRENVILLE.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs, &c. at Paris.

NOTE.—The King has given frequent proofs of his sincere desire for the re-establishment of secure and permanent tranquillity in Europe. He neither is, nor has been, engaged in any contest for a vain and false glory. He has had no other view than that of maintaining, against all aggression, the rights and happiness of his subjects. For these he has contended against an unprovoked attack, and for the same objects he is still obliged to contend; nor can he hope that this necessity could be removed by entering, at the present moment, into negociation with those whom a fresh revolution has so recently placed in the exercise of power in France. Since no real advantage can arise from such negociation to the great and desirable object of general peace, until it shall distinctly appear that those causes have ceased to operate, which originally produced the war, and by which it has since been protracted, and, in more than one instance, renewed. The same system, to the prevalence of which France justly ascribes all her present miseries, is that which has also involved the rest of Europe in a long and destructive warfare, of a nature long since unknown to the practice of civilized nations. For the extension of this system, and for the extermination of all established governments, the resources of France have, from year to year, and in the midst of the most unparalleled distress, been lavished and exhausted. To this indiscriminate spirit of destruction, the Netherlands, the United Provinces, the Swiss Cantons, (his Majesty's ancient friends and allies) have successively been sacrificed. Germany has been ravaged: Italy, though now rescued from its invaders, has been made the scene of unbounded rapine and anarchy. His Majesty has himself been compelled to maintain an arduous and burthensome contest for the independence and existence of his kingdoms. Nor have these calamities been confined to Europe alone; they have been extended to the most distant quarters of the world, and even to countries so remote, both in situation and interest, from the present contest, that the very existence of such a war, was, perhaps, unknown to those who found themselves suddenly involved in all its horrors.

While such a system continues to prevail, and while the blood and treasure of a numerous and powerful nation can be lavished in its support, experience has shewn that no defence but that of open and steady hostility can be availing. The most solemn treaties have only prepared the way for fresh aggression; and it is to a determined resistance alone that is now due, whatever remains in Europe of stability for property, for personal liberty, for social order, or for the free exercise of religion. For the security, therefore, of these essential objects, his Majesty cannot place his reliance on the mere renewal of general professions of pacific dispositions. Such professions have been repeatedly held out, by all those who have successively directed the resources of France to the destruction of Europe: and whom the present rulers have declared to have been all, from the beginning, and uniformly, incapable of maintaining the relations of amity and peace. Greatly, indeed, will his Majesty rejoice, whenever it shall appear that the danger to which his own dominions, and those of his allies, have been so long exposed, has really ceased: whenever he shall be satisfied that the necessity of resistance is at an end; that, after the experience of so many years of crimes and miseries, better principles have ultimately prevailed in France; and that all the gigantic projects of ambition, and all the restless schemes of destruction, which have endangered the very existence of civil society, have at length been finally relinquished:—But the con-

viction of such a change, however agreeable to his Majesty's wishes, can result only from experience, and from the evidence of facts. The best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence would be the restoration of that line of Princes, which, for so many centuries, maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad; such an event would at once have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negociation or peace. It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory: and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means. But, desirable as such an event must be both to France and to the world, it is not to this mode exclusively that his Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification. His Majesty makes no claim to prescribe to France what shall be the form of her government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation. His Majesty looks only to the security of his own dominions, and those of his allies, and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can, in any manner, be attained, as resulting either from the internal situation of that country, from whose internal situation the danger has arisen, or from such other circumstances, of whatever nature, as may produce the same end, his Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the means of immediate and general pacification. Unhappily, no such security hitherto exists: no sufficient evidence of the principles by which the new government will be directed; no reasonable ground by which to judge of its stability. In this situation it can, for the present, only remain for his Majesty to pursue, in conjunction with other powers, those exertions of just and defensive war, which his regard to the happiness of his subjects will neither permit him either to continue beyond the necessity in which they originated, or to terminate on any other grounds than such as may best contribute to the secure enjoyment of their tranquillity, their constitution, and their independence.

(Signed) GRENVILLE.

Downing-Street, Jan. 4, 1800.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs, &c. at Paris.

A Recipe for the Rheumatism.——Thirty drops of hartshorn, two large table-spoons full of the best sallad oil; mix these together in an eight ounce phial; fill the bottle with spring water, and sweeten it with the best loaf sugar. Take two table-spoons full of this mixture the first thing in the morning, and last at night; continue it till such time as you find the disorder removed. If the disorder be of long standing, this recipe must be continued the longer.

A Recipe for a Cough.——Take one tea-spoonful of Elixir Paregoric, one tea-spoonful of Sal Volatile, mix these in a wine-glass of spring water, and take it the first thing in the morning, and the last at going to bed. If the cough is very troublesome, you may take it in the course of the day.

The Emperor of Russia, by a recent ordinance, requires all persons to cut their whiskers, and to wear cocked hats and full dressed coats, at Petersburgh, where, the account adds, every person, of whatever rank, must get out of his carriage and stand, though in the mire, on the approach of his Imperial Majesty.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—The Hon. Mrs. Lascelles, at Harewood House; Lady Charlotte Baillie, at Leven Grove; Lady Sondes, at Leescourt; the Lady of Sir J. Kennaway, at Ascot; Lady Belgrave, of Milbank; and the Ladies of Colonel Gascoigne, member for Liverpool, and of Sir N. B. Gresley, Bart. Of Daughters—The Ladies of the Hon. Cavendish Bradshaw, *(ci-devant* Countess of Westmeath) and of St. Andrew St. John, Esq. the Countess of Granard, at Moira House, Dublin; the Ladies of Alderman Macauley; of the Earl of Mansfield, in Great-Cumberland Street; of Sir T. Hesketh, Bart. of Lancashire; and of Sir J. Nasmyth, Bart. of Edinburgh. Of a still-born child, the Lady of Sir J. B. Burgess.

MARRIED,

By the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. R. Moore, his Grace's third son, to the daughter of the late M. Bell, of Wolsington. Sir C. Mill, Bart. of Motherford, to the eldest daughter of Sir J. Morshead, Bart. At Bath, Mr. Crutwell, printer, to Miss C. George. The Hon. and Rev. R. Hill, brother to Lord Berwick, to Miss F. second daughter of W. M. Owen, Esq. member for the county of Montgomery. Mr. S. Baker, jun. to Miss Hughes. Lieut.-Col. Bradshaw, of the 13th foot, to Miss Tomkins. Major Trant, of the Minorca Reg. to Miss Harrington, of Craven-Street. Capt. J. Wright, to the daughter of Commissioner Schank. Col. Lake, of the guards, to Lady Graham. Lieut.-Col. Clinton, of the 1st of guards, to the second daughter of Lord Elcho. F. Nichols, Esq. eldest son of the member, to Miss Katencamp, of Gower-street. T. Parry, Esq. of Twickenham, to the widow of Gen. J. Smith.

DIED,

J. Starr, Esq. Dept. Compt. of the foreign department of the Post-Office.—In Gower-street, the lady of S. Majoribanks, Esq. an hour after being delivered of a son. At Plymouth, J. Campbell, Esq. late Secretary of Admiral Lord Nelson. At Bury, in a fit of apoplexy, aged 66, J. Symons, Vice-Admiral of the Red. Lady Affleck, relict of Sir E. Affleck. At Bedale, in Yorkshire, that *wonderful* philosopher Doctor Katterfelto. In Lincoln's-inn-fields, aged 74, Mrs. Nicholl (mother of Sir John Nicholl), in consequence of her cloaths having caught fire a few days before. Lord Teynham, who is succeeded in his title and estates by his brother, the Hon. T. Roper. At the seat of his wife's father, (Mr. Coke, of Holkam) Lord Andover, aged 24, son of Lord Suffolk, of the wound he received in consequence of his gun going off by accident.—Lady Andover, who has been two years married, is but 17 years old. At Fant, the wife of a labourer, named Moon, who, in 53 weeks, had borne to her husband two sons and two daughters, all of whom are living and well. H. V. Jones, Esq. Comptroller-General of the Customs. J. Udney, Esq. late Consul-General at Leghorne. In Switzerland, the truly patriotic senator Von Steigar.—At Beauvais, aged 93, the celebrated comedian Preville, the friend of Garrick. At Bath, P. Chester, Esq. aged 82, late governor of West Florida. At Bath, aged 74, Admiral Affleck. Of an apoplexy, at Abloville, the celebrated Marmontel, whose merit and whose fame does not protect his widow and three children from indigence. At Mamhead, Devonshire, aged 72, the Earl of Lisburne. At Berlin, aged 84, Field Marshal Knowbelsdorf. In Park Place, Sir W. Musgrave, Baronet. Mrs. Mazzinghi, wife of the composer. Mrs. Major, mother of the ingenious composer.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1800.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN THOMPSON, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A PAINTING BY J. R. SMITH.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

An interesting account of the late Mr. Steevens will be given in our next.

Again and again we thank our attentive correspondent Q. Z.

The very ingenious paper of R. A. upon the subject of the century, will confirm the learned observations of Capel Lofft, Esq. inserted in the present number. It shall appear in No. 53.

The packet of N. Howard, from *Plymouth*, shall be duly attended to.

UNA's imitation of Ossian is inserted in the present No. The poem which accompanies it shall appear in the course of a number or two.

We have no knowledge of the *Hermit and Vitula*, and the other pieces alluded to in the letter of W. H. D. of *Canterbury*.

Several enquiries of the same sort, have been made, respecting communications which the editor has never seen. All our correspondents are not aware, perhaps, that *unpaid* letters are not taken in at the office.

The acuteness of Gilbert Wakefield has forestalled the criticism of W. Mudford, with regard to the writings of Pope.

The song of WILL WHIMSICAL, *(Chichester)* shall have a place; but we must decline following the advice offered in the postscript.

We are fully sensible of S. Jesse's kindness, and are much obliged to him for his communications.

James and Eliza, a tale, we have not yet had time to peruse.

The favours of S. B. wait only for room.

The length to which we have thought it expedient to carry our review of the Theatrical Statement, must apologize for the further delay of several long-promised articles.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON Esq.r

Traslator of the Stranger, German Theatre, &c.

Published by Verner & Hood, 31 Poultry Feb.y 28, 1800.

THE

MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

FEBRUARY 1800.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE subject of the present memoir is the son of Benjamin Blaydes Thompson, Esq. a respectable magistrate and very eminent merchant of Kingston upon Hull. His father, from the most laudable motives, gave him an education equal to the exercise of either a liberal or mercantile profession; and, at the age of fifteen years, Mr. Thompson was left to decide, whether he would finish his studies of the *dead languages* in this country, or of the *living* in another. From his discovering, at an early period, great colloquial powers, Mr. Thompson's friends recommended him to pursue the law; but he felt an irresistible impulse to visit the continent. No sooner had he arrived in Germany, than, with the assistance of a private tutor, he applied himself, with the greatest assiduity, to the attainment of the language: and he had scarcely been there three months, before he became enamoured of the beauties of *Kotzebüe*, and sent a translation from that author to England. This was succeeded by others, and, ten years ago, manuscript translations of the most celebrated dramas *then* written by the GERMAN SHAKESPERE, were perused with admiration by Mr. Thompson's acquaintance. It was long, however, ere he had an idea of presenting them to the public, till, at the instigation of several friends, he transmitted the Stranger to the Drury-Lane Theatre. On the merits of this interesting and uncommonly successful play, it is our intention to expatiate fully in our review.

Mr. Thompson remained in Germany many years, cultivating the study of German literature, and an intimacy with the most celebrated men in that country. Mr. Thompson now resides at Nottingham, and has recently married Miss Jane Bourne, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bourne, of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, a near relation

of Dr. Pegge the antiquary, and a gentleman, whose hospitable qualities, and good-humoured eccentricities, are well known in that and the neighbouring counties.

Mr. Thompson is a very young man—he possesses a strong and manly mind—his literary efforts have not been confined to translation merely; we have seen many of his original productions, both in prose and verse, which we hope, hereafter, to present to the public.

It is hardly to be expected, that, in such a life, where the object has continually basked in the sunshine of prosperity, there can be much incident; we shall, therefore, endeavour to compensate for this paucity of materials in our account of the new periodical work called the GERMAN THEATRE, to consist of dramas by *Kotzebüe*, *Schiller*, *Iffland*, *Goethe*, *Lessing*, *&c. &c.* translated entirely by Mr. Thompson.

SELECT SENTENCES.

MR. EDITOR,

I WOULD suggest to you, whether a page or two—not more—might not be agreeably, probably usefully, filled up by short paragraphs, from different correspondents, or by yourself, under the head of "Literary Chitchat," "Olla Podrida," or some name, from which the reader would naturally expect desultory matter, and not a particular subject. In the perusal of a new or old book, many an ingenious thought occurs, which is not of sufficient consequence to form a subject of itself; but which might be classed under such an arrangement with great propriety: and these, I conceive, if explained to them by you, many of your correspondents (Mr. Thompson, &c. &c.) would send occasionally, with other matter. A *single* idea, started and communicated, on reading any new pamphlet, could not be thought to interfere with your critical department, which comprises the praise or censure of the *whole*; and as it would be a detached business, if, in any number, there should not be sufficient materials, there would be no perceptible chasm; but it would re-appear, with fresh force, in the next. To instance the manner of new and old, the following are sent by Carlos, not for their goodness, but as mere specimens; and such as, probably, the *common run* of them would be.

Holiday, who translated Juvenal and Persius, neatly observed,

that, in the former, the difficulty was to *chuse* a meaning, in the latter, to *find* one.

" *Brevis esse laboro,*
" *Obscurus fio.*"—

was the happy quotation of Warton, when he snuffed a candle out."

" He was a favourite dog, (said a gentleman to a friend, who was enquiring after him) but I was obliged to part with him." " How so." " Sir, he took it into his head to *kill his own mutton.*"

Leaving you to profit, if you think proper, by the hint,

I am, Sir, &c.

CARLOS.

TOSCAR.

AN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

LOOKS the sun less lovely when he breaks from a dark-bosomed cloud? fades the brightness of his beams when the rainbow is formed by their rays? Tell me, son of the winged days, can the cold hand of winter rob him of his strength? Shall its whistling blast tremble in the oak, and forbid the summer leaves? Why then should the soul of the mighty shrink from the storm of grief? The clouds of sorrow may hide its brightness for awhile—but it cannot decay: like the sun, it shall burst from their dark folds, and the rainbow of returning joy shall glisten in our tears. Thy son is not fallen in battle, O chief! The white-armed daughter of thy love, is she not seen in thy hall? Yes; behold she comes in the bloom of her loveliness—the soft step of her light-treading foot is near. Haste, maid of Lutha, to wipe the sad tear of grief from the cheek of the aged king. Thy father is sad, Malvina; the hero has failed in battle. Many were the sons of the stranger—the strength of Ardven melted before them. Thus sung the bards of Toscar, in the lofty hall, whilst the king sat gloomy by:—he thought of his heroes that fell in battle, and sorrow darkened his soul.—" And weeps the chief of Lutha," said the maid, with the voice of love, " weeps my father for his fallen heroes? Precious are those drops of pity, for many and brave were thy warriors: but thy fame is not departed, O Toscar! Thou hast not yielded to the sons of the feeble. Thy foes came like the fierce storm in Ardven: it shakes the broad oak of the mountain, and strews its green leaves on the earth. For awhile it appears in decay,

but the spring calls its beauty again. Tune your harps, O ye bards! and sing the deeds of the mighty: the heroes shall listen from their clouds, and joy shall fill their airy frames. 'We have recovered our fame,' will they say, 'the heroes of Toscar are not forgotten in the narrow house.' "—Joy filled the eyes of the aged king, at the words of Malvina—"Thou art of the race of the mighty," he said, "thou first of the maids of Lutha; the spirits of thy father dwell within thee; we shall conquer in the next of our battles; the heroes that fight for Malvina can never be subdued: let your songs arise, O ye bards, to the wish of the lovely maid.

UNA.

NEW ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

By Samuel Whyte, Esq. of Dublin.

DR. JOHNSON's biographer (Mr. Boswell) is of opinion, that the most minute singularities which belonged to him should not be omitted; one anecdote of that class, perhaps as unaccountable as any he has related, with all his assiduity, has escaped him. It was communicated to the writer of this article by the late Mr. Sheridan, of which he himself had shortly after an opportunity of being an eye witness. Mr. Sheridan at the time lived in Bedford-street, opposite Henrietta-street, which ranges with the south side of Covent-Garden, so that the prospect lies open the whole way free of interruption: we were standing together at the drawing-room window, expecting Johnson, who was to dine there. Mr. Sheridan asked me, could I see the length of the garden? 'No, sir.'—'Take out your opera glass, Johnson is coming; you may know him by his gait.' I perceived him at a good distance, working along with a peculiar solemnity of deportment, and an awkward sort of measured step. At that time the broad flagging on each side the streets was not universally adopted, and stone posts were in fashion, to prevent the annoyance of carriages. Upon every post, as he passed along, I could observe he deliberately laid his hand; but, missing one of them, when he had got at some distance, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and immediately returning back, carefully performed the accustomed ceremony, and resumed his former course, not omitting one till he had gained the crossing. This, Mr. Sheridan assured me, however odd it might appear, was his constant practice: but why, or wherefore, he could not inform me. . . Now for a dinner scene.

The house on the right, at the bottom of Beaufort-buildings, was occupied by Mr. Chamberlaine, Mrs. Sheridan's eldest brother, by whom Johnson was often invited, in the snug way, with the family party. At one of those social meetings, Johnson, as usual, sat next the lady of the house; the dessert still continuing, and the ladies in no haste to withdraw, Mrs. Chamberlaine had moved a little back from the table, and was carelessly dangling her foot backwards and forwards as she sat, enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Johnson, the while, in a moment of abstraction, was convulsively working his hand up and down, which, the lady observing, she roguishly edged her foot within his reach, and, as might partly have been expected, Johnson clenched hold of it, and drew off her shoe; she started, and hastily exclaimed, 'O fye! Mr. Johnson!' The company at first knew not what to make of it; but one of them, perceiving the joke, tittered. Johnson, not improbably aware of the trick, apologized: 'Nay, madam, recollect yourself; I know not that I have justly incurred your rebuke; the emotion was involuntary, and the action not intentionally rude.'

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY THE SAME.

THE theory of animal magnetism, a recent imposture, which has given occasion to a variety of philosophic investigation, and furnished matter for a very laughable farce, has its origin in the natural history of the Torpedo and Electrical Eel.* It was a matter of speculation set afloat by a cunning French philosopher of the medical tribe, in pursuit of notoriety, which he contrived to render subservient to the purposes of his vanity and his purse, giving it something of oracular eclat, by a dexterous combination of the descriptions left by Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, and others, of certain priestesses, whose prophetic throes and hysteric affections, in cases of consultation, are admirably exemplified and illustrated by the magnetized damsels and matrons of the present æra: For the sex, among the ancients as well as moderns, have, by the artful and designing, been generally found convenient instruments as well as dupes of imposition; even within the narrow sphere of our own observation, there are not wanting females of curiosity and enterprize, who, in the rage for animal mag-

* For a very full and clear account of the Torpedo and Electrical Eel, see Cavallo on Electricity.

netism, started forth candidates, and having gone through the previous gradations, awakened from their delirium, to speak in the language of the adepts, surprised with the luminous crisis. Giraldus commonly called Cambrensis, a native of Wales, and Bishop of St. David's, in his itinerary, published towards the close of the 12th century, gives a picture of the ecstasies of certain Welsh enthusiasts, so nearly resembling the phenomena attending animal Magnetism, that the one, with some trifling verbal modifications, seems merely a copy of the other, under a different designation. Those who are yet strangers to this species of illusion will find an abstract of the passage from Giraldus Cambrensis, in Warrington's History of Wales. 4to. London, 1782, 2d Edition, pp. 102, 3.

"There were amongst the Welsh certain persons whom they called *Awenydhion*, a word expressive of poetical raptures. These persons, when consulted about any thing doubtful, enflamed with a high degree of enthusiasm, were to all appearance carried out of themselves, and seemed as if they were possessed by an invisible spirit; yet they did not declare a solution of the difficulty required, but by the power of wild and inconsistent circumlocution, in which they abounded, any person who observed the answer would, at length, by some turn or digression in the speech, receive, or fancy they did, an explanation of what was sought. From this state of ecstasy they were at last roused as from a deep sleep, and were compelled, as it were, by the violence of others, to return to their natural state. Another thing, it is said, was peculiar to these persons; that when they recovered their reason, they did not recollect any of those things which, in their ecstacy, they had uttered. And if it happened that they were again consulted about the same, or any other thing, they would be certain to express themselves in other and far different words. This property was bestowed upon them, as they fancied, in their sleep; at which time, according to Giraldus, it appeared to some of them as if new milk or honey was poured into their mouths; to others, as if a written scroll had been put into their mouths; and, on their awaking, they publicly professed that they had been endowed with these extraordinary gifts. This imaginary spirit of divination, has been also in much usage in the Highlands of Scotland, and is there known under the expressive term of Second Sight."

CASTLE OF LANGARRAN.

A WELSH STORY.

From the MSS. of the late James Petit Andrews, Esq. F. S. A.

LETTER XVII.

Lord Glenham to Sir George Sinclair.

Amiens.

HAD I but received your letter in time, I believe, dear George, it would have done a world of good; but a train of circumstances have combined, with the inclinations of my heart, to enchain me, and I must now be Theodosia's, or be lost to humanity, honour, and happiness. Even should my attachment lessen, I must still be her's; but why do I name that change as a possibility! She is every thing that is tender and lovely! and her vivacity, her wit, and even her petulance are so engaging, that she is an antidote against inconstancy.

A love tale would fatigue you to death, especially as you have so outrageously declared your determined opposition to the subject of it. Yet I must fatigue you with some of my adventure, in order to account for my speedy success.

Her father, the Colonel, was detained at Paris by usual court-manœuvres. He went to solicit a 'Lieutenant du roi,' which had just become vacant at St. Omers. He was told, by his ministerial friend, that the place he sought after was given away; but that one, of superior value, in Alsace, he might probably obtain, as it was just then vacant. This prevented his return, as it naturally engaged him in fresh attendances on levees, &c. In the mean time, my intimacy visibly increased in the Macarty family, where the little good-tempered aunt, whom I soon found to be heartily in my interest, invited me every day, and gave me the most flattering opportunities to discover my passion to Theodosia; but the charming girl herself avoided the explanation with affected care, and either laughed or frowned me out of my intentions; or, if nothing else would check my eagerness, her *guards* were summoned, and all chance of opportunity vanished. One morning I found her at the rotunda, perusing a letter, with her eyes swimming in tears. I never saw her in tears before, nor did I ever see a woman cry so gracefully. Almost every girl can smile or laugh; but very few can cry. Theodosia's face was not distorted with grief, her features retained every beauty,

every grace; the tears brightened her complexion, as the dew of the morning refreshes the colours of the damask rose. Her eyes, indeed, were robbed of their piercing vivacity, but they gained, in exchange, a humid tenderness, which rendered them irresistible. I found them so; and, looking on this as the critical moment of my happiness, threw myself at her feet, conjured her to tell me her woes, and to permit me to offer her assurances of the most perfect and steady attachment. My vehemence (I never was so much in earnest in my life, George,) startled the lovely girl; but my respect soon re-assured her. She then thanked me, in a manner ineffably sweet, for the kind interest which I appeared to take in her concern, but added, that her distress was beyond my power to remedy. By degrees I soothed her anguish, and persuaded her to trust me with her griefs. She then told me, that her father had, in her earliest years, contracted her to a near relation, Sir Michael Bourke, an Irish Baronet, of large fortune;—that she had been bred up very much with him; but that every year of her life had added to her dislike of this intended husband. His person, she said, was shewy, but his mind and temper odious. That he had tyrannized over her from his childhood, and had even been accustomed to insult her with threats of future bad treatment, when she should be his wife. That her father, dearly as he loved her, was so blinded by the prospect of settling his beloved daughter in opulence and splendour, that he totally closed his eyes to each defect of his odious relation: and, by affecting to look on him as her inevitable choice, prevented her from offering any reasons against a match so detested by her, its deplorable victim. That her immediate distress proceeded from finding, that her father, having succeeded in his request for promotion, was determined to return to his house, that he might see her married before his betaking himself to his new lieutenancy in Alsatia.

This gave me a fair opportunity of pressing my suit. I told her, in general, my circumstances; enlarged upon the pure and lasting passion with which her manners, as well as her person, had inspired me; and offered her, with ingenuous sincerity, my hand and fortune. 'My Lord,' said the sweet Theodosia, the big tear standing in her eyes, 'My Lord, how can I, in honour, accept a hand, offered either from a too sudden impulse of passion, or from the degrading motive of pity; or how permit you to ally yourself to poverty and exile. In extraction, perhaps, I am at least your equal; as the Macartys, my ancestors, have wielded sceptres. But the daughter of an attainted and banished man will never be received into the bo-

som of a noble English family; when, also, in lieu of dower, she brings a religion detested by your countrymen.' Her tears now stopped her speech, and gave me an opportunity of renewing my protestations of affection, of affirming my perfect independence, and of setting her future prospects in a light less gloomy than her presaging fancy had pictured them. Miss Fitzpatrick just then entering the rotunda, (for it was there that most of our interviews took place) Theodosia retired. I was not sorry for her absence just then. I told our whole past conversation to her aunt, and soon made her not only my friend, but my advocate. Indeed she doats upon her niece, and, far from thinking that she can be disliked by any family, she justly believes that her alliance will honour whatsoever house receives her. She was not to be stopped, when recounting the virtues, the accomplishments, nay, the very frolics of Miss Macarty: had any other person been the subject of her discourse, I should have thought it confoundedly tedious. The astonishing resemblance between her and her twin-brother, supplied more than one anecdote. Theodosia is remarkably tall, and her brother middle sized. Among other whims, she had a passion to learn the art of fencing; and, when the master attended, used frequently to take lessons from him in her brother's cloaths, without his discovering the deceit.

Miss Fitzgerald talked incessantly on this pleasing subject, during two hours at least, and convinced me that her charming niece, at the same time that she had talents to amuse and entertain the most splenetic, was capable of the most tender and unlimited attachment. 'She dreads you,' said the dear good-natured aunt, 'she knows her own heart too well to trust it with the guidance of her conduct. It is that which has made her so carefully avoid giving you any opportunity of explaining yourself.' You may believe that I would have let the excellent Fitzgerald go on for ever on this theme. However, she ceased at length, and I retired, having secured in her an advocate, who knew the nearest road to my charmer's breast, and who thought herself interested in my success. But the post calls. Excuse me, then, from informing you, at present, of any more than that

I am yours,

GLENHAM.

ORIGINAL LETTER
FROM
GENERAL WASHINGTON,

In a Letter addressed to a Gentleman of Suffolk, in the Autumn of 1786.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD the following copy of a letter, from the great Cincinatus of America, be thought, by you, worthy a place in any of your numbers, I have the honour to present it. The letter was handed very much about, and M. S. copies given, at the time it was received; but I believe it has never yet appeared in print.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

Q. Z.

DEAR SIR,

I flatter myself you will pardon the liberty I have taken in the present address. I make it from two considerations. In the first place, Sir, I do not know any person who is better qualified than yourself, to point out the object to which my enquiries tend: in the next, I believe few have it equally in their power to execute the commission, which is entrusted to me, with equal dispatch. To keep you no longer in suspense, I transmit to you the copy of a letter, which I have lately received, so far as it concerns the subject of my application—previously observing, that it is from America.

" Our course of husbandry, in most of the American states, is " not only exceedingly unprofitable, but so destructive to our lands, " that it is my earnest wish to engage a thorough-bred English far- " mer, from a part of England where husbandry is best understood, " and most advantageously practised, to take the charge of a plan- " tation—say of *ten* labourers; or, to be more explicit, a farm of " *two hundred and fifty* acres of arable land, to be stocked with a " competent number of ploughs, black cattle, sheep, and hogs. I " mean by a *knowing* farmer, one who understands the best course " of crops; how to sow and plough; to mow, trench, hedge, and " ditch; and who, *Midas like*, can turn *every thing into manure*, " as the *first transmutation* towards *gold*. I do not mean to put you " to the trouble of actually engaging one at present, as it is now too " late for the ensuing year. But I shall be obliged to you to lose no " time in making the necessary enquiries, and in communicating to

" me the result of them. My views, you will easily perceive, are " pointed to a farmer of the *middle class*, who would, perhaps, best " answer my purpose. But, if you could conveniently extend your " enquiries farther, permit me to ask if one of an *higher rank* " could be obtained? And upon what terms? I mean for a steward.

" It may not be amiss to observe, that I have discontinued the " growth of tobacco; and that it is my intention to raise as little " Indian corn as may be, as I am desirous of entering on as com- " plete a course of husbandry, as is practised in the best farming " counties in England. I enquire, however, for a man of the latter " description, with little hopes of success: first, because I believe " one who is completely fit for my purpose, *would be above my price:* " for I do *not abound in money.* And, secondly, because I entertain " an idea that an English steward is not *so much* a farmer, as he is " an attorney or accomptant. In this, however, I may be mistaken. " In a word, if you could meet with a man, of one, or both these " descriptions, in whom you could absolutely confide, and would " ascertain his, or their terms, leaving me at liberty to accede to " them or not, within a reasonable time for the interchange of let- " ters, I shall be happy to hear from you as soon as convenient. " A man, in the character of steward, if *single*, and his appearance " equal to it, would live in the house with me, and be at my table. " The common farmer would only be on the farm, which would " be entrusted to his care."

I have now opened my commission; which I conceive I could not do with greater propriety than in the words of the principal. You will naturally ask, " who the gentleman is, for whom I have undertaken the inquiry." You have a right to be informed. Were I *only* to say, it is a person for whom we both have a great vene- ration, from common report of his public and private character, you would be at a loss where to fix your conjectures. I will free you, at once, from suspense. It is GEORGE WASHINGTON; the man who is looked up to, by the western world, as a pattern of public and of private virtue. But here I stop. It is not in my power to pass an adequate encomium upon one who seems no less qualified to cultivate the blessings of peace, than to preside in the councils, and direct the operations of war.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

ACCOUNT OF
A PARLOUR WINDOW BOOK
OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE writers of the sixteenth century may be placed in the class of *wonderers*. Every thing, which deviated from their ordinary observation, became an object of the most marvellous nature. Their profound ignorance in physics was one great source of their eccentric errors. They relied implicitly on all the fables of antiquity, and what their ignorance began, their imagination accomplished. In that age, no traveller returned to his native city, without a surprising collection which he himself had *seen*, of

'Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire.'

Of these travellers, some, no doubt, were their own dupes, as Sir John Mandeville; but there were others who fabricated the fictions, which they knew would feed the greedy credulity of the unsuspicious reader of that day. Fable at length was heaped on fable, till no vestige remained of the slight truth on which they had been founded. The science of the present age has dissipated eternally these amusing phantoms.

I shall notice some of those books which were then purchased with universal avidity, but which are now hardly consulted, even by the curiosity of the most recluse scholar.

The 'Histoires prodigieuses' of Pierre Boaistuau, were first published at Paris, in 1560. The volume soon became a parlour-window book. Various editions were rapidly made. It was reprinted in 1571 and 1576, and, at length, augmented by the industry of two subsequent compilers, it appeared again in 1598, in six volumes, which are very rare.

The edition of 1576, now lying before me, and which is accompanied by wood cuts, is, therefore, not the most ample: a sketch of some of its contents may give an idea of the taste and knowledge of the general reader of that period.

Boaistuau informs us, in his advertisement, that he was not satisfied with consulting a few authors, for the purpose of collecting strange and admirable materials, conformable to his subject, but that he likewise carefully read all authors who have written particular treatises on *prodigies*:—And that, to do himself but bare justice, he has touched on many histories which are no where mentioned; and that he has given reasons to account for these prodigies, which none else had. We shall soon see in what manner *he reasons*. It is curious to observe, that our author mentions, that he shall soon publish a

version of St. Austin's City of God, which he promises to treat in a more careful and correct style than that which he has employed in the present work: which (says he) is so hastily given by the printers, that they almost snatched the work out of his hands, without allowing him to finish it to his satisfaction. Booksellers, it seems, have been always booksellers.

In the first history are contained some prodigies and illusions of Satan. Here are collected a variety of anecdotes of the ancient oracles, and strange descriptions of Indian idols, all which he attributes to the delusions of Satan.

The second gives the curses and punishments of God, sent to the miserable city of Jerusalem, with many prognostications minutely described, and also the prediction of a peasant. Here our author collects chiefly his *facts* from Josephus and Eusebius. The obstinate Jews must have been both blind and deaf, if they were insensible to such a variety of celestial appearances. Here we find chariots flying in the air, swords of fire, and armies combating in the skies. At their great festival of passover, when the priests had finished the divine service, a voice was heard, which cried out, 'Let us fly.' A heifer, which they were sacrificing, calved, and broke through a door which twenty men could not have effected. Besides this, a countryman, at one of their festivals, began to cry out against their city, wandered about the streets, till at length when the magistrates caused him to be flogged (what is really wonderful) he still persisted in his awful predictions. The *portrait* of this peasant accompanies the history.

In another, he gives the history of 'Nebuchodeneser,' with a philosophical discourse, shewing what punishments may be inflicted on those who abuse their power. He says, it is an excellent lesson for voluptuous princes.

He now gives the origin of monsters, and notices many indecencies which we cannot explain in this work.

He attributes the patriotic precipitation of Marcus Curtius into the Roman gulf to a delusion of Satan. It would be difficult to give a more rational reason for the closing of this celebrated gulf.

One of his histories is entitled, 'Of Prodigious Loves.' It contains some anecdotes of ancient courtezans. He says he is ashamed that he must commence this account with the prodigious affections of several philosophers. Is a passion for the fair sex inimical to, or inconsistent with, true philosophy? I think not. It produces young philosophers.

He has a chapter on Rejuvenescence in some animals. He ob-

serves that the hart, every year, sheds his horns, the eagle its feathers, and the serpent its skin. He believes, with Pliny, that the *Crow* and *Phœnix* live six hundred years!

He has a long chapter on the virtues of the viper. He assures us that its broth restores to old age the vigour of youth. These virtues are not fictitious. The flesh of this reptile is not banished from medicine. See Cyclopedia for the sentiments of the moderns.

He has collected some curious particulars concerning plants. It is certain that the ancients, particularly the Greeks, were addicted to botanical studies. Monarchs have written treatises on these subjects, as well as philosophers. It is not unworthy of remark, that many plants, formerly, took the name of some king, such as the Gentian Root, from Gentius, king of the Illyrians; the Lymachia, from Lyzimachus, king of the Macedonians; the Teucrium, from Teucer; the Achillea, from Achilles; the Arthemisia, from the Queen of Caria. Such names were probably given, by philosophers, to flatter their royal patrons. We must not, however, forget that Solomon was as great an amateur of botany as any fashionable lady of the present day.

He gives, also, a curious list of the *propensities* of various plants. These existed only in the fancy of those who were led astray by their figure, colour, and motion. Such fanciful *propensities* have furnished a most poetical subject to an eminent bard of the present day.

His narratives concerning spectres, and other illusions, are, as may be expected, voluminous. On the subject of echoes there is a little natural incident, with which I shall conclude this account, perhaps already too long.

There are echoes which repeat more than one or two words at a time. These phenomena occasioned, in these times, extraordinary mistakes. As they were supposed to be the voice of demons, they were of service to the priests. An Italian counsellor lost himself at the fall of the night. He came to a river, but did not know whether he should pass over. Perplexed, he cried out, with an usual exclamation of persons in trouble, *Oh!* An echo answered. Our traveller judged some one heard him. He enquired *onde debo passa?* The echo answered *passa*. The man, agitated, inquired *Chi? (here)* The echo replied *chi*. Still doubtful, he repeated, *debo passa chi?* and the double echo repeated *passa chi*. Our poor lawyer plunged into the river with his horse. After a violent struggle, and imminent danger, his vigorous mule got over. Our Italian counsellor arriving at Bologna, informed them of the residence of a demon. It was long before the demon was discovered to be an echo.

A CURIOUS METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE DIFFERENT VELOCITIES OF LIGHT AND SOUND.

THOSE who are habituated to the use of artillery, are able to judge *accurately* of the direction in which a cannon is fired, by comparing with each other the *two flashes* of powder. The *one* from the muzzle, the other from the touch-hole. They stand on a wall, or fortification, and, observing the fire of the distant cannon, say, "This ball goes to the right—that to the left. But the well pointed one *strikes the spot*, from which they *take care* to leap, as soon as they see the flash. The ball passes through the air at the rate of *three miles in one second*, but the light of the burning powder is conveyed to the eye at the rate of 198,000 *miles in one second*. Therefore, they have time to see the flash, and to get out of the direction, *before* the arrival of the ball, which *would kill them before they could hear the report of the gun*; which report moves only at the rate of *a quarter of a mile in one second*. In thunder storms, the burning vapour, which constitutes the flash, explodes before the clap commences. The *flash* is conveyed to us at the rate of 198,000 *miles in a second*, but the *thunder clap* creeps on at the rate *of* 13 *miles in a minute*. Hence, when we *hear the thunder*, *we know we are safe* from *that* explosion of vapour, which must have passed off from us before the arrival of the thunder: and, by this comparative calculation of light and sound, the thunder cloud is computed to be distant about one mile, when we see the lightening five seconds before we hear the thunder.

Q. Z.

HERALDRY.

MR. EDITOR,

I FEAR you have fallen into some misapprehension of the promise I made in the offer of heraldrick communications; for it was by no means my intention to treat of that subject as a science: and, were I disposed to such an undertaking, the ground has already been so thoroughly beaten, that there is scarcely any thing left to give it a single charm of novelty. And, whatever claim armorial ensigns may have to our respect, as emblems of the valour, the wisdom, or the virtue by which any of our forefathers have been distinguished, yet, now we find that the "*age of chivalry is past*," that "*swords no longer leap from their scabbards*," to revenge the injuries of suffering

beauty, and that the ensigns of warriors, dauntless as the steel of their helmets, and generous as the dews of heaven, may, for little more than forty guineas, be purchased, in their *mildest* form, by a modern butcher, or, in their most *ferocious*, by a modern taylor—the genuine veneration which every enlightened mind feels for the badges of renown, which the brave and the fair once so fondly cherished, is perpetually distracted by the vain pretensions of coxcombs and impostors, who would do better to improve themselves by the wisdom, and to imitate the modesty, of Amphiaraus.*

Of lions rampant, displayed eagles, bars and bends, and chiefs and chevrons, enough has already been published; but though we have far more ample materials for the history of our nobility, and much more has been published respecting the venerable aristocracy which forms an essential part of our government, than any other nation has produced, or can produce, on a similar subject: yet, the classification of titles of honour, according to their respective gradations, with regular deductions of such titles, from their commencement to their extinction, or present possessors, marking only the prominent lines of character, and omitting the tedious detail of *inquisitiones post mortem*, and liveries of estates, seems still to be a desideratum in our genealogical literature, which, under favour of your indulgence, I shall endeavour to supply, periodically, in greater or lesser portions, according to the limits of your miscellany, and the extent of my own leisure from other avocations.

R. A.

* "The sixth brave chief, that, with the golden curb
"Of prudence, knows to check his generous valour!
"The fate-foretelling seer, Amphiaraus,
"At th' Omolæn gate, his destin'd post
"Assumes in arms."-------
He
"---------- with ewful port
"Advanc'd his massy shield, the shining orb
"*Bearing no impress;* for his generous soul
"Wishes to *be*, not to *appear*, the best:
"And, from the culture of his modest worth,
"Bears the rich fruit of great and glowing deeds."
Seven Chiefs against Thebes. Potter's Æschylus.

"----------Amphiaraus the seer,
"Merch'd to the gates of Prætus,
"---------- *no unseemly pride*
"In *his* armorial bearings was express'd,
"But on his modest buckler there appeared
"A *vacant* field!"
Phœnician Damsels. Wodhull's Euripides.

ON THE QUESTION OF THE CENTURY.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU say, in your advertisement (1st Jan. 1800), that "*you begin, if the chronologists will give you leave, a new century.*" At such a crisis, if the public ear were awake to what most concerns us, I should be almost asham'd to be now discussing this question. As it is, allow me to state, as concisely and clearly as I can, why I think the *new* century begins not till the first moment of the *first* of *January next.*

I am, all along, supposing that, in our popular, civil, and historical reckonings, we adopt what is commonly call'd the *vulgar æra*, consequently, that we are not disputing how many years, from the present moment, the true computation of the birth of Christ would carry us back; but that we regard the commonly receiv'd æra as the date of that event, which we adopt on the foundation of general use, consent, and convenience, without going into chronological niceties and perplexities as to its exactness.

The sole question will then be—according to the receiv'd use of numbers, as apply'd to history, chronology, and common life—*What does* 1800 *mean, when constituting the date of a year?* Does it mean that 1800 *had* ran out before we date the year 1800? or does it mean that 1800 *is* running out, from the first to the last moment of the year so dated? If it means the first, we are *already* in the *new* century; if it means the latter, we are still in the old. I doubt whether the first of these suppositions of its meaning was ever taken into our theory of chronological computation, till within these few months. But which ever it be held to mean, it will be understood that we are reckoning, in both instances, as those on the opposite side of the question do also, (and must do, if they will be consistent, while they dispute on the meaning of the date) reckoning, on either supposition, upon this principle:—that 1800, whichsoever it means, is to be understood as it would be if an æra were this moment *to be commenc'd*, and it were to be ask'd how many years it would take to finish it, or to arrive at that point of time which would be properly the last moment of the 18th century.

I am unwilling to express myself in terms which may appear not sufficiently to allow for opposite sentiment, and the reasons upon which it may appear founded, on a subject so much and so perseveringly controverted, and by persons of undoubted knowledge, judgment, and candour, on each side: still I cannot help retaining the opinion

which I express'd long since, that, simply to state the question, is, in effect, to give, at once, its necessary, and, to those who attend, its evident solution. I have no objection to its being contended, that the christian æra commenc'd one, or even four, years earlier than our receiv'd mode of dating supposes: all upon which I apprehend this question to turn is—not how we *ought* to have dated, but what the *import is* of the date generally receiv'd.

On this I have no doubt or hesitation to say, that, as in common life, and civil and historical computation, the year 1 means that year with which an æra commences,—either a reign, the age of an individual, or any other portion of time, and of which every moment is, from the instant of its commencement to its completion, part of the *first* year, and, when completed, will be one year, or the year *one*, according to the form of our language, when reckoning is reduc'd to words; and, as *eighteen* means the year which begins the instant an individual has completed seventeen, and ends when that individual is fully eighteen, so, to come at the conclusion of the first century, we had to reckon, not to the end of the year 99, but of the year 100; to come to the conclusion of the 17th century, we had to reckon to the last moment of the year dated 1700; and to come to that of the 18th century, in which we have been living, and habituated to call it the 18th, we must arrive at the last moment of 31 *Dec.* in the *present* year 1800.

The analogy from dating of hours has misled:—by that it has been said, it is twelve till it is one, and therefore it is 1800 till 1801; or, in other words, till 1801 is completed; for only in that sense can it be so applied, as to be a medium of proof that our date *implies* that the century clos'd with 99. Now the whole of this suppos'd analogy is founded in mistake. Suppose a clock set to the time of the sun's coming to the meridian, or adjusted with the allowance of the astronomical equation for that day, when the sun says that it is twelve, or that the instant of his coming to the meridian is arriv'd, such a clock will say the same. From that time to one we call it so many minutes past 12 &c. 20, 40, till we come to the 60th, complete. We say the 12th hour is advancing, the instant the 11th is complete, and it is then indifferent whether we reckon 20 min. after 11, or 40 min. before 12, either way the same time is denoted. But to make the argument good, that 99 clos'd the century, when the hour-hand comes to 11, we ought to say it is noon; and when the hour-hand comes to 5, we ought, at the equinox, to look for the sun-rise; for if we are not to begin to reckon 1800, till 1800 years are complete, we ought, by strict parity of reason, not to begin to reckon 5 on the dial, till 5 hours are completed, and the 6th therefore arriv'd; and, by like analogy, we ought not to

reckon the year which expresses and completes the 18th century, till we are in the 19th, and the fashionable argument supposes that 1800 itself was completed in 1799. This is like reckoning 6 when it is 7 by the day.

Curious, indeed, it would be, if, in a thing so precise and simple as common notation, the whole of a century should be denominated from a date which does not belong to it; yet, according to this, not one moment of the year 1800 belongs to the 18th century, but wholly to the commencement of the 19th.

The illustration which has been drawn from *mile-stones* has been specious, but it has been no less mistaken. The mile-stone is plac'd at the end of the mile; but it refers to the beginning. Suppose a tract of 1800 miles so measur'd, and that a person travelling a mile a year had, like the fabulous wandering Jew, been continuing his journey from the moment of the of *birth* of *Christ*, or rather from the first of *January* after his birth, to which our year refers its commencement—the first of January nearest then to his birth, taken as being on the 25 Dec. on the last moment of the 31st of *December* in this year he will have reached 1800, by the mile-stone, or completed his 1800th mile. There is no more mystery in all this, than there would be if we had no date in our almanacks, at the *beginning*, but dated them at the end *only*; still the year, when complete, would all belong, from its first moment, to the date mark'd at the end.

Mr. PYE has lately revived this question: considering himself, as POET LAUREAT, *officially* called to determine it: he has us'd these analogies of hours and mile-stones: he has also employ'd that of the manner of graduating on the great equatorial circle; but these 1, 100, &c. though plac'd at the end of the degree, refers to the *beginning*; and the whole degree, from 0, or 360, is part of degree 1, and has its *hundredth*, or *millessimal*, or whatever other parts, referr'd accordingly. So, in reckoning by the signs of the zodiac, from 0, or the 1st point of *Aries*, the whole 60 minutes, from 0 forward, is part of the first degree.

When a man says he is 30, we understand it 30 complete: if he were less than 30, he would say I am 29, or in my 30th year: but when the year dates 1800, it does not say 1 *January* 1800 complete, when that year 1800 begins; on the contrary, carrying the same date through every month and day of the year, from its first moment to its last, every almanack, in effect, says, every moment of this year, from the first moment in *January* to the last in Dec. belongs to 1800; or, in other words, this year, when ended, will complete the 18th century.

If a circle, divided into 2000 or 3600 parts, be suppos'd, then this whole year, in which we are, would have 1800 plac'd at its point of termination; but the preceding dot would shew the whole space between belongs to this year, which is 1800 when complete, and the 1800th the instant of its commencing. So in Dr. PRIESTLEY's charts, where the line of centuries runs through the dot denoting the last decade of the preceding complete. And thus the indivisible point, from the last moment of 31 *Dec.* will be the first of the 19th century, when the present year shall have ended.

I can draw no inference from DRYDEN's *Secular Masque*, nor from the *Secular Ode* of PRIOR, to ascertain whether those poets considered 1700 as the end of the century in which they had been living: but I presume they did, because I think the contrary supposition is founded on modern intricacy; deriv'd, perhaps, from some circumstances which have rendered the close of this century a matter of no common anxiety. And so far I own: that I do not much wonder at the wish of considering ourselves fairly out of it. Still, whatever hurry we may be in so to consider ourselves, the pace or quality of events will not depend, for *us*, or for the rest of EUROPE and of MANKIND, on such consideration. In whatever century we are, we must look for its true colour, and our expectations, from wisdom, fortitude, and benevolence, and a sincere and rational piety; not from the circumstance of whether the year ends or begins a century.

The names of DRYDEN and of PRIOR are brought into this question. May we not conclude, from this, that MASKELYNE cannot be quoted for this new opinion; and that HERSCHEL has it no more imputable than the predictions of ghosts, so often promulgated in newspapers in his name.*

If names or opinion were any thing to a mere question of numbers, I might rely on Mr. ADDISON: who, in the 77th number of his SPECTATOR, speaking of a club of 100 members, which kept its vacancies constantly fill'd, its session permanent, and a president always, by rotation, in the chair, and thence call'd itself *the everlasting club*, thus expresses himself:—"It is said that toward the *close* of 1700, being the great year of *Jubilee*, the club had it under consideration, whether they should break up, or continue their session: but, after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to *sit* out *the other* century." I have mark'd with Italics the words in this quotation which I think most material to the question.

Now I confess I should seek in vain the propriety and clearness

* A respectable monthly publication says that BODE, the great *Prussian* astronomer, has given his opinion that 1800 closes the century.

which distinguish ADDISON, if this paragraph do not mean that the year 1700, on its *closing*, was consider'd to *close* the 17th century: that, as so closing it, that year was a year of *Jubilee*: that the everlasting club, when 1700 was near its close, was consider'd as having nearly *sat out* that century; and the result of their deliberations and debates was, that they would *sit out* the other—that in which we are beginning 1st Jan. 1701. Unfortunately, if this everlasting club really existed, it has not kept its resolve: otherwise, its president would have had his desk fill'd with letters of enquiry concerning the close of the century. Perhaps the whole has some allegorical allusion to some dispute of this kind, which ADDISON might remember to have existed about 11 years earlier than the paper in question---a dispute concerning the close of the 17th century. However this be, I think it fairly and naturally results from it, that *Addison* suppos'd it to be well understood, that the year dated 1700 clos'd the 17th century; and that, accordingly, the year in which we now are, would, when completed, close this, the 18th century.

With respect to the authority of *Dionysius Exiguus*, of the act for altering the style, and of the French Encyclopædists. The alteration of the style being made by Lord MACCLESFIELD, and other great theoretical and practical mathematicians (I mean made by their advice), is undoubtedly of weight, both as an epoch settled by parliament, and for the knowledge and judgment in confidence of which the legislature so settled it. But I think the whole amounts to no more than this—*Dionysius Exiguus*, abbot of *Rome*, about 576, adopted the dating from the *Christian æra*, instead of from the foundation of *Pagan Rome*. He dated from the *incarnation*, and referr'd the year to the 1st of Jan. preceding. We date from the suppos'd time of the nativity, or rather from the first of Jan. nearest to it; 753 of Rome: as his date was K. JAN. U. C. 752. We are therefore a year behind the *Dionysian* computation.

Those who settled our style, in 1752, probably adopted tacitly the *Dionysian* æra: and correspondently consider'd 1699 as the true 1700, as it would be, if so computed; and 1799, consequently, as the true 1800. They, therefore, reckon the century from 1800 to 1899, exclusive, and so on. The French Encyclopædists, certainly acute and learned in a high degree, went, probably, on similar principles. But as it would have been awkward and startling to change 1752 to 1753, and really not worth the while, (the one being as true a date from the suppos'd nativity, as the other from the suppos'd incarnation, while the true year of conception and birth was still in dispute) our parliament of 1752 left us, therefore, and wisely, in possession of

the commonly receiv'd æra: they dated, apparently, *their* century a year forwarder: but left ours in popular use, to be determin'd by the popular and receiv'd date. The act for changing the styles, itself, calls 1600, 17, 18, 1900, *hundredth* years; consequently closing years of their centuries respectively.

If, therefore, we chuse to say that it is now 1801 years since the *Christian æra* commenc'd (though I see no preferable reason or just analogy for so asserting), we shall then rightly call this year 1801, and the first of the 19th century. But while we call it 1800, let us be consistent; and acknowledge that 1800 means the last of the 18th. Neither parliaments, nor philosophers, *French* or *English*, can oblige us to believe (nor did they mean it) that an *hundredth* year *began*, instead of closing, a century.

With regard to the suppos'd *Zero*, its introduction into Europe is about 400 years, perhaps, later than the time of *Dionysius*; and when that and what are called the *Arabic* numerals were introduc'd, it was for a better use than for indicating a year *prior* to the year 1. It was for marking *decads* and their *multiply*; which have so much facilitated our modern arithmetic; and which have at length introduc'd the great invention of *logarithms*. *Dionysius*, I dare affirm, knew nothing of a year Zero; and *Dionysius* would have smil'd if ask'd whether 1800 did not mean the 1801st year. He would have at least smil'd, if an abbot and a chronologist can be suppos'd to smile. He would have said it meant the 1800th: the ANNUS MILLESSIMUS OCTRAGINTESSIMUS in the *Roman* style.

I remain yours, sincerely,

CAPEL LOFFT.

EASTERN EQUALITY.

SCHAHRAH, son of Timour, (Tamerlane) was a prince naturally covetous and sparing; a potter came to him, and asked him, whether he believed in that part of the Mahomedan doctrine which teaches that all Moslems are brothers? Upon Schahrah's declaring that he did, the potter thus addressed him:—"Since we are all brothers, is it not an injustice that you have such great riches, and I am not possessed of a farthing?" Schahrah ordered a silver three-pence to be given to the potter; but he was dissatisfied with it, and said—"Shall I have so small a share of so great a treasure." Schahrah replied, "Go your way, and hold your tongue, for your portion would not be so considerable, if all our brothers were to participate in my fortune."

S. B.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Soldier's Friend, and Traveller's Vade Mecum; or, a new Pocket Vocabulary, in six Languages, viz. English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. By Capt. James Willson, of the Marines. 2s. 6d. 1799.

WE recommend this little volume to every person who, from inclination, or in obedience to the calls of public duty, may have occasion to reside on the continent, without possessing a knowledge of the foreign languages It is certainly the most useful compendium of the sort we have ever seen, and the contents are so judiciously arranged, that the traveller will find little difficulty in making himself understood, under any circumstance connected with the common business and necessities of life.

Fashionable Involvements: a Novel. By Mrs. Gunning. 8vo. 3 *Vols. Longman and Rees.* 1800.

WE cannot say much in favour of this novel. The "Involvements" are sufficiently perplexed, but there is little probability, and less interest in the story, and the composition is frequently inaccurate. The design, however, which is to point out the fatal consequence of a life of inconsiderateness and dissipation, is entitled to commendation.

A Winter's Tale. By J. N. Brewer, Author of the Mansion-House, &c. 12mo. 4 *Vols. Lane.* 1800.

AN historical novel, of some merit, of which Edward the Black Prince is the hero; but if the reader be not a professed novel-reader, who can "e'en at it, like French falconers, and fly at any thing he sees," we rather think his patience will not hold out to the end.

The Budget, or moral and entertaining Fragments, representing the Punishment of Vice, and the Reward of Virtue. 12mo. 2s. 6d. *Newbery,* 1799.

THIS budget contains twelve different tales, written by a young author, for the amusement of his leisure hours. The express objects he had in view, were to inculcate the maxims of virtue, and defeat the inroads of vice. We applaud the motive which prompted to literary exertion; and we welcome endeavours which hereafter may lead to more distinguished success.

The Life of Rolla: a Peruvian Tale. With moral Inculcations for Youth, &c. To which are added Six Peruvian Fables. By the Author of the Siamese Tales. 12*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d. Newbery, &c.* 1800.

'NOTHING,' says this author, and we coalesce in the remark, 'nothing can reflect more lasting honour upon the present age, than the earnest desire of parents in general, to have their children educated in the principles of thinking rightly.' By such parents these entertaining pages will be warmly patronized, since they tend to store the youthful mind with a new treasure of ideas, that may assist them to make just inferences, and to avoid the early prejudices of passion and inclination, which may mislead into false judgments and errors, detrimental to their future interests in life. Six short apologues are subjoined to the Life of Rolla, in which the fiction is pleasing, and the morality sound.

The Rational Brutes; or talking Animals. By M. Pelham, Author of the Rotchfords, the Village School, &c. &c. 12*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d. Vernor and Hood.* 1799.

THESE rational brutes are very amusing animals. The writer of their history is a close observer of nature, and an accurate delineator of her ever-varying features. Humanity is the leading principle inculcated; and humanity is the moral basis of every christian virtue.

The Canary Bird: a moral Fiction. Interspersed with Poetry. By the Author of the Sparrow, Keeper's Travels, the Crested Wren, &c. 12*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d. Newbery.*

THE *subject* of this volume is the escape of a Canary-bird from his cage: the *design* is to present, to young readers, a little miscellany of natural history, moral precept, sentiment, and narrative. The subject is naturally imagined, and the design is ingeniously executed. From the writer of Keeper's Travels, such would be the complimentary expectation of every reader.

Suzette's Dowry; or the History of Madame de Senneterre, related by Herself. 1 *Vol.* 12*mo. Earle and Hemet.*

MUCH use has been made, by novelists of the day, of the late melancholy inroads upon the peace, property, and lives of individuals, of every rank and station, in a neighbouring kingdom.

The history of Madame de Senneterre, however, presents a different picture, from that of depraved nature, divided by party, and tainted by interest, battening upon the ruin of former friends and relations; and which has, almost uniformly, filled up the canvas of other works, upon a subject so distressing to the liberal and feeling

mind. The story is interesting, and the moral to which it leads perfectly unexceptionable.

The work is translated from the French by Mr. Hemet.

Observations on the Union, Orange Associations, and other Subjects of domestic Policy: with Reflections on the late Events on the Continent. By G. Moore, Esq. 8vo. Debrett. 1800.

THE author is a zealous advocate for the proposed incorporative union, which, from a fair comparison of existing circumstances, he thinks, ought to be an object of general anxiety. He compares the face of Ireland with that of other nations, and observes, that there is more poverty and wretchedness in that country, than among the lowest classes in any other state of Europe. This observation naturally produces the question—"How does this happen?"

Mr. Moore next proceeds to state, that those mischiefs can never be remedied but by altering the system of government, and creating an unity of interests between the governors and the governed; a measure which, he thinks, can never be effected without blending the legislation of Ireland with that of Great Britain. He admits, as a general proposition, that it is better for a nation to govern itself, than to be governed by foreigners; but is of opinion, that the peculiar circumstances of the sister country form an exception to the general rule, and that an impartial government, attentive to the interests and feelings of all parties, can never be hoped for among the inhabitants themselves.

With respect to the independent legislature of Ireland, he asks, whether, in fact, it is, or can be, independent. This enquiry he decides in the negative; and insists, that though the Irish are not avowedly governed by the British cabinet, yet, that, in reality, they are completely under its influence. To support that influence, and retain Ireland in subordination to England, the British government is obliged to connive at the party government of Ireland, and deliver the mass of the people, bound hand and foot, into the hands of their oppressors. Of such evils he can see no redress, but in an union, which must remedy the mischiefs of the present government, and raise Ireland to its natural level.

With these observations, the author closes his thoughts on the union, and thence proceeds to comment on the nature, tendency, and effects of the Orange associations, which he considers mischievous and illegal combinations.

The tract is written with considerable spirit, and the language rises, in many instances, superior to the general style of political pro-

ductions. The passage in which the conspirators of ancient and modern times are compared, contains a character of Catiline, which, though in some respects an imitation of that drawn by Sallust, is executed with the hand of a master in the art of discrimination and expression.

DRAMATIC.

The absolute unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment fully demonstrated. By William Law, A. M. 18mo. pp. 95. Darton and Harvey.

THE puritanical arguments which have been so often and so successfully controverted, are here again brought forward, by a writer who does not appear to possess a *twentieth part the tithe* of Jeremy Collier and Mr. Bedford's ingenuity: nor does he act with the fairness which distinguish the productions of those gentlemen; since, to demonstrate the *absolute unlawfulness of the stage entertainment*, he dwells chiefly upon the ballet of *Apollo and Daphne*, lately exhibited at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket. We apprehend that a *dance* and a *drama* are entertainments of a different species; and it is surely as unjust to estimate the morality of the British stage, by the licentiousness of a foreign theatre, as it would be to rest the merits of Shakspere upon the same footing as those of a ballet-master.

A Critique on the Tragedy of Pizarro, as represented at Drury-Lane Theatre, with such uncommon Applause. To which is added, a new Prologue, that has not yet been spoken. 2d. Edit. 8vo. 1s. Miller. 1799.

THE ingenious author of this pamphlet has turned the ridicule employed by Mr. Sheridan, in his *Critic*, upon the satirist himself; and the defects in the play of Pizarro are exposed with equal shrewdness and pleasantry. The prologue, *to be spoken by any body, in the character of a puppet-show man*, has several clever points, and the happy raillery of the *critique* will be candidly acknowledged by a man of wit and liberality like Mr. Sheridan, who need not be *gravely* reminded of those faults which are here so sportively treated by our author.

The Wise Man of the East; or the Apparition of Zoroaster, the Son of Oromases, to the Theatrical Mid-wife of Leicester Fields. A Satirical Poem. *By Thomas Dutton, A. M. Author of the Literary Census, &c. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Symonds.* 1800.

THIS is a '*Satirical Poem*,' without either *satire* or *poetry*. The author, however, tells us, that he has 'curvetted into the flowery re-

gions of Fancy, to give a more *pleasing* and *prepossessing* introduction to his critical remarks." How Mr. Dutton can *please* and *prepossess*, the reader will determine from the following lines, which are supposed to proceed from the mouth of Mrs. Inchbald, and to be addressed to Mr. Munden.

"These hands, still to their loving mistress true,
"These hands shall beat and thump thee black and blue!
"These nails, which sharp my fingers' ends encase,
"These nails shall maul and scarify thy face!
"Shall irresistibly assail thy nose,
"And blood shall follow, as I deal my blows!"
* * * * * * *
"Home shalt thou go ————————————
"More gall'd thy shoulders, and more pinch'd thy ribs,
"Than if the mob mistook thee for JANE GIBBS!
"Or for the MONSTER newly come to life:
"OR FOR A FLOGGING CULL that trims his wife!
"More filthy, nasty, foul, and black as pitch,
"Than hadst thou roll'd the kennel at Fleet-ditch;
"More wet from head to tail—from neck to rump—
"Than wert thou duck't at Covent-Garden pump;
"Or dragg'd through ev'ry horse-pond deep and low,
"From Hyde-Park-Corner to the town of Slough;
"More dismal with thy woeful length of face,
"Than vagrants pelted round the market place.
"More sore thy ears, and, haply too, less sound,
"Than wert thou pillored at St. Giles's pound."

The remarks on the play of the *Wise Man of the East* are ingenious, and, in general, just; but the author's undiscriminating contempt of Kotzebüe, has led him to impute to that writer many of the faults which have been committed by Mrs. Inchbald.

A Statement of the Differences subsisting between the Proprietors and Performers of the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden. Given in the Correspondence which has passed between them, by

John Johnstone.
Joseph George Holman.
Alexander Pope.
Charles Incledon.
Jos. S. Munden.
John Fawcett.
Thomas Knight.
Henry Erskine Johnston.

Octavo. pp. 72. 1*s.* 6*d. Miller, Old Bond Street,* 1800.

THE differences between the managers and performers of Covent-Garden Theatre [vide vol. VIII. page 295,] are here stated in a very

manly and perspicuous manner. We regret, while we admit, the necessity of this appeal to the public, by eight of the most respectable members of the theatrical profession, because we conceive that an unequivocal disposition, on the part of the proprietors, to listen to their complaints, would have led to an amicable and private adjustment, equally beneficial and honourable to both parties, who are under reciprocal obligations to each other, and can flourish only while their interests, social as well as pecuniary, are mutually served and protected.

The History of the Stage has furnished us with many instances of theatrical oppression, and of spirited and justifiable resistance. Whether this be a dispute of the same nature, the reader will decide from the statement itself, of which, as a theatrical document of importance, and the precursor (if we may form a conjecture upon the subject) of many others, both *pro* and *con*, it is the proper business of a work like this to give a very particular and faithful analysis.

The principal grounds of complaint are these:

The unusual restriction of the Performers' orders;

The increase of the benefit charges from £140 to £160;

And the excessive fine of £30, instead of £5 for the refusal of a character.

The eight gentlemen, whose names appear to this statement, met early in the present season, to take into consideration in what manner their complaints could be expressed with the greatest propriety.

"Though in possession of the positive knowledge that other performers felt equally aggrieved, it was conceived that the assemblage of a larger number might not so well answer the purposes of deliberation; and, as the number specified comprised a majority of the leading performers of the theatre, it was thought sufficient to accomplish every purpose desirable to the body at large."

It was agreed, at this meeting, that Messrs. Holman, Pope, Fawcett, and Knight, should wait upon Mr. Harris, to communicate to him the general sentiments. That gentleman appointed a meeting at the theatre; and, "from his reception of the committee, and from a great part of his conversation, strong hope was entertained of his disposition to grant redress." He requested a memorandum of their grievances, and soon after communicated to them the following sentiments of the proprietors, in a letter dated 30th Nov. 1799:

"Orders have ever been held (and ever must be) as a gratuitous indulgence on the part of the theatre:—the proprietors are heartily disposed to make that indulgence as accommodating as may be to the performers, and have no

intention of curtailing that indulgence; on the contrary, they mean that orders shall be allowed to be current at least as frequently as has been the practice heretofore; and that due notice shall be stuck up in the Green-Room, at twelve o'clock, on every day on which orders are to be allowed. As to the charge on benefit nights, the proprietors say, that such charge has ever been regulated by the actual expenditure of the theatre on each night of performance; that the treasurer of the theatre is ready to make declaration, that the present charge is much under the nightly expence; that the enlargement of the theatre, and the advancement of the price, are much more than an equivalent to the performer, for the unavoidable increased charge; that the charge at Drury-Lane theatre is forty pounds per night more than the present charge at Covent-Garden; that due notice was given to the whole company, two months previous to the opening of the season, of the present established advance; and that, therefore, no reasonable ground of complaint appears to the proprietors thereon.

"As to the fine for refusing a character, the proprietors say, that the same was established at the end of the season previous to the last, without a murmur; that many of you allowed the necessity of it; that the happy effect of it has been notorious, for, that not a single fine has been imposed since the present sum was established, on any one individual in the company."

Mr. Harris concludes his letter by declaring, that he ever has been, and ever will be, ready to listen to the complaint, and to redress the wrong, of every individual," but that "as a *committee* or a *deputation*, he would thenceforward know nothing of them."

In answer to this letter, the performers expressed their utmost concern at his resolution to debar them of the friendly communication, to which they confidently trusted for the redress of their grievances; and from which, they sincerely hoped, they never should have occasion to appeal; and entreated him to rescind the determination of shutting his ears to the remonstrances of a community, whose interests and his ought never, for an instant, to be considered distinct. This produced no other answer from Mr. Harris, than a repetition of his declaration, that he would hear and redress the individual; but that, to any committee, or its deputation, he would reply no more. The performers begged to acquaint him, that they saw no reason for *individually* troubling him with their complaints; for, as they would be the same which they had *jointly* expressed to him, they could entertain no hope of his granting them *separately*, what he had refused them *collectively*. They then applied to Mr. Hughes, the treasurer, for information on the subject of the nightly expence of the theatre, and he stated, that it exceeded, *very considerably*, the sum of £160. The complainants, conceiving that the difference of sentiment which existed on that point, must of course be finally adjusted, by the charges being proved to have their foundation in justice, requested that he would favour them with the spe-

cification, as well as the amount, of the nightly expences. This request was considered, "for obvious reasons, totally unreasonable:" but, in the room of the nightly charges of the theatre, Mr. Hughes sent them an account of their last year's receipts, and offered several arguments in support of Mr. Harris's letter.

	Benefit Receipt.			Salary.			Clear Receipt of the Season.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Mr. Incledon,	619	1	0	413	6	8	888	14	2
Mr. Holman,	350	2	0	380	0	0	517	14	2
Mr. Pope,	335	19	6	380	0	0	965	0	4
Mrs. Pope,	391	0	6	254	13	4			
Mr. Munden,	630	12	6	380	0	0	868	6	0
Mr. Fawcett,	532	6	6	380	0	0	761	2	6
Mr. H. Johnston,	331	3	6	380	0	0	817	2	0
Mrs. H. Johnston,	401	15	0	—	-	-			
Mr. J. Johnstone,	478	0	0	318	6	8	650	17	2
Mr. Knight,	392	3	0	318	6	8	566	16	2
	4465	3	6	3205	13	4	6095	12	4

The arguments of Mr. Hughes do not appear to be satisfactory to the performers, who, in reply to his letter, enter into a full justification of their conduct, and state the several grounds on which they object to the claims of the proprietors.

The following abstract will exhibit, in a clear point of view, the differences which subsist between the two parties. The passages in Italics are to be considered as the requisitions or objections of the manager, and the remarks which follow, are drawn from the printed statement of the actors, with no other variation of language than what we conceived necessary to bring the arguments upon each point more closely together.

It is totally unreasonable to require a specification of the nightly expences.

The performers argue, that it is *not* unreasonable that, on a night devoted to the exclusive emolument of the actor, he should be informed in what manner the expences incurred by him on that night are substantiated, more particularly when he finds his charges augmented without any apparent cause; and that satisfaction on this point, can arise only from a fair statement of particulars, which, if they prove the equity of the managers, will convey to them immediate conviction of the futility of these objections. This right of inquiry they contend to be reasonable and just, and they are of opinion, from the first contract entered into with performers, under the patent now held by the directors of Covent-Garden theatre, which assigned a large portion of the nightly receipts to the actors, that a mystery in theatrical accounts is not sanctioned by precedent.

Without questioning the integrity of Mr. Hughes, they assign several reasons for declining to admit the affidavit he proposes to make, relative to the amount of the nightly expences.

The benefit charges to be increased to £160.

As there are, on an average, 192 acting nights in a season, the yearly expences, to justify this charge, must amount to £30720. It is a natural presumption, that the salaries of performers constitute a very great proportion of theatrical disbursements; yet the principal salaries, according to Mr. Hughes's statement, amount only to £3205. 13*s.* 4*d.** scarcely more than a *tenth* part of the intended charge.

In 1780 the benefit charge was only £64. 5*s.* In twenty years, then, there is an advance of £95. 15*s.* per night. The salaries of performers are not proportionably increased, for, notwithstanding every article of necessary consumption is prodigiously dearer, and although the prices of admission into the theatre are advanced, the benefit of which they conceive the public intended should be enjoyed, as well by the actors as the managers, still there are no salaries in Covent Garden theatre, equal, by many pounds per week, to the engagements given at, and before, the period alluded to. Witness the salaries of the late Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Yates, Miss Catley, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, of whom the two last had, jointly, for the season, a sum more than equal to half the salaries paid to the *ten* performers before mentioned. They have no reason to believe that the salaries of performers are greater in the aggregate.

The enlargement of the theatre, and the advancement of the prices, is more than an equivalent for the unavoidable increased charge of the benefit.

The performers conceive, that they ought not to be taxed by the proprietors for the generosity of the public in allowing the prices to be raised, and that the enlargement of the theatre will not justify this increased charge on the benefits, they contend from the following calculation.

"A fair interest for money laid out in building is, we are informed, about 7 per cent.—We will, however, make a greater allowance, and calculate at 8 per cent. It will appear then, that, to authorise the increased charge of £95. 15*s.* per night, which, on the average of one hundred and ninety-two acting nights, amounts to £18,384, per season, a capital should have been expended of £229,800.

"That such a capital can have been expended is palpably impossible.

"We should not here omit observing, that whatever sum is appropriated to building or ornamenting a theatre, cannot, with justice, be rated in the same proportion on the benefit nights, as on the nights belonging to the proprietors; for every alteration carries with it a particular attraction, which, of itself, materially reimburses the expenditure, and this attraction ceases long before the benefits commence; consequently the performers should not be charged for any disbursement, but in the proportion as they experience from it actual advantage."

The expence of £40,000 *is said to be incurred by Mr. Harris, for new scenery, &c. since he engaged in the property.*

The performers cannot be expected to pay any part of this expence, inasmuch as they are debarred from exhibiting any new and well decorated pieces, on their nights, until the attraction has totally subsided; but, on the contrary, the managers ought rather, in point of justice, to abate the charges, on the consideration that such pieces operate very materially to diminish the attraction of a benefit, which, exhibiting only the old unadorned pieces, affords a mournful contrast to the manager's abundance of novelty and magnificence.

* Correctly £3204 13*s* 4*d*.

They contend that the proprietors, while they have made the most exorbitant and unfounded pecuniary demands on the benefits, have, in every other instance, lessened their advantages; by protracting the benefits till a season of the year, when the chief places of summer amusement are open, which afford accommodation more congenial to the probable state of the weather, and thence lessen the chance of attraction to the theatre; by the frequent production of new pieces during the course of the benefits; by the limitation of orders; by the allowance of only three weeks notice, instead of a month, of the night appointed for a benefit; and by preventing them from profiting by the kindness of an author, who might tender them the first performance of a new play, because the proprietors have of late years (without any apparent shadow of right) demanded a play so exhibited as their own future property, without allowing the usual terms, or *any* terms of satisfaction, to the author. These advantages they enjoyed when the charges were only £64. 15*s*. They are now £160, and their advantages are simply a larger house, and the advanced prices of admission. For which, it appears, that, waving all consideration of the loss of those valuable advantages uncompensated, they are charged at the rate of an expenditure of £229,800 capital, independent of the eleven oratorio nights, on which the proprietors receive an advanced payment for the advantages specified.

Hence they infer, that they have received their benefit, for many years, on terms that justice cannot sanction; and the attempt to make further encroachments on them, at a time when the profits of the concern are supposed to be treble what they were when Mr. Harris commenced proprietor, has compelled them to assert their indisputable right to a benefit on equitable terms.

They maintain that all transfers of dramatic property should be made with a due consideration of the privileges belonging to the profession, and that their tendency to lessen what managers choose to term *their* profits, is but a shallow plea for their abolition or infringement.

The Income of Actors.

The highest salary received by any performer, one excepted, is only £380, liable (exclusive of various expences incidental to the profession) to capricious deductions, whenever proprietors choose to shut up the house for the rehearsal of a pantomime, or any other object of convenience to themselves; subject to deductions of a less warrantable nature, amounting to a total deprivation of income, at the time when income is most needed, in the hour of sickness, and even when that sickness has been caused by the performer's exertions in the service of his employers.

The actor's income is now held on a tenure of the most precarious nature; temporary malady suspends it, and permanent disease annihilates it.

At former periods, the proprietors allowed pensions to such of their actors as were obliged, through infirmity, or advanced years, to retire from the stage: now the incomes of actors, not proprietors, suffer diminution for their infirm and aged brethren; and, as a striking proof of the exorbitancy of benefit charges, they instance, that the theatrical funds of both theatres are induced to forego their benefits, rather than encounter the hazard of receiving them on such terms as render the event almost a certain loss, and that the issue of the last fund benefit, at Covent Garden theatre, was a balance due to the treasury, which was accepted by the proprietors.

The receipt, on a benefit night, is in proportion to the public estimation, or to the extent of the circle of connexion each actor may possess.

The performers deny this; they instance the receipts for the benefit of the popular institution just mentioned, and state that authors, fearful of abiding the chance of their nights, are obliged to sell their new pieces for sums considerably inferior to the gains derived from authors' nights, when the profits of proprietors were so very inadequate to their present magnitude. They allow that these causes assist a benefit; but they alledge, that the performer has little security against loss by his benefit, unless he apply, with indefatigable personal effort, to counteract the aggregate of disadvantages. He must, with unwearied industry, canvass every friend and acquaintance, and urge their influence with their most remote connections. He must display, in large public companies, whatever talents for conviviality nature may have bestowed upon him; and this cannot be done but at a certain expence, and probably with a consequence worse than expence, the injury of his health.

Yet, driven to these hard resources, the proprietors insist on participating in profits so painfully earned; and, because *some few* of the profession can obtain large receipts by these means, the *whole body* must be equally taxed, many of which are without the inclination, and without the ability, to profit by such efforts.

They further maintain, that on whatever circumstances the receipt of a benefit may depend, whether on public estimation, extent of connexion, or the other causes they have stated, it is clearly evident that they are all circumstances absolutely attached to the actor himself as an individual; and they demand to know what possible claim the proprietors have to a share of profits arising from advantages personally appertaining to the actor, and, consequently, which he alone has the right of enjoying.

"*If Mr. Harris chose to charge £200 for a benefit, it would only rest with an actor to consider whether he could venture to take one on such terms.*"

This doctrine totally annihilates the nature of a benefit, and for such attempts a former patentee, Christopher Rich, was exemplarily punished by the Lord Chamberlain.

They next proceed to examine upon what possible system the benefit charges can be calculated, to make their amount so enormous; and the information that no interest is laid on a benefit, for "capital, or purchase-money," only increases their astonishment at the magnitude of the charge.

Though capital be not charged, there is no intention of declaring that it ought not to be charged.

Apprehensive that this addition may be made at a future period, the performers remonstrate against its injustice, on the ground that, as the patent increases in value to the proprietors, from their increased profits, the performers, who are the instruments of such increase, would actually find their emoluments lessened in proportion to the additional gains of the managers, and they would thus be mulcted in their incomes for having served their employers so well as to augment the value of the property.

"It is rational that the profits of a theatrical concern should regulate the purchase-money to a new proprietor; but, in all transfers of such property, the rights of actors should suffer no infringement, and, consequently, the benefits be considered so distinct as to be no wise affected by the sale: in fact, the new pur-

chaser buys all the nights in the season, *the benefits excepted.* Should it be urged against us, that, although the right of increasing the charge on the actors, according to the *additional* value of the patent, be admitted as unjustifiable, still the *original value* of the patent ought to be rated in the performer's account; we answer, that the patent being originally a grant from the crown, we humbly conceive that it was bestowed equally for the *protection of a profession*, as *for the advantage of an individual.*"

With respect to the charge for scenery, &c. upon which Mr. Harris asserted, in vindication of the proposed increase of the benefit charges, that he has expended about £40,000, the performers further observe, that it plainly proves the consequence of increased profit to the proprietors to be diminution of emolument to the performers. For it is fair to presume, that expensive decorations produce superior profits, or managers would be without a motive for providing them. But if managers, not contented with the profits that reimburse their expenditure, carry to their own account the gains, yet charge the actors a share of the expence—it must follow, that every splendid exhibition presented to the town by the proprietors, and which, in general, the patronage of the public, at the moment, pays the expences of doubly and trebly, becomes a permanent burthen on the performer, though he has never enjoyed the advantage of it, and constitutes a part of the benefit charges, many years after the silks and satins which adorned it have been food for the moths, and the scenery crumbled to dust.

This system of the proprietors, in not balancing their expences by their profits, but making an estimate of all their expenditure, and charging the proportion of it on actors' benefits, must, in the end, totally abolish benefits altogether, by making the charge superior in amount to the sum any theatre will contain.

The fine of £30 for the refusal of a character.

This the performers object to, because it gives to managers the power of equalizing professional talents, and making the first actor in the theatre submit to the work of the lowest; or, from his resistance, in a few instances, they are enabled, by this main engine of oppression, to extort from him his whole salary. It may be urged, that it is not for the proprietors' interest to humiliate his principal actors. Granted: but it has nevertheless been practised. In the pantomime of the Picture of Paris, the principal performers of the theatre were ordered to do worse than the work of humble actors—a work only fit for supernumeraries.

The fine was established at the end of the season previous to the last, without a murmur.

"Some of us, whose articles were made prior to the introduction of this advancement, received no official intimation of it;—and no one of us, who has signed an article with that clause in it, but remonstrated, at the time, on its injustice, and was induced to sign it only on that principle, which *(unless some protection he granted to them)* must compel actors to subscribe to any oppression—the dread of being deprived of their professional situation, and consequently of the means of earning a maintenance."

The fine has seldom been levied.

"True; but the reason we conceive to be obvious. Besides, other proprietors may be actuated by an equal wish to humiliate, and be less scrupulous in having such a wish proclaimed, and it would betray in us a childish confidence to give our allowance to an oppressive penalty, on the hope that, because it had not yet been exacted, its exaction might be a rare occurrence.—It behoves us to declare, that

we are not justified in the indulgence of the smallest security from the levy of an oppressive penalty, while the *sick-clause*, which, we are informed, was originally introduced on the plea of its being a check on *feigned indisposition*, is avowedly enforced in cases of *real malady*."

You receive your salary sick or well.

The sick clause, though not one of the immediate subjects of complaint, is considered by the performers as a grievance. "This obnoxious article," they observe, "obtruded into an actor's agreement, we conceive needs only be mentioned to excite abhorrence. Its injustice is surely self-evident. What right has a manager, engaging for a certain period the services of an actor, to demand his exemption from the "natural shocks that flesh is heir to?" Does he not contract with a *human being* liable to the infirmities of his *fellow mortals?* And should not the disadvantages attendant on these inherent infirmities be charged to him who receives the benefit of his capability? Does any other species of compact exist where all the eventual good is carried to one side of the account, and all the casual evil is thrown on the other? Every description of persons, actors excepted, under contract for a certain term, are equally supported in sickness and in health, as apprentices, articled clerks, &c. Was it not determined that managers had no right to make deductions from the salaries of performers, on account of illness, by the verdict given against Mr. Harris, in his trial with Mrs. Yates? and is not, therefore, the substitution of the sick clause a palpable counteraction of the established principles of justice?"

Orders are a gratuitous indulgence.

The performers quote a passage from Mr. Colman's letter, in answer to the narrative of Messrs. Harris and Rutherford, by which it appears, that when Mr. Colman desired "to know if he and Mr. Rutherford meant to restrain the performers from occasionally giving orders to their friends as usual? Mr. Harris replied, that it was an *established privilege*, of which neither Mr. Rutherford or himself ever wished or intended to deprive them."

They have never been allowed, on any night, without special leave of the manager, and when orders have been sent without such permission, they have been either stopped at the doors, or the amount of them deducted out of the salary of the performer so offending against the established usage of the theatre.

The performers deny that such has been the established usage of the theatre, but admit that it has been the practice of *late years*, and even with added restrictions (such as orders not being admitted after the first act, &c.) which have reduced to insignificance what was once a very desirable and important privilege. Three of the actors concerned in this statement, on their entrance into Covent Garden theatre, without receiving even a general permission from the manager, wrote orders, as a privilege attached to their professional situation, unrestrained by any check but of their own discretion. They are ready to admit, that the proprietors had the power of restriction, when the performer exceeded the bounds of reason, though for some years they never experienced its effects. In 1787, it seems a habit commenced, contrary to former practice, of charging a portion of them as cash, whenever the receipt of the house should accidentally amount to a certain sum. This was considered as an unjust innovation upon established usage, but the actors, fully conscious of the power of managers, rather than suffer a capricious deduction from their salaries, which depended on a casualty against which no human foresight could provide, submitted to a commutation, by which they yielded the extensive privilege handed down to them by their predecessors,

for the possession of a limited number of tickets (three for the boxes, and four for the gallery) which being issued from the managers, should preclude the possibility of any future mulct of this nature on the salaries.

Here every future contention about orders seemed likely to terminate, and the performers were the more reconciled to the change, from the readiness with which they were supplied with admissions by the treasurer. But they are now arrived at a crisis when their tickets have been altogether withheld for near a fortnight, the house frequently during that time barely half full, and not a single admission to be obtained from the treasurer. To say nothing of the inconvenient, uncertain, and unfrequent manner in which the use of any part of their admission tickets is permitted, it is notorious, they state, that the proportion of four to seven of that allotted number, has been inadmissible *four hundred and fifty nights out of four hundred and sixty.*

The treasurer's statement.

Mr. Hughes had declared the average income of each of the eight performers to be £760 per annum. This, they assert, is totally erroneous. "You have calculated on *ten* incomes, and called them *eight*: you have represented too what you term a benefit receipt, without any allowance for advertisements, printer's bills, and a long train of *et cæteras*; and, in fact, without having any *datum* in your possession, from which you are enabled to form a judgment of what is a benefit receipt, being entirely ignorant of what tickets are given away, and what sold, and of the deficiency for the payment of tickets, which every actor is liable to experience. Besides your being inadequate to state an actor's *clear gains*, you have represented even his *nominal gains* in an unfair point of view; you calculate on what you term the clear receipts of the most productive season ever known, and represent through that false medium his yearly income.

"The proprietors, we apprehend, would not choose to have their yearly profits rated from the receipts of last season."

The relative situation of actors of the present day with their employers, is contrasted with the connection subsisting between them at former periods; and other hardships under which they labour are briefly set forth, viz. their total subjection to the will or caprice of managers, who can not only banish them from one theatre, but, in consequence of a compact between the two houses, prevent the other from opening its doors for their admission; the violation of their right to the possession of their cast of characters; the discontinuance of several articles used by them professionally, without any compensation; the *free admissions* which are granted by the proprietors as a part of the interest of their debts, and which are received on the performers nights, without any recompence being made them. The tontine alone, it is declared, at one time, admitted *one hundred* additional persons to that right, without any official intimation to the performers; and thus they conceive they are charged for capital under the name of incumbrance.

'*The enormous capital loaded with every sort of incumbrance,*' which the managers urge as a *set off* against the complaint of the performers, is also considered by them as a source of their burthens and deprivations. The enormous capital of the theatre they attribute to its immense profits, and the complicated incumbrances, to the original capitals of purchasers being very inadequate to the nominal possessions they acquire.

They contradict the assertion of Mr. Hughes, *that they receive their incomes without any risk, and that the hazard rests entirely with the proprietors*, and call to his recollection, the severe frost in 1795, when it was the intention of the

proprietors, in consequence of thin houses, to perform only three times a week, by which the salaries of the performers would have been reduced to one half their weekly amount.

"The risk is mutual; then mutual ought to be the gains; yet, on the contrary, we presume we have fully shewn, that, while the profits of proprietors are abundantly superior to what were known at any former period, the incomes of actors, instead of being advanced in proportion, are most sensibly diminished."

The letter thus concludes:—"We trust, that our general conduct will bear testimony of our proper respect for every establishment which ought to exist in a well-regulated theatre; but when we find that the passive admission of unaccounted-for charges and new restrictions only sanctifies oppression, and encourages still greater attempts to diminish our incomes, and to wrest from us, by degrees, every professional privilege which formerly attached respectability to the actor, and comfort to the man, we then consider ourselves called upon to testify a becoming resistance of arbitrary measures, and to declare that we will pursue every legal and honourable means to effect such a restoration of justice, as will give us the rights which ancient usage prescribes to us as actors, and which, as subjects of the best government in the world, we are entitled to enjoy as men."

In a note received by the actors, on the evening previous to the publication of the pamphlet, the proprietors, apprehensive of some disturbance, propose that the differences be referred to the Lord Chamberlain, by whose determination they offer to abide. The performers express their surprise at a proposal, made at such a time, of what must *necessarily* be the issue of the dispute, and justify the publication of the statement, on the ground that it was the only method that could be adopted to secure their cause from misrepresentation.

Such is the substance of this interesting publication. We have forborne to disturb the question with any arguments of our own, because we do not yet think it ripe for public discussion; and we should exceedingly lament our precipitancy, if any unseasonable remark from us, in this early stage of the business, were to prove the means of obstructing an accommodation, which, we sincerely hope, may yet take place between the parties.

We must do the performers the justice to say, that their conduct, through the whole affair, has been, in the highest degree, manly, consistent, and respectful; and whatever opinion may be entertained as to the nature and extent of their grievances, no man can reasonably condemn the measures which they have pursued to procure redress. Nothing has been done clandestinely; nothing inconsiderately.

The statement is drawn up with great care and judgment; all parties are treated with proper respect; and the style of the publication would do honour to any cause.

Should any thing appear in print, on the part of the managers, the arguments shall be weighed and stated with the utmost impartiality.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The representation of TRUTH.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT,

OF

GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

The celebrated Commentator on Shakspeare.

I GEORGE STEEVENS, of Hampstead, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, do make my will as follows. First, I desire that my body may be buried in as private a manner as possible. Item, I will and direct that all my just debts, and my funeral expences, be fully paid and satisfied. Item, I give and bequeath to the Right Honourable William Windham, Esquire, member of parliament for the city of Norwich, my complete collection of the works of Hogarth, in one volume folio, or more. Item, I give and bequeath to George Keate, Esquire, of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, in the said county of Middlesex, my picture of Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, in the characters of Jaffier and Belvidera, painted by Zoffanij. Item, I give to the Reverend Richard Farmer, doctor in divinity, master of Emanuel College, in the university of Cambridge, and Isaac Reid, of Staple Inn, London, Esquire, the sum of one hundred guineas each; and, in case of the death of either of them, the said Doctor Richard Farmer, and Mr. Isaac Reed, in my life time, I give the entire sum of two hundred guineas unto the survivor of them. Item, I give and bequeath to Miss Charlotte Collins, of Graffham, near Midhurst, in the county of Sussex, daughter of the late Christopher and Margaret Collins, late of Midhurst aforesaid, the sum of five hundred pounds. Item, I give and bequeath to my cousin Mary Collinson, (late Mary Steevens) wife of William Collinson, of Narrow-Street, Ratcliff Cross, in the county of Middlesex, the sum of three hundred pounds, for a ring. And as to all the rest and residue of my estate and substance whatsoever, and wheresoever, as well real as personal, and all my right and interest therein, I give, devise, and and bequeath the same unto my dearest cousin Elizabeth Steevens, of Poplar, in the said county of Middlesex, spinster, to hold unto and to the use of her, the said Elizabeth Steevens, her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns for ever, according to the respective natures and qualities thereof. And I do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint, my said cousin, Elizabeth Steevens, sole executrix

to this my will, and I do hereby revoke all former wills, by me at any time heretofore made, and do declare this to be my last will and testament, written by my own hand. In witness whereof, I, the said George Steevens, have hereunto set my hand and seal, the eighteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight.

GEORGE STEEVENS. *(L. S.)*

Signed, sealed, published, and declared, by the testator, George Steevens, Esquire, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto set our names as witnesses.

NAT. NICHOLLS, Queen-street, Cheapside.
WILL. GIDLEY,
T. NETTLETHIPP, } his Clerks.

CODICIL.

DEAR MADAM, *Hampsted Heath, Jan. 31st, 1799.*

Let me beg you will consider the few confidential lines I am now writing, as in reality a codicil to my will, already in your hands.

1st.—It is my desire and appointment, that you give in my name a year's wages to Jonathan Lockup, my gardener and oldest servant. Have a care how you believe any thing that *********, my butler, may say, as he is a consummate hypocrite and a liar. His sincerity and honesty are wholly questionable.

Secondly.—I request that the set of Shakspeare's plays, (my own last edition, half-bound in pasteboard, sprinkled with red, 15 volumes) directed on the outside of vol. 1st, to Isaac Reed, Esq. of Staple Inn, Holborn, may be delivered to that gentleman as soon as possible. Mr. Nicholls, our solicitor, is well acquainted with him.

Thirdly.—The works of Hogarth, in three volumes, folio, now lying on a table at the top of the staircase, are to be delivered, as soon as possible, after my funeral, to the Right Honourable William Windham, secretary at war, and M. P. for Norwich. These books must be carefully packed, or sent in a coach to Mr. Windham's house, or to the war-office.

The following legacy is not hinted at in my will, but is to be considered as part of it.

Among the books on the shelves under the stair-case, is a set of the last edition of Shakspeare's plays, bound in 18 volumes, in blue morocco leather, with many additional plates, &c. This set of books I give and bequeath to the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, first lord of the admiralty. Miss Steevens will find a similar direc-

tion repeated on the red leaf at the beginning of the first volume of the set of books aforesaid, and will therefore please to consult it on this occasion.

I am, dear madam,
Most faithfully and affectionately,
Yours,
GEORGE STEEVENS.

You will give the servants in general mourning, if you please; but this is a circumstance of little, if of any, consequence.

REMARKS ON A NEW WORK

ENTITLED

THE GERMAN THEATRE.

Inscribed, by Permission,

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

AND TRANSLATED BY

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, ESQ.

"IT has been observed that genius is of no country; and Englishmen seem to be so sensible of the justice and liberality of this sentiment, that their press, their public institutions, and their theatres, are open to men of talent of every clime, and of every description. There can be no stronger evidence of this fact than the encouragement which has lately been given to the dramatic writers of Germany. It is not our purpose to enquire how far this is either expedient or reprehensible. It is a sufficient justification of the present undertaking, that the drama of that country has become popular in this, even to the monopoly of our stage: and that the writings of Kotzebüe have been deemed not unworthy the attention of Hoare, of Inchbald, Cumberland, and Sheridan.

"These events, as singular as unexpected, conduce to form an æra in our dramatic history, and seem to demand from the press, some congenial token of respect to the talents of a country which has contributed so highly, and so rationally, to the amusement of the British nation."

Such is the apology offered by the proprietors for the publication of a work, which, if the future numbers conform to the specimen here presented, cannot fail to do honour to the English press.

It is remarkable that the German drama has acquired its present popularity without passing through the slow gradations which have marked those of other countries. It was, for a considerable time,

indeed, in a state of worthlessness and barbarity,* and experienced a few occasional fluctuations; but the noblest effort of their dramatic writers appears to have been a translation of Addison's Cato. At length, they imbibed a relish of Shakespeare; and, as if they had caught inspiration from his Muse, their drama, which had been neglected by themselves, and despised by their neighbours, rose, *at once*, to the distinction it now enjoys in Europe.

In fostering the dramatic productions of this country, we are, therefore, exhibiting a fresh mark of respect to the memory of our own immortal bard, who effected, singly and instantaneously, a reformation which Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, and all the best French poets had failed, unitedly, to produce for more than a century.

To this is chiefly to be attributed the extraordinary success of the German dramatists in this country. Antithetical points, poetical prettinesses, elaborate and unimpassioned dialogue, and the rules of Aristotle, Horace and Bossu, are totally neglected. They prefer the wild, irregular, and romantic; whatever is interesting to the imagination, whether probable or otherwise;—such are the *Robbers*, *Pizarro*, *Gortz of Berlingen*, *and Fiesco*. The PASSIONS, and their *effects*, are likewise their great study, and as they know by what incidents or calamities the human heart is affected, so also are they acquainted with the artful process it is necessary to pursue to make such incidents productive of the most lively and touching emotions. This is exemplified in the *Stranger*, *Natural Son*, *Adelaide of Wulfingen*, *&c.* Hence, the German drama unites the greatest beauties with the greatest faults; a true indication of genius, if the opinion of the best writers, and the experience of the world, are to be trusted.

We shall decline, for the present, a more minute examination into the merits and pretensions of the German authors; having already said much upon the subject, in our review of the different translations which have hitherto appeared either in print or on the stage; and future opportunities will occur to render some further observations necessary.

Enough, however, has been stated to convince our readers that an elegant, uniform, correct, and *cheap* edition, (with engravings)

* The German tragedies and comedies (says Riccobini) which originally were no other than imitations of the Dutch, have to this day preserved the gloominess of their original models. I shall not mention the punishments nor the torments of martyrs, nor the racks of ruffians; it is enough to say that they never fail to bring them all upon the stage. In their tragedies are commonly heard horrid voices; spectres and phantoms are seen with bloody swords in their hands, or sticking in their breasts, together with black flaming torches, tombs, and every object that can most effectually excite terror.

of the most admired and affecting plays in the German language, translated by a gentleman of acknowledged capability, and who was, in fact, the instrument of their introduction upon the English stage,* must prove, at this moment, a very interesting and desirable publication.

It is very justly remarked, in the prospectus, that, "exclusively of these recommendations, Mr. Thomson's thorough acquaintance with the idiom of the original language, from a long residence in Germany, very peculiarly qualifies him for this honourable task; and that his intimacy and constant correspondence with the most eminent literary characters in that country, will enable him not only to select such dramas as merit translation, but to give an earlier publication of them than can possibly take place, consistently with the ordinary course of book-importation."

No. I. comprises the play of the Stranger, which will be reviewed in our next number.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

A NEW COMEDY.

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

THIS is a comedy of very superior merit—such an one as we expected from the author of the *Cure for the Heart Ache*, whose abilities, as a dramatic writer, we have so often had occasion to extol.

The story is founded on domestic treachery. *Sir Philip Blandford*, on the eve of marriage with a young lady, whom he doats on to distraction, detects his intended bride in the arms of a brother—one, too, with whom he had shared his fortune, and in whose honour he placed the most unlimited confidence. Fired with desperation, he rushed between the guilty pair, and plunged a dagger in his brother's breast. The latter is carried off, by his servants, and the unfortunate woman, being conveyed to her apartment, expires, shortly after, in child birth. The offspring *(Henry)* of this connection survives; and, under the care of *Farmer Ashfield*, who is equally ignorant with himself of the circumstances attending his birth, arrives at man's estate. *Sir Philip* afterwards becomes the prey of sharpers—quits the country—marries a young woman, by whom he has a daughter *(Emma)* and, after a considerable period, returns to his paternal estate, with the intention of uniting that daughter, now grown up, to

* Mr. Thompson produced the *Stranger* on the Drury-Lane boards.

the son of the wealthy *Sir Abel Handy*, and thereby of recruiting his impoverished revenues. At a *ploughing match*, which takes place in the village, *Henry* is the successful competitor. He receives the reward from *Emma*, and the rencontre produces a mutual passion. This circumstance naturally occasions an interview between *Sir Philip* and the orphan *Henry*, whose features recal the fatal event which had proved, to the former, the source of the most exquisite misery and remorse. Here the principal interest of the piece commences. *Sir Philip*, uneasy at the sight of a youth who awakens afresh the memory of his wrongs and of his guilt, exerts his influence to crush him; the high spirit of *Henry* urges him to resist, and remonstrate against the oppressive measures of the baronet, and the consequence is a demand upon *Farmer Ashfield* to abandon the lad to his fate. At this crisis a stranger arrives at the cottage, and, putting a paper into the hand of *Henry*, desires him to proceed with it to the castle, and exhibit its contents to *Sir Philip Blandford*. It is a bond given by him to a person named *Morrington*, whom he considers as the principal agent in the plot which accomplished the ruin of his fortunes. The baronet's distress increases, and the curiosity of *Henry* to know the secret of his birth, with which he understands Sir Philip to be acquainted, acquires additional force, from a conversation he accidentally over-hears between *Sir Philip* and *Young Handy*, his intended son-in-law, by which he learns that a certain apartment in the castle contains the mystery he is so anxious to have unravelled. By an unsuccessful experiment of *Sir Abel's*, that part of the castle is set on fire, and *Henry*, after rescuing his *Emma* from the flames, discovers, in the secret chamber, a dagger and a napkin crimsoned with blood. These he produces to *Sir Philip Blandford*, who confesses his crime, and testifies his willingness to abide by the issue of the discovery. At this moment of peril, the stranger makes his appearance, and, throwing off his disguise, falls at the feet of *Sir Philip*, who now beholds the guilty, but repentant brother, whose supposed death had created so much perplexity and remorse. Under the name of *Morrington* he had interested himself in all the affairs of *Sir Philip*, associated with sharpers only to rescue his property from their avarice, and waited only for a convenient moment to restore him to happiness and opulence.

The under plot, which supplies the comic business of the drama, discloses the attachment of young *Handy* to *Susan Ashfield*; the ludicrous distresses of *Sir Abel Handy*, who has the misfortune to be united to a vulgar, scolding wife; but from whom he is happily re-

leased by the timely appearance of a former husband: and the honest simplicity and benevolence of *farmer Ashfield* and his dame.

A loose account, like this, can afford but a very indifferent idea of the fable, which, prepared and digested by the skill of so masterly a dramatist as Morton, produces an effect that no sketch can convey, and for which no detail would suffice.

To connect two interests of a totally opposite nature is a work of difficulty and danger, which this author seems to have a peculiar felicity in executing. A tragi-comedy, where there are two plots, independent of each other, requires less mechanical ingenuity, inasmuch as the transition may be immediate, and it requires nothing more than the mere shifting of the scene to conduct the spectator from the dungeons of a tyrant, into the ball-room of mirth and festivity; but to draw the entire *dramatis personæ* of a comedy into one simple connection, and yet so to conduct the business of each agent as that the broad laughter excited by one scene shall not intrude upon the interesting solemnity of that which succeeds, requires an intimate knowledge of the stage of which the general spectator is not aware. This, however, is expected from modern comedy, and while that expectation continues, we must be content to find the order of things a little inverted, and the *probable* and the *possible* must be suffered to accompany each other.

This consideration shall silence the few objections we might, perhaps, warrantably make, to some part of the fable; and we will now proceed to fulfil the more pleasing part of a critic's duty.

The plot is ingeniously commingled; the characters are well drawn and discriminated: the serious dialogue is elegant, spirited, and impressive; the sentiments are just and moral. The situations are often affecting. The narrative delivered by *Sir Philip*, is well told, and exceedingly interesting:—And the denoüement is concealed with uncommon art.

In the character of *Sir Abel Handy*, the author has very properly and humorously exposed the absurdity of those ridiculous *Ichemists*, who, deceived by false *theories*, waste their time in useless inventions and imaginary improvements; and the unsuccessful exertions of the son, will convey no unuseful lesson to those *universal geniuses*, who think that they can do every thing better than other people, till their pretensions are fairly put to the test.

The character, however, which constitutes the distinguishing charm of the comedy, is that of *Farmer Ashfield*—a correct copy

from life; such as, with a variation of dialect, we find it in every country village throughout England: delineated with the pencil of Truth, and tinted with the warm and unperishable colours of Nature. The wife is drawn with equal skill and fidelity. Her harmless envy and vanity, are *traits* strikingly characteristical of the village dame; and we think it would be difficult to find a single hamlet that had not its fortunate *Mrs. Grundy* to vex the peace of her less opulent neighbours.

There are some inimitable touches of pathos and simplicity in the character of *Farmer Ashfield.* The soliloquy in which he *argufies the topic*, whether or no he shall turn *Henry* out of doors, is a rough and genuine ebullition of an honest heart, which makes its way to the feelings of the audience irresistibly and at once. The scene in which the two rustics debate about opening the letter which has given uneasiness to their child, is also perfectly true to nature; and the moral, like that of the *purse scene*, in the *Cure for the Heart-Ache*, is finely obvious and useful—demonstrating how eloquent are the admonitions of conscience, when innocence trembles on the verge of guilt.

We have met with this last incident, or one nearly resembling it, in a novel, translated from the German—*Julian*, we think, it is called; and the unexpected return of a husband, long imagined dead, to the relief of a poor gentleman, who had smarted under the tyranny of his lady, elevated from a menial condition, has been imagined by the late James Petit Andrews. See the *Castle of Langarran*, inserted in this work, vol. viii. page 83.

We mention these, as coincidences only. Mr. Morton, probably, never read either of the works to which we have referred; and, if he have, they are nothing more than *naked incidents*, of which the stage effect must entirely depend upon the judgment of the dramatist. The humour, the connection, the application, are still exclusively his own.

The play is finely acted, by Messrs. Pope, Munden, Fawcett, H. Johnston, Murray; Mrs. H. Johnston, Miss Murray, Mrs. Davenport, and Mr. Knight. For the latter, who performed the *Farmer*, no praise can be too high, and the obligations between the author and actor are, in this instance, very peculiarly reciprocal.

The prologue is the production of Mr. Fitz-Gerald, and the epilogue comes from the pen of Miles Peter Andrews, Esq.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES TO A DEPARTED SISTER.

Ah! has the year then pass'd away,
And o'er thy much lamented clay
Does not the violet bloom?
That form so chaste, where'er it lies,
Might bid a thousand roses rise,
To blossom o'er thy tomb.

Sweet, sainted girl! enthron'd in light,
Amid thy sister angels bright,
O strike the lyre to peace!
And let the gently soothing strain,
Lull to repose thy mothers' pain,
And bid her sorrow cease!

For thee, dear maid, at early dawn,
Heav'n's dews shall weep upon the lawn,
And, with suspended wing,
The drooping skylark, through the gloom,
Shall twitter sorrow o'er thy tomb,
Nor to the morning sing.

Lancaster. HENRY SIDDONS.

A SONG.

Flow my tears from these dim fountains!
Bleed afresh my wounded heart!
Go—ye breezes of these mountains,
To my love these pangs impart.

Tell her, I am here lamenting,
By an ever-plaintive stream;
Of my broken vows repenting,
To regain her blest esteem.

Tell her, that I seek a river,
Where oblivion holds her reign;
And, my future life shall never
Give her breast a moment's pain.

Go—and whisper how I languish,
May success your flight attend!
Oh! relieve this cruel anguish!
Be, for once, a lover's friend.

N. HOWARD.

A PETER PINDARIC ODE.

As Joan, one eve, according to the plan
  Of many an honest spouse,
  Trudg'd to a neighbouring house
To fetch away her good old man:
  She found him, as the story goes,
    Sprawling in the street,
      With feet
  In kennel, taking a comfortable dose.

"What, hollo, John!" the dame now cries,
"You drunken beast, arise!"
  At the well-known voice, John op'd his eyes;
      But,
    As the poet says, their sense was shut:
And, thinking 'twas a bed, I ween,
  And not the street,
He mumbled out, his teeth between,
  "Put, put more cloaths upon my feet,
"And take" (the moon shone bright)
  "Take, take away the light." D.

SONNET

On seeing a poor Welch Girl pass my Window in a Storm.

SWEET lovely lass, tho' of the low degree!
  Thy long black locks "all drench'd in this foul storm,"
  With thy blue mantle just to keep thee warm,
And hide thy bare, clogg'd foot; thy naked knee.—
Thou art of ancient CAMBRIA's hardy race,
  Inur'd to toil, and every gust that blows,
  Or this rude wind would ravish the fresh rose
But now just opening on thy fancy face:—
Thou art of VIRTUE, for thy unpress'd breast
  Of rounded beauty swells upon the sky,
  While the bright lustre of thy dark-brow'd eye,—
And simple seraph smile, speak PEACE AND REST.
GOD of the *good!*—be these her future dower,
And screen with THY *wide wing, this else unsheltered flower!*

Holyhead, Nov. 14, 1799. G. D. HARLEY.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

To the Memory of Mrs. Camell, of Bungay, in Suffolk, who died Oct. 26, 1799.

"Yes, she was mild and lovely as the star
"That in the western hemisphere afar
"Would light meek Evening to her dewy bed."

BRING not to wake the poet's slumbering fire,
Bring not to droop around a mourning lyre,
Bring not the *Rose's* fading fragrance here,
Bring not the *wreath* yet moist with sorrow's tear;
Ah! not to THEE, lamented shade! belong
The flowers of fancy, or the pride of song;
Friendship to thee a purer tribute pays
Than tuneful numbers, or poetic praise.
If ever Virtue mourn'd o'er Beauty's bier;
If ever Sorrow claim'd her sacred tear,
For every grace that lent a charm to life
In the dear ties of *sister*, *friend*, and *wife*;
For all that *sweetness*, all that *goodness* gave,
In life's rich bloom, to *consecrate* the grave;
Here be her pearl of purest lustre shed,
That sainted sorrow which embalms the dead;
Sighs, whose warm incense to affection giv'n,
MOURN not, nor MURMUR, at the will of heav'n.
Ah! *early* lost! ah! lent us but to charm,
With every virtue veil'd in Beauty's form;
With sweetness into every art refin'd,
That steals from *sense* whate'er can *grace* the mind;
With meek Religion's mild, yet *holier* charm,
A heart with all her sacred precepts warm;
Those purer precepts from *Perfection* given,
"*Kindness* on *earth*, and *confidence* in *heav'n*."
If rob'd in light thy hov'ring spirit rove
To the keen anguish of *lamenting love*;
If that pure spirit into sense refin'd,
(That *angel-sense* to *angel-powers* confin'd!)
Behold, while bending from thy happier sphere,
In pious grief the pensive mourner HERE;
Oh! may each sigh on seraph wings ascend
Where pleading now *thy* angel virtues bend;

And *thou*, with guardian, with directing care,
Teach *Him*, by patience, confidence, and prayer,
To claim that rich reward to virtue giv'n,
A blest RE-UNION in a BRIGHTER heaven,
Where *full* Perfection's chasten'd state shall prove
The price of pardon, and REDEEMING LOVE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

FEB. 1.—*Of Age To-morrow*—a farce, taken from the German—we believe from a production of Kotzebüe's, called the *Baron*. The story possesses but little novelty, yet it is of that nature, which, under tolerable management, always creates a fund of bustle and merriment. A lover in disguise—a maiden aunt—and a pert chambermaid, are inexhautible materials for the writers of farce; and the fabricator of the present performanee has been lucky enough to succeed without even the merit of skilful combination. The music, by Mr. Kelly, is scientific and pleasing. A *Duett*, between Mr. Bannister and Miss De Camp, and a *Mock Bravura*, by the latter, in which she imitates the style of singing peculiar to the Spanish, Italian, and English, were very highly applauded. These two performers contributed essentially to the success of the piece, and Mr. Bannister, in the disguise of a *hair-dresser*, handled the *comb* and the *curling irons* with all the dexterity of the most fashionable *friseur*. A prologue, from the pen of Mr. Andrews, preceded the performance. It is one of his happiest efforts.

We should not omit mentioning that Miss Heard, who undertook the part of *Angela*, in the Castle Spectre, in consequenee of the indisposition of Miss Biggs, performed the character in a very respectable and meritorious manner.

FEB. 3.—We were not at the theatre, but we understand that Mr. Raymond gave considerable satisfaction, in the part of the Stranger, on this evening. Mr. Kemble was ill.

6.—BY COMMAND OF THEIR MAJESTIES—*Rule a Wife* and *Lodoiska*.—Kemble continuing indisposed, Mr. Holman gave his assistance in *Leon*, and played it, as he always does, with great animation, dignity, and feeling. Kelly, in bringing Miss De Camp, who now performs *Lodoiska*, to the front of the stage, towards the close of the romanee, unfortunately slipped down with her. He was himself much hurt, and Miss De Camp received a very severe contusion, which rendered her, for a time, senseless. The royal party immediately rose, and left the theatre, expressing the strongest concern at the accident. We are happy to add that a few evenings restored both performers to their duty.

4.—*Pizarro*.—Cory and Miss Heard appeared in the characters of *Rolla* and *Cora* on this evening. Mr. Cory was a very respectable substitute for the admired Kemble, and Miss Heard displayed as much judgment and talent as either of the ladies who preceded her in the part. It is to be lamented that her executive powers are so unequal to the justness of her conceptions.

12.—*School for Scandal*.—Mr. Talbot appeared, for the first time, in the cha-

racter of *Charles Surface*, and proved his right, in the present state of the Drury-Lane company, to retain possession of the character.

COVENT-GARDEN.

FEB. 8.—*Speed the Plough.*—A new comedy, by Mr. Morton. Received with universal approbation. See British Stage, p. 108.

19.—*True Friends.*—A musical entertainment, by Mr. T. Dibdin. It is, perhaps, a disadvantage to the author that his piece was produced after a comedy so abundant both in interest and humour as *Speed the Plough*; but its claim to public favour is certainly very slight, and even the moderate success it has experienced may be chiefly attributed to the merit of the composer, the admirable humour of Johnstone, and the fascinating effect of a little *dance*, by Mrs. H. Johnston, which sets off the graces of her figure to infinite advantage.

The *true friends* have one a son, the other a daughter:—they are all overtaken by a storm at sea, like *Ægeon* and *Emilia*, in the Comedy of Errors, and are separated. Each escapes with his friend's child, and a long interval having elapsed, they suppose one another dead: a supposition that proves unfounded in the end; but the explanation we were unfortunate enough not to hear. This incident, curious as it is, is not very susceptible of dramatic application, and the complexion of it is somewhat too serious for an after-piece. The comic characters have a plot of their own; but it can only be called one upon the authority of honest Scrub. 1st. Because there is a woman in it. 2ndly, Because there is a priest in it. And, 3dly, because we don't know what to make of it.

It seems to be the peculiar and distressing fate of Mr. Attwood to compose music for pieces that have proved unsuccessful in the representation.

MEMORANDA MUSICA.

The Opera.

Semiramide. Madame Banti's performance in this opera is all the connoisseur can wish; but we cannot pass unnoticed a habit, peculiar to this lady, of conversing *mezza voce* with the performers in the orchestra, instead of attending to the business of the scene. Such disrespect to the audience would, in an English theatre, be treated, as it merits, with universal reprobation. Madame Banti's good sense will profit by this hint.

The new comic opera of *I due Fratelli Rivalli* has been well received. The music is by Mr. Winter, a German, and, we believe, the only German who has written for the opera since Handel—the Italians manage to keep things snug *en famille*. We had a striking instance of it when the great HAYDN was last in this country. He wrote a cantata, expressly for Mad. B. by desire of a great personage. The composition was allowed to possess all the merit which invariably attaches to the works of Haydn; yet the *Italian junto* would not allow it to be performed at the opera; lest the *nervous* and masterly style of the great composer in question, contrasted with the *monotonous* and *wire-drawn* sing-song of the Italian school, might open the eyes of the public, and give them an opportunity of judging for themselves.

The band of the opera is the same as last year, a change in the wind instrument excepted, which is by no means for the better.

The merits of Signora Bolla, who is the daughter of a Milanese physician, shall be canvassed in our next number.

ORATORIOS COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

We lament to observe, that the oratorios at Covent-Garden theatre are this season deprived of the great talents of Madame Mara, which we fear will occasion a great drawback in the receipts. If the manager did not chuse to agree to the terms of this lady, whose demands, we are persuaded, were not exorbitant, surely he should have had recourse to Miss Parke, or Madame Banti, and not have so trifled with the liberality of a generous public, as to debar them the privilege of even the shadow of a substitute.

CARTWRIGHT'S EXHIBITION, LYCEUM, STRAND.

This ingenious artist has brought the science of the musical glasses to a degree of perfection, that we could hardly ever expect to have seen. The accompanying entertainments, at this pretty little theatre, receive, as they deserve, very considerable patronage.

EIDOURANION, LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

We are happy to congratulate the lovers of science, by announcing the opening of this theatre, for the elegant and ingenious lecture on the Eidouranion.—Mr. Walker has profited by the recess of two years from the metropolis, and has added much to the decorative part of his splendid machine; and its mechanical structure is now in such perfection, that the earth (with every other planet it displays) may truly be said to "sleep on its soft axle."

NAUMACHIA, SILVER-STREET, FLEET-STREET.

Led by the encomiums passed on the new spectacle exhibited on this stage, which presents the appearance of Mount Vesuvius, during one of its most tremendous eruptions, we took our place before the curtain. Candour obliges us to acknowledge, that, although the subject has been given before, and more than once, still, in respect of point of view, disposition and direction of the lava, and the grand object of all—EFFECT,—the Vesuvius of which we now speak is very far superior to any display of imitative art, on the same subject, we have yet beheld.

EIDOPHUSIKON, PANTON-STREET, HAYMARKET.

This exhibition is considerably improved since our last report of it. The new scene of the moon's eclipse is finely conceived, and the appearance of the orb of night, before it becomes darkened, and that of the surrounding clouds, is extremely beautiful, and yields only, in effect, to nature itself. The invention, the design, and the admirable management of this scene, reflect great credit on the talents of the artist, Mr. Chapman.——The comic songs of Mr. O'Rourke give universal satisfaction. This candidate for public favour comes not forward without pretension; his humour is genuine and chaste, and many of the songs, which take *character* from his native place, are new.

MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH.

This place was last opened in much the same way to a Christmas rabble, and was not (by a party present) improperly termed the Land of Cakes. It would degrade our work to occupy space so unworthily as with a full description of the *wines*, the *viands*, the *wit*, and the *characters*, which were *drank*, *devoured*, *heard* and *seen*, at Ranelagh, on this evening.

MAILLARDET'S EXHIBITION, SPRING GARDENS.

If this elegant and extensive room contained attraction sufficient to draw the world of fashion to visit them, in successive crowds, before the late valuable additions, Maillardet has certainly every reason to flatter himself with abundant reward for his labours, which, from the appearance of his new subjects, must have been excessive. They consist of the figure of a child and a foreign insect. The figure of the child, during the stay of the visitor, presents the lady or gentleman, who makes the request, with beautiful specimens of writing and drawing, which it begins and finishes, in a few minuses, and in their presence, in a manner truly surprising. That of the foreign insect, of the size of our common beetle, by means of numerous inclosed wheels, traverses a flat surface, in a variety of directions. It is justly allowed, by all who view these additions to the former collection, that human invention cannot go farther in the copying of nature.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre-Royal Bath.—Reynolds's comedy of *Management* has been well received here, though neither Dimond nor Elliston were in the cast. Messrs. Eyre, Sedley, Cherry, Edwin, and Mrs. Edwin, supported the principal characters in the most creditable manner. Mrs. Johnstone, besides her Elvira, Mrs. Haller, Lady Eleanor Irwin, &c. has shewn considerable capability in the comic department of the drama—Lady Townley, Cecilia, &c. &c. The *Turnpike Gate* of our former favourite, Knight, has also been represented with success. Mrs. Mountain is engaged for a few nights.

Theatre-Royal Liverpool.—"When I read your monthly publication, it brings to my *mind's eye* the stupendous pharos near the mouths of the Nile, in height 400 feet perpendicular, with a speculum, of highly polished steel, on its top, which reflects objects not visible in the horizon, even with the help of optical instruments, if used at the base; for, in your Mirror, theatricals are faithfully depicted, though performed in the most remote parts of these kingdoms.

Scenic representations find no such encouragement in any country town as in Liverpool. Our last theatrical campaign opened with a troop above mediocrity, which shortly after was reinforced from the theatres in London; in rotation, comic, tragic, and operatical meteors, from the metropolis, gave attraction to the scene; and each, after revolving six or seven nights in its eccentric orbit, attracted more *aurum portabile*, than any of those of the stationary company could extract in a season, and then off they shot, and were no longer visible.

The scene of action on the London stages approaching, the auxiliaries from that quarter, take a benefit each, and then leave this cantonment, fully gratified by the generosity of the inhabitants. The manager then, to refurnish his benches, produced novelties that had the run in London: from those he reaped a plentiful harvest. The bathing season over, and the town much thinned, the performers, who had toiled all the season, when scarce a gleaning was left, and the company reduced one fourth, were forced to take benefits; for which they paid the same as was charged when the company was in its full strength, and the town crowded, besides being at an additional expence for supernumeraries, to fill up vacancies.

This is more severely felt by the females, whose extreme salary is forty shillings a week, and who all find their own dresses. The sum is insufficient to pay for lodging and washing. Many of them, at the close, have the mortification to hear the manager has, by their joint endeavour, amassed between three and £4000 that season, whilst they find themselves out of pocket.

It is devoutly to be wished, the report, that the gentlemen, who are proprietors of this theatre-royal, mean, after next season, to take the management into their own hands, and govern it by a committee, might be verified: then, probably, we shoul! see dresses and decorations suited to each drama; for at present the wardrobe consists of faded rags and tarnished tinsels, without any one set of properties adapted to a representation. This will be more conspicuous next season, after the eye has been so delighted with the magnificent scenery and dresses, displayed this winter by Mr. Jones's company.

The editors of our papers, will not insert any criticisms on public exhibitions, unless sanctioned by the proprietors of them, who perhaps would not think it for their interest the audience should become more enlightened; therefore, if any part of this essay may seem worthy, it would oblige many to see it gain a place in your Mirror, particularly an independent

AMATEUR."

Theatres BARNSTAPLE, POOLE, *&c. continued from our last account.*—"Mrs. Lacey, formerly Miss Hopkins, of Covent Garden theatre, is a good scientific singer, and though her voice is rather weak, she has acquired the art of pleasing on all occasions. Miss Farrel, in the pert chambermaid, is very passable. She plays frequently, and never stands in need of the prompter. Her figure is, unfortunately, very diminutive. Mrs. Thims is a pretty little figure, and as I understand she has been but a short time on the boards, she will soon gain a proper degree of confidence, the want of which seems to prevent her exercising the talents I conceive she possesses. The Alice, Ursula, Mrs. Bundle, &c. of Mrs. Read, are truly comic and original performances. Miss Thornhill, the heroine, has a most charming, harmonious voice, but seems unable to manage it.

LA VERITE."

HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from Page 56.]

COVENT-GARDEN.

Season of 1758-9, *continued.*

FRIDAY, MAY 1. (Ben. of Mattocks, Steele, and Mrs. Pitt.)—*Henry IV.*—Ly. Percy, Mrs. Stephens. *Contrivances.*—Rovewell, (1st time) Mattocks.

2. (Ben. of Collins and Mrs. Green)—*B. Body.*—Patch, Mrs. Green; Miranda, Mrs. Vincent. *Flor. and Perdita.*

3. (Ben. of Dunstall.) *M. of Venice.*—Shylock, *(1st time)* Shuter; Antonio, Sparks; Bassanio, Ryan; Gratiano, Dyer; Lorenzo, *(with songs)* Lowe; Launcelot, Dunstall; Jessica, *(with songs)* Mrs. Baker; Nerissa, Mrs. Vincent;

Portia, Mrs. Hamilton. *(Never acted here)* *D. Quixote in England.*(a)—Shuter, Dunstall, Mattocks, Wignell, Mrs. Baker.

(a) This farce is the production of Henry Fielding, and was originally acted at the little theatre in the Haymarket, in 1733.

Lest we should not meet with a more favourable opportunity, we subjoin the following particulars of the life of that admirable writer.

Henry Fielding was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. His father, Edmund Fielding, Esq. who was a younger son of the Earl of Denbigh, was in the army, and rose to the rank of a lieutenant-general. His mother was daughter to judge Gould, and aunt to the late Sir Henry Gould, one of the judges of the Common Pleas. This lady, besides our author, who seems to have been her first born, had another son and four daughters. And, in consequence of his father's second marriage, Mr. Fielding had six half brothers, among whom was the late Sir John Fielding, the celebrated justice of the peace.

Our author received the first rudiments of his education at home, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Oliver, for whom he seems to have had no very great regard, as he is said to have designed a portrait of his character in the very humorous yet detestable one of Parson Trulliber, in his Joseph Andrews. When taken from under this gentleman's charge, he was removed to Eton school, where he cultivated a very early intimacy and friendship with several, who afterwards became the first persons in the kingdom, such as Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, &c. who ever through life retained a warm regard for him. Before he left that school, he became uncommonly versed in the Greek authors, and a perfect master of the Latin classics. Thus accomplished, at about eighteen years of age, he left Eton, and went to Leyden, where he studied under the most celebrated civilians, for about two years, at the expiration of which time, the remittances from England not coming so regularly as at first, he was obliged to return to London.

His father, in short, was unable, in consequence of the increase of his family, by his second wife, to make a suitable provision for his eldest son, who, soon finding that his finances were by no means adequate to the frequent draughts made on him, from the consequences of the brisk career of dissipation which he had launched into, commenced writer for the stage, in the year 1727, at which time he had not more than attained the completion of his twentieth year.

His dramatic performances met with various success, but he did not, upon the whole, derive much profit from them.

About six or seven years after commencing a writer for the stage, he fell in love with, and married, one Miss Craddock, a young lady from Salisbury, possessed of a very great share of beauty, and a fortune of about £1500; and about the same time his mother dying, an estate at Stower, in Dorsetshire, of somewhat better than £200, per annum, came into his possession. With this fortune, he determined to retire to his country seat, and there reside entirely.

But here, being fond of figure and magnificence, he incumbered himself with a large retinue of servants, and in less than three years, suffered his whole patrimony to be devoured up by hounds, horses, and entertainments. Not discouraged, however, he determined to exert his best abilities, and betook himself closely to the study of the law. After the customary time of probation at the

Temple, he was called to the bar, and made no inconsiderable figure in Westminster Hall; and it is probable would have risen to a considerable degree of eminence in it, had not the intemperances of his early parts of life, brought on him the gout, which checked the progress of his success. But, notwithstanding the united severities of pain and want, he still found resources in his genius and abilities. He was concerned in a political periodical paper, called the Champion, which owed its principal support to his pen; a pen which seems never to have lain idle, since it was perpetually producing, almost as it were extempore, a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a news-paper, but whose full exertion of power seemed reserved for a kind of writing different from, and indeed superior to, them all; nor will it, perhaps, be necessary, in proof of this, more than to mention his celebrated novels of Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, and Amelia, for the last of which he received, from Millar, the bookseller, £600. Precarious, however, as this means of subsistence unavoidably must be, it was scarcely possible he should be enabled by it to recover his shattered fortunes, and was therefore, at length, obliged to accept, from the Duke of Newcastle, who, it is said, gave him the nominal qualification of £100 a year, the office of an acting magistrate, in the commission of the peace, for the county of Middlesex, in which station he continued till pretty near the time of his death. In the execution of this office he was accused of venality, a charge which he repelled, in his *Voyage to Lisbon*, the last production of his pen; that voyage having been undertaken only as a *dernier resort* in one last desperate effort for the preservatiou of life, and the restoring a constitution broken with chagrin, distress, vexation, and public business; for his strength was at that time entirely exhausted, and, in about two months after his arrival at Lisbon, he yielded his last breath, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and of our Lord 1754.

The number and titles of his dramatic works are as follows:—1. Love in several Masques, C. 1728. 2. Temple Beau, C. 1730. 3. Author's Farce, C. 1730. 4. Tragedy of Tragedies, 1730. 5. Coffee-house Politician, C. 1730. 6. Letter Writers, F. 1731. 7. Grub-street Opera, 1731. 8. Lottery, F. 1731. 9. Modern Husband, C. 1732. 10. Mock Doctor, B. F. 1732. 11. Debauchees, C. 1732. 12. Covent-Garden Tragedy, F. 1732. 13. Miser, C. 1732. 14. Intriguing Chambermaid, B. F. 1733. 15. Don Quixote in England, C. 1733. 16. Old Man taught Wisdom, F. 1734. 17. Pasquin, C. 1736. 18. Historical Register, C. 1737. 19. Euridice,* F. 1737. 20. Euridice hiss'd,† F. 1737. 21. Tumble-down Dick, D. E. 1737. 22. Miss Lucy in Town, F. 1742. 23. Plutus the God of Riches,‡ C. 1742. 24. Wedding Day,§ C. 1743. 25. Inter-

* When the author printed this farce, he inserted, in the title-page, "as it was damned at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane."

† Fielding, in this piece, had brought the minister upon the theatre, in a levee scene; and, in his Historical Register, he had introduced him as a fiddler, playing on his fiddle, and followed by the members of parliament, who danced the tune played by the premier. It was in consequence of these liberties, that the bill for limiting the theatres, and appointing a licenser to inspect all dramatic performances, was brought into the House of Commons by Sir Robert Walpole.

‡ A translation from the Greek of Aristophanes, executed jointly by Fielding and the Rev. Mr. Young, being designed as a specimen of a proposed complete translation of all the comedies of Aristophanes, by those gentlemen, for which they delivered proposals; but they were never carried into execution.

§ When this comedy was put into rehearsal, Garrick, who performed the part of Millamour, told Mr. Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in

4. (Ben. of a Public Charity.)—*A Concerto Spirituale.*(b)—Principal Singers, Signora Mingotti, Miss Brent, Beard, Champnes, &c.

5. (Ben. of Mr. Roberts(e).—*Theodosius. Lethe.*—Frenchman, *(for that night only)* a GENT. *his first App. on the Stage.*

7. (Ben. of Ballard, *Treasurer*)—*L. makes a Man.*—Carlos, Ross; D. Lewis, *(1st time)* Shnter; D. Duart, Ryan; Clodio, Dyer; Angelina, Mrs. Dyer(d); Elvira, Mrs. Vincent; Louisa, Mrs. Hamilton. *M. Doctor*—Dunstall; Dorcas, Mrs. Vincent.

8. (Ben. of a Wid. Gentlewoman, (e) and her children, &c.)—*Oroonoko.*—O. Ross; Aboan, Sparks; Blandford, Ridout; Charlotte, Mrs. Hamilton; Widow Lackit, Mrs. Pitt; Imoinda, Mrs. Bellamy. *N. occasional Prol. by Smith. Honest Yorkshireman.*—Combrush, Mrs. Green.

9.—*Cleone.*—Beaufort, Ridout. *R. of Pros.*

10.—(f) *C. Lovers. D. Quixote in Eng.*

11. (Ben. of Marten, Anderson, and R. Smith)—*Rich. III.*—K. Rich. *(by particular desire)* SHUTER; K. Henry, Ryan; Richmond, Anderson; Stanley, Redman; Norfolk, Gibson; Buckingham, Sparks; Tressel, Dyer; Prince Ed. Miss Mullart; D. of York, Miss Valois; Tyrrel, Dunstall; Ly. Anne, Mrs. Vincent; D. of York, Mrs. Elmy; Queen, Mrs. Hamilton. *D. to pay.*—Jobson, Dunstall.

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lude between Jupiter, Juno, and Mercury, 1743, never performed. 26. The Fathers; or the Good-natured Man, C. 1779.

(b) A *Concerto Spirituale* was a favourite musical entertainment, in Italy, and other nations on the continent, from which Handel first conceived the design of composing *Oratorios.* On this occasion the pit and boxes were laid together, and the prices were raised to 10s. 6d. 5s. and 3s. 6d.

(c) A vocal performer.

(d) Mrs. Dyer was wife to the comedian of the same name, and daughter to Christopher Bullock, the actor, by the natural daughter of Wilks, whom he married.

(e) This benefit was given by desire of several persons of quality, and it is stated, in the bills, that the widow had suffered, by the loss of two ships, to the amount of £2000.

(f) For the benefit of Mr. Claude Bennet, then late of the Haymarket, wine merchant.

a particular passage; adding, that a repulse might so flurry his spirits, as to disconcert him for the rest of the night, and, therefore, begged that it might be omitted. "No, damn them," replied the bard, "if the scene is not a good one, let them find that out." Accordingly, the play was brought on without alteration; and, just as had been foreseen, the disapprobation of the house was provoked at the passage before objected to, and the performer, alarmed and uneasy at the hisses he had met with, retired into the Green Room, where the author was indulging his genius, and solacing himself with a bottle of Champaigne. He had, by this time, drank pretty plentifully, and, cocking his eye at the actor, while streams of tobacco trickled from the corner of his mouth, "What's the matter, Garrick?" says he, "What are they hissing now?"—"Why the scene that I begged you to retrench; I knew it would not do: and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself the whole night."—"Oh, damn them," replied the author, "they have found it out, have they?"

For another anecdote of Fielding, vide Macklioana, No. 4, Vol. V. of the Mirror, p. 239.

12.—*S. of Damascus*(g). *C. of Scapin*; *after which an epilogue by Shuter, riding on an ass.*

14. (Ben. of Costollo, and Sarjant, *the Housekeeper.*)—*J. Shore.*—Alicia, Mrs. Vincent. *Knights.*

15. (Ben. of Bennet and Legg(h)—*P. Husb.*—Ld. Townley, Ryan (i); Sq. Richard, Bennet. *What d'ye call it.* Tim. Peascod, Bennet.

16.*—*Sp. Fryar. D. and no Duke.* 17*.—*Othello.*—Emilia, Mrs. Hamilton. *M. in her Teens.*—Fribble, (*with a song*) Shuter; Capt. Lovelt, Anderson; Flash, Davies; Puff, Wignell; Tag, Mrs. Vincent; Miss Biddy, Mrs. Green.

18.*—*C. Couple.*—Y. Clincher, Holtom; Parley, Miss Ferguson. *C. of Scapin.*

21.*—*Susp. Husb.*—Jack Meggot, (*1st time*) Cresswick. *Lethe.* 22.—*Rom. and Jul. R. of Pros.*

23.*—*L. for Love.* [*1st time for 20 years.*] *Cobler of Preston.*(k)—Cobler, Shuter; Dame Hacket, Mrs. Pitt; Dorcas, Mrs. Baker.

24.*—*C. Husb.*—Edging, Mrs. Green. *M. in her Teens.*—Flash, Costollo; Puff, Dunstall.

25.*—*D. Dealer.*—Ly. Flyant, Mrs. Barrington; Ly. Touchwood, Mrs. Elmy. *Contrivances.*—Rovewell, Lowe.

29. [*Last night of the season.*]—*Country Lasses. R. of Pros.*

(g) For the benefit of Mr. Hough, who had been a student in the Temple. The following address appeared at the bottom of the bills. "*Mr. Hough, having been bred to the law, takes this liberty to recommend himself to the favour and protection of the several members thereof, trusting that their smiles of friendship will crown his wishes with success.*" We are not enabled to state whether this gentleman, or the *wine merchant* beforementioned, were allowed to take these benefits in consequence of any particular claim upon the managers or the public.

(h) A vocal performer. It seems that the singers of this period, and even those of little celebrity, understood the art of making a benefit as well as their successors.

(i) In consequeuce of the indisposition of Mr. Ross.

(k) *The Cobler of Preston*, a farce, taken from the Drunken Tinker, in the Taming of a Shrew. There are two pieces of this name; one written by Charles Johnson, the other by Christopher Bullock. The latter was begun on a Friday, finished on Saturday, and acted on the Tuesday following, in order to get the start of the other performance.

* Ticket nights.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

The lamented fate of Colonel Cunningham, of the Guards, is not unprecedented: two other officers have likewise had their lower jaws shot off on the late unfortunate expedition to Holland, where, though our loss was infinite as the gallantry of our people, several officers and others escaped in a most extraordinary manner. Amongst the instances that have come to our knowledge, and that have not yet been given to the public, the sinking of one of our gun-boats by the fire of the enemy, without any of the numerous persons on board her being injured, deserves particular notice. The ball which passed through the thigh of Col. Cooke,

of the guards, went between the great artery and the bone, almost touching the former and the pope's eye, either of which would have been mortal. Captain Turquard, whilst reconnoitring on the 2d, had a pocket spy-glass shattered to pieces in his hand by a cannon-shot, without his being injured. Lieut. Rowed, of the navy, who belonged to the detachment of gun-boats, and who had been before wounded, by springing up in his vessel to better view the enemy, avoided a twenty-four-pounder, which would have taken him in the breast, but which only shattered one of his feet, by driving a ring-bolt through it. Col. Whitworth, of the guards, and Capt. Goddard, had singular escapes in the battle of the 19th; when, as upon other occasions, the swampiness of the ground, which has been so much complained of, was the salvation of our people, by extinguishing the fuse in the innumerable shells the enemy threw amongst them, and by preventing the rising of their shot.

On Tuesday, the 11th instant, a fire broke out in Mr. Lingham's warehouse in Thames-street, by which, notwithstanding the exertions of the engines, that, and other buildings, &c. were destroyed, and a loss sustained, said to amount to £400,000. The conflagration fortunately ceased almost at the spot were 48,000 gallons of brandy were deposited.

The post-horse duty has been sold by auction, for three years, at an advance of £14,000 per annum, over the last three years.

A plan, it is said, is about to be carried into effect, to incorporate the Welch administration of justice with that of England.

The Emperor of Russia does not permit the French language to be spoken at his court, but encourages the English and German.

It is intended, that, after an union, the parliament is to be called "The Parliament of the British Isles." It has been suggested that our sovereign should take the title of "Emperor of the British Isles."

We understand one of the schemes by which the minister will raise money, is a Tontine on a very extensive scale, in which the faults of the private Tontines now existing will be exposed, and stated as a cause of the measure.

The royalist chief, the Marquis de Grignion, who recently fell in Brittany, was a fine young man, 23 years of age, and the last of seven brothers who have been lost to society by the revolution.

The savage custom of the North of Bengal requiring that the wives, principal attendants, and favourite horses, and other valuables of a deceased rajah or great man should be buried or deposited in the cave with him, the troops, on lately entering some of these places, found 180,000 rupees in gold and silver.

An embassy sent to the King of Candy, for the purpose of making a commercial arrangement, were received in a hall 30 feet long, 20 broad, and built and floored with stone, where there were 20 well-dressed persons, bare-footed. In a short time, a rich golden curtain, which hung in front of an alcove, was drawn up, when the writer, who was the chief of the embassy, says, the King appeared "seated in an arm chair made of ivory, inlaid with gold, with his legs across, bare-footed, his slippers on the floor of the alcove. The King was gaily dressed in a rich suit of silver brocade over an inner garment of white muslin. His turban was very small, being a single piece of gold flowered muslin, gathered at the end, tied round the head with a half knot, and ornamented with a few jewels. He seemed to be about 40 years of age, with a complacent countenance,

rather fairer than most of his subjects. Two elderly women sat on the floor, close to each side of his chair, their eyes fixed on the ground, which was about five feet higher than the hall in which the court was assembled. The alcove was lighted with a great number of wax tapers, coloured red, and the hall was brilliantly illuminated throughout with pendant lamps, in which they burnt oil of a sweet perfume. Having caught the king's eye, immediately after the dismission of the presents, I made his majesty a second profound bow. Presently he spoke to the Shabander, and I had then the honour of conversing with his majesty for about a quarter of an hour, who asked several pertinent questions about Madras, Bengal, and Bombay. I then, by intimation from the Shabander, who had his signal, retired, after having completely fulfilled the object of the embassy in all its points. Nobody in the hall was seated, neither did I see in it bench, chair, or stool. I left most of the company in it standing, who politely made way for me as I retired!"

The state elephants found in the royal stable in Seringapatam, and which, it appears, were the favourites of the late king of Mysore, amounted to 53, and are of the most beautiful form, and very docile in their nature. These creatures were never suffered to appear publicly but upon very extraordinary occasions, and then richly caparisoned with superb howders, consisting of a light green cloth, deeply fringed with gold. The Sultaun's own elephant, on which he used to ride, is a fine gentle animal, and esteemed the most beautiful in Asia.

The library of the late Sultaun is singularly curious and valuable, and contains much Brammical learning. There is, besides, several translations of the koran, &c. in different languages, a valuable history of the most distinguished empires in the east, so far back as the year 1000, when the Mahometans commenced their first irruption, all in the original sanscrit, very legible, and in a tolerable state of preservation. There is, too, a correct history, in manuscript, of the conduct and proceedings of the Mogul Tartars, when Timur, or Tamerlane, invaded Hindostan, in 1367; and some particulars of the conquest of the country in 1525, by Sultan Baber, who, it appears, was the founder of the Mogul Dynasty. This library, which, it is supposed, has not its equal in point of antiquity, is to be sent to England by the first fleet.

The coroner's jury, lately, pronounced a verdict, "died by the visitation of God," on a man 94 years old, who suddenly expired in the Marshalsea prison, leaving his emaciated body at the disposal of his creditors.

A gentleman of the name of Sinclair, a relation of the late President of the Board of Agriculture, in England, sailed for Calcutta, early in the last year, under the immediate patronage of the Court of Directors, for the great object of agricultural improvement; more particularly for the immediate purpose of cultivating hemp, an article that promises an adequate reward to patient and persevering industry. The soil and climate of Bengal are well adapted for the growth of hemp. It is in the fenny districts of Lincolnshire, that the best English hemp is produced, immense districts of a correspondent soil every where abound in Bengal, more than sufficient, perhaps, to raise hemp for the supply of Europe.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice, that he will require a loan of £21,000,000, of which £3,000,000 are for Ireland. Stocks fell on Tuesday one per cent. in the contemplation of the loan.

A private letter from a gentleman of Kingston, in Jamaica, to his friend, an officer on board the Dromedary, at Deptford, dated the 8th of December, states the detection of a very alarming conspiracy, which had for its object the massacre of the whites, and the destruction of the colony. The discovery was made by Mr. Smart, a printer; and after enquiry, it turned out that the plot was concerted between the negroes of Jamaica, and those lately imported from the island of St. Domingo, to set fire, at the same time, to Kingston, Port-Royal, and Spanish Town; to break open the stores, stave the rum-puncheons, and massacre all that opposed them. To further their designs, they had got flags printed with emblematical devicess, representing on each a black man and mulatto, mounting a tri-coloured cockade, and a white man, whom the black was depicted as in the attitude of whipping. So confident were the conspirators of success, that they began to parade the streets with these flags, which naturally produced an alarm. The troops were instantly put in motion, by order of Lord Balcarras, the towns protected by the military, and dragoons sent out to scour the country, and suppress any symptoms of insurrection. By these exertions, the consternation at first excited was soon appeased, and the public security restored. Two Frenchmen, apprehended as accomplices, have confessed that the conspiracy was to have been put in execution on the 6th of January, had it not been for the seasonable discovery thus made by Mr. Smart. Some persons of consideration in Kingston are suspected to have been implicated in this infernal plot.

A publican of Birmingham has been fined £20 for using camomile flowers instead of hops, for bittering his beer. The act of Queen Ann, respecting malt liquor, directs, that a fine of £20 shall be imposed upon each person convicted of having used broom, wormwood, or any other bitter ingredient as a substitute for hops. Enforcing the penalties, in all cases of this nature, would create a fund competent to relieve the present necessities of the multitude, and would materially tend to perfect the health of society.

The accustomed sermon, by a Bishop, at Westminster Abbey, on the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles I. was, last January, for the first time, omitted.

The Duke d'Orleans, and his brothers, the Duke de Montpensiere, and the Count de Beaujolais, with Count Montjoye Froberg, Mess. de Pelletier, de la Tullaye, de Perpegna, Hardy, and Bollman, on the 27th January, arrived, by the Grantham Packet, at Falmouth, in 21 days, from New York.

Lord Eldon has been, by patent, appointed deputy speaker of the House of Lords.

The frost was so intense at Leghorn, on the 3d of January, that Reaumur's thermometer was two degrees under the freezing point, and in a few hours afterwards rose to seven degrees above it, thus undergoing a sudden change of nine degrees.

The King of Prussia has subscribed 70,000 dollars (about £11,500 sterling) towards building a new theatre at Berlin, where General Buornonville has been favourably received.

The principal mandarines, whether from a generally received opinion that the use of narcotics are prejudicial to health, or for what other reason we know not, have published a declaration, that, after the present season, the importation of opium is most strictly prohibited throughout the Chinese dominions.

Much inconvenience has resulted to society from the unqualified intimation in the almanacks, and most of the diurnal prints, of what is termed *red letter days, or holidays at the public offices.* It is, therefore, of importance to be universally known, that the Admiralty, Treasury, Secretary of State's, Council Office, Post Office, War Office, and many other departments, have no holiday but the Sabbath; and it perhaps were well for commerce, and consequently for the government and the subject, if the Custom-house, Bank, &c. were upon a similar establishment.

The Bombay Courier contains some particulars of a snake, which tend to illustrate the extraordinary accounts of that voracious animal.—A Malay prow, arriving off the port of Golantalla, in the Island of Celebes, too late to enter it before dark, came to an anchor, shortly after which one of the crew went into the woods in search of beetle-nut. His comrades continued a considerable time in the boat, expecting his return, and were at length alarmed by his cries at some distance. They were armed, and hastened to the place from whence the voice came, but too late to save their unfortunate ship-mate, who had just before been devoured by a snake. Being acquainted with the nature of these monsters, which, having partly swallowed their victims, remain barely animated till their food is a little digested, they advanced to it, and cut of the head, carrying it on board, together with the deceased Malay, whose head, breast, and every other bone, appeared to have been crushed to pieces by the snake, which was 30 feet in length, and about the size of a man's body, having twisted itself about him.

Fire at Bath.—Mr. King, Master of the Ceremonies, on getting into bed, on Tuesday the 4th Feb. threw back the curtains, which were of callico, and touching the candle, were instantly in a blaze; Mr. King endeavoured to pull them down, but without effect, his shirt caught fire, and he was involved in the flames, when Mrs. King, who was at her toilet, and nearly undressed, in the hope of extinguing them, threw herself on him: the room was now in a blaze, when, recollecting the perilous situation of two female servants who slept in the room above, she rushed out of the chamber to awake them, the door closed after her, and it was with extreme difficulty that Mr. King, who was nearly suffocated, could open it. On their reaching the street door, the key was not to be found, the flames spreading with rapidity; at length, however, he forced the lock, and reached the court; but here another obstacle impeded their escape—the gate was locked, and the key kept by a man in an adjoining house. The shrieks of the women induced the assistance of a chairman, to whom, naked as they were, Mr. King lifted them over the gate. Every article in the house was consumed.

By order of the King of Denmark, a lighthouse has been erected upon Lindegna's Point, in Norway, 10 Ells high, and nine square, painted white, to serve as a land-mark in the day, and lighted with coals on and after the 1st of the present month.

A patent has passed the great seal, granting to Lord Loughborough a pension of £4000 per annum.

Mr. C. Taylor has been elected principal Secretary to the Society for the encouragement of arts.

In one of the Gazettes there is a very proper memorandum, superseding Lieutenant ——— Robinson, of the 60th foot, *being a boy at school.*

An action for *Crim. Con.* is shortly expected in Westminster-Hall, in which an Admiral is plaintiff, and an illustrious Duke the defendant. The damages are laid at £10,000.

Mary Banks, a young woman who had applied at the Secretary of State's Office, and made other ineffectual attempts to be sent to Botany Bay, was lately fully committed from Bow-Street, on a charge of having robbed J. Hyet, her father-in-law, which she admitted to have done, having been advised to it, as the only means by which she could accomplish her object.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons:—The Hon. Mrs. West, in Hill-street. The Ladies of the Hon. G. Villiers, of J. Denison, M. P. of C. Bosanquet, Esq. of Col. Hamilton, at the Cape, and of Sir H. Mildmay, Bart. Of a son and heir, Lady Charlotte Carr, at Exmouth. Of Daughters:—The Countess of Antrim. The ladies of Col. Browne, 40th Reg. at Morden, of Sir F. Strange, at Calcutta, and of Dr. Cookson, at Lincoln. Of a still-born child, the Marchioness of Bath.

MARRIED,

Lieut. Col. R. Craufurd, to the daughter of H. Holland, Esq. of Sloane-street. At the Cape, Lieut. Col. Crawford, 98th foot, to Miss Bernard, niece to the Bishop of Limerick. Col. C. Crawfurd, to the Duchess of Newcastle.

DIED,

At Compas, in Hungary, aged 126, a Shepherd, who had never tasted meat, but subsisted upon milk, &c. and who never had an hour's illness. At Berlin, aged 87, Count Fenkenstein, 50 years minister of Prussia. The Bishop of Bangor. At Truro, in Cornwall, on his way to Lisbon, the Hon. Major Gen. Monson. Rear Admiral M. Squire. Sir J. Boyd, Bart. At Augsburg, the celebrated Baron de Steiger. Of a paralytic, the Marchioness of Bute. Lord Lilford. At Nice, aged 37, of an epidemic fever, General Championet, commander in chief of the French army in Italy. In America, C. Washington, Esq. nephew of the late General. Capt. R. Manning, R. N. The Rev. Dr. Warner. The relict of the Hon. and Rev. G. Hamilton. The Hon. W. Fortescue, third son of Earl Fortescue. Aged 28, Dr. J. M. Lettsom. Miss Fitzpatrick, daughter of the General. At Wolfenbuttel, the distinguished Field Marshal de Castries. In Lamb's Conduit-street, Mr. Ellis, of the bruises he received by the pressure of the crowd, attempting to get into the House of Commons, on Wednesday the 29th January. The Hon. Mrs. Adams, sister to Lord Keith. In Jamaica, Capt. Plowden, who was killed in a duel. At Gallenau, aged 88, Peter Duke of Courland, reigning Duke of Saxony. At Dresden, aged 77, F. L. de Wurmb, Minister of State. At Hamburgh, the Countess of Bentinck, grandmother to Admiral Whitshed. At Trincomale, General St. Leger, after a few hours illness. At Bombay, General Hartley. At Bermondsey, aged 79, Mr. T. Keyse, proprietor of the Spa. Mrs. Platt, of Covent-Garden theatre.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MARCH, 1800.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A PAINTING BY DRUMMOND.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

In No. 54 will be given a Portrait of the late George Steevens, Esq. the celebrated Commentator on Shakespere; engraved by Ridley, from the only Original Drawing by George Dance, Esq. R. A. accompanied with an interesting Biographical Sketch.

A portrait of Madame Mara, from a fine Original, and a portrait of Mrs. Mattocks, from an original Miniature, are in great forwardness.

"Select Sentences," by our esteemed correspondent Q. Z. and other interesting communications from the same pen, as soon as possible.

Eclogue the first, by UNA, is received, and the remaining three are requested, at her leisure.

The continued attentions of OCTAVIUS call for our best acknowledgments. We are sorry that the *addition* to one of his favours came *too late* for the press.

Lines addressed to *the Muse*, by P. S. from *Chester*, shall receive the attention to which their poetical merit entitles them.

The *Ode to Beauty*, by GEORGE BULMER, of *Stokesley*, is selected from the rest, for insertion in a future number.

Clermont's Stanzas are precluded by their length.

We shall do all in our power to gratify the wishes of "a friend to the female sex," at *Reading*.

"A New Chapter of Chronicles," if possible, in our next.

The observation of "a Lounger," at *Edinburgh*, is just, and, in future, we shall follow his advice, where the *characters* can be ascertained.

VAGARIUS is an impostor.

The first sonnet of I. R. (*Gloucester*) is admissible; the other must, for obvious reasons, be rejected.

The actors in PIZARRO *positively* in our next.

CRITICAL REMARKS on the text of Shakspere are preparing for publication, by a gentleman well read in Shakspere, and our ancient dramatic writers, and of considerable dramatic skill and experience.

Errata in Mr. Loft's letter on the Century, inserted in our last number.---Page 86, line 27, for "ghosts," read "frosts." Page 87, line 6, after "that in which we are," place a semicolon;--and page 88, line 25, for "OCTRAGINTESSIMUS," read "OCTINGENTESSIMUS."

Edward Jerningham Esq.re

Published by Vernor & Hood, 31 Poultry March 31 1800.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MARCH, 1800.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IF it be a gratifying task to record the progress of GENIUS, that task is rendered yet more pleasing, when the biographer is employed in paying due homage to moral excellence; and when his labours receive an additional reward, arising from the idea that his wreath is not to be thrown upon the grave, but that the object for whom it is intended can still enjoy whatever perfume it may be able to impart. Such is the gratification which attends the present tribute to literary eminence and private worth.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq. is the youngest son of a family long held in the highest respect in the county of Norfolk. The present Sir WILLIAM JERNINGHAM is the estimable head of that family. The family seat is Cossey Hall, near Norwich, a beautiful retirement, which was originally presented to his ancestor, Sir HENRY JERNINGHAM, by Queen MARY, as a recompense for his faithful attachment, and zealous efforts, in supporting her pretensions to the British crown. Mr. JERNINGHAM, very early in life, was placed at the English college at Douay, but soon removed to Paris; where he obtained as much literature, and as many accomplishments, as that celebrated metropolis could enable him to acquire. His immediate preceptor was the Rev. Dr. Howard, who was the president of the English seminary in that capital, and who bestowed all due attention on so promising a pupil. In that seminary there was a large collection of books, which formerly belonged to the unfortunate JAMES THE SECOND. This collection had been presented to the house by Dr. Englefield, chaplain to that monarch. To this library Mr. Jenningham was indebted for his first knowledge of the British muse, as well as for his acquaintance with the languages of ancient Greece and Rome. SPENCER and DRYDEN, it seems, were his first favourite authors. He acquired a taste for allegorical imagery from the former, and from the latter he derived an insight into

men and manners, which restrained the luxuriance of youthful enthusiasm. On the subject of this library, and the royal fugitive to whom it belonged, Mr. Jerningham first courted the Muse, and the success which attended his early composition, rendered him, as somebody says, "*incurably a poet.*" The next poetical labour of our author was founded upon the institution of THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL, which was established about the time of his return to this country. JONAS HANWAY, one of the most active friends to that institution, often declared that its success was, in a great degree, promoted by Mr. Jerningham's elegant and pathetic tribute in its favour.

It would be absurd to trace Mr. Jerningham through all his poetical labours, since they have long been admired by the public, are in every body's hands, and have received warm approbation from the most judicious critics. They have passed through several editions, besides having, most of them, found a place in all collections of fugitive poetry. The last edition is in two volumes, though we understand that the ingenious and fertile muse of the author has since furnished materials which, we hope, will be collected into a third, to complete the works of so elegant a writer.

It has been the fortune of Mr. Jerningham to move in the highest circles, so that he has had the advantage of obtaining that refinement in taste and manners which polished society is so well fitted to afford. To him may be applied, with exact truth, what Pope says of himself.

"Envy must own I live among the great,
"No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
"With eye that prys not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
"Fond to spread friendships, and to cover heats."

Like his great poetical predecessor, he also resided with his mother till she died, at a very advanced age. An affectionate tribute to her memory is to be found in the last edition of his works. Mr. Jerningham has twice wooed the dramatic Muse, and both times with a success which nothing but his own diffidence and delicacy interrupted. His first play was *The Siege of Berwick*, a tragedy, of considerable merit, with great energy in the language, and poetical spirit in the imagery, and with a fable so judiciously conducted, as to excite a strong interest. His second dramatic work was *The Welch Heiress*, a comedy, that painted the manners of higher life with great animation, and that gave a very interesting portrait of rustic simplicity in the heroine, and which was diversified with

many scenes of ludicrous situation and genuine humour. Some opposition prevailed on the first night, but every passage not suitable to the taste of the gross vulgar was removed, and the comedy would, most probably, have been repeated with great success, if the modesty of the author had not withdrawn it from the theatre. It has since passed through several editions.

Mr. Jerningham has displayed, also, considerable merit as a prose-writer, by an elegant translation of selections from the FUNERAL ORATIONS of BOSSUET, and he is now, we understand, preparing for the press, a translation of the best sermons of that celebrated French preacher.

Mr. Jerningham's works have furnished employment to the musician and the painter, and, in every shape, have always been admired by the critic of true taste.

Though so long known in the republic of letters, a republic full as much subject to rivalry, malevolence, and circumvention as that of politics, it has been the singular fate of our author to move on with general respect, till within the last two or three years. The authors of *The Baviad*, and of *The Pursuits of Literature*, without the least provocation, stepped out of their way to give him an unmerited stroke of wanton levity. The former, with the strong wing of satire, had brushed away the gaudy insects of the *Della Crusca* school, who fondly thought the world of poetry was all their own. But Mr. Jerningham's works bear no marks of the glittering frivolity of that school, and are recommended by the acknowledged graces of legitimate poetry. The attack in *The Baviad*, unluckily for the credit of its author, is levelled against Mr. Jerningham as a *pastoral poet*, in which character he never appeared. The author of *The Pursuits of Literature* is still more to blame, in attacking Mr. Jerningham; for, professing himself to be a staunch and rigid champion for virtue and good morals, he ought rather to have borne testimony in favour of a bard whose muse was uniformly employed in supporting their best interests. Mr. Jerningham, however, repelled their attacks with proper spirit; and, with a very happy allusion to his friend GRAY's *Village Hampden*, asserted the rights of his poetical domain. In a former account of Mr. Jerningham, contained in a work that, we believe, has sunk into oblivion, there are testimonies, however, that deserve revival, as they came from distinguished characters, and are honourable to the talents of our author. The late EDMUND BURKE, speaking of *The Shakespear Gallery*, a poem, by our author, of pre-eminent merit, says, "I have not, for a long time, seen any thing so well finished. He has caught new *fire*, by

approaching, in his *perihelium*, so *near* to the *sun* of our *poetical system*." This is a thought truly in the manner of Mr. Burke, and is not an exaggerated tribute of applause. Dr. PARR, an erudite and enlightened critic, in a letter on the subject of ENTHUSIASM, one of our author's best works, gives the following nervous and appropriate praise. "The general plan of the work is well formed. The imagery is striking, without glare; the texture of the whole style is easy, without feebleness. Almost all the lines flow melodiously. Many of the expressions are wrought up to an exquisite pitch of eloquence, and the debate for and against the claims of the enthusiasts is conducted, at once, with the perspicuity of argument, and the animation of poetry." The late LORD HARCOURT, a learned, amiable, and accomplished nobleman, who was a friend of our author, and a warm admirer of his poems, says, in a letter dated from Dublin Castle, in 1773, "I am greatly obliged to you for a late instance of your regard and attention, and for the hopes you allow me to entertain of receiving a copy of your last performance. I take a real pleasure in reading your works, which have every merit to recommend them; and if I am more than ordinarily fond of them, it proceeds from the very sincere esteem which I have for the author. I shall never forget what HER MAJESTY so justly observed of your works, 'that she was sure the author was a man of worth and merit.' I was struck with the justice and propriety of the observation." From this venerable nobleman Mr. Jerningham derived the valuable legacy of the esteem and friendship of the present amiable possessor of his title.

Though we have purposely forborne the needless task of entering into any criticism of works so well known as those of our author, we think it proper to recommend to the attention of all real judges of poetical genius his poem on the rise and fall of the Northern Poetry, a composition that abounds with bold and beautiful imagery, and that, in many passages, reaches the TRUE SUBLIME.

Mr. Jerningham was honoured with the regard of the great Earl of CHESTERFIELD, at whose classic mansion he was a frequent visitor, and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing the concluding stanzas of a poem which our author addressed to that nobleman, and in which, with peculiar felicity, he has contrived to convert an infirmity into an advantage.

Tho' deafness, by a doom severe,
Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
Or Philomel's delightful air;
E'en deem not this a partial ill:

Ah! if anew thine ear were strung,
Awake to every voice around,
Thy praises, by the many sung,
Would stun thee with the choral sound.

We shall conclude our account of this very respectable ornament of the poetical world, with the following elegant *Jeu d'Esprit*, which he lately sent to a lady with his poems.

As o'er my small Parnassus thou shalt roam,
Be the kind Sylph, and not the sullen Gnome;
Some humble flow'rets haply shouldst thou meet,
Ah! crush them not beneath thy careless feet,
But gather'd may they live one happy day,
And own this flatt'ring title—*Thy Bouquet.*

TWO PICTURES FROM NATURE.

FROM

HUTCHINSON'S TOUR TO THE LAKES.

FIRST, A STORM.

THE pursuit which engaged us next morning, was to gain the summit of Skiddow, which, by the winding pass we were obliged to make, afforded a laborious ascent of five miles. The prospect from this eminence, however, well rewarded our fatigue. To the south-west we had a view over the tops of the mountains, one succeeding to, or overlooking, the other;—a scene of chaos, and mighty confusion! This is the prospect Dr. Browne describes by the image of "a tempestuous sea of mountains." Below us lay the lake, with all the beauties of its margin; together with the vale of Keswick, and the waters of Bassenthwaite, as if delineated on a chart. To the south, the hills towards Cockermouth, though less rugged and romantic, are yet no less stupendous. To the north-west we had a prospect of a wide and barren heath, extending its plains to Carlisle, and terminated by the mountains of Scotland. To the north-east we gained the prospect of that spacious circus in which Penrith stands: queen of the vale; overtopped by cross Fell, which forms the most distant back-ground. Whilst we remained upon the mountain, over the hills which lie between Keswick and Cockermouth, *dense and dark vapours* began to rise; and, in a little time, as they advanced upon a south-west wind, concealed those heights we had viewed before clearly and distinctly. Our guide was very earnest with us to quit

the mountain, as he prognosticated the hazard of being *wet*, and of *losing our way*, in a heavy vapour, from a storm then collecting, which, he assured us, would soon cover Skiddow. But the circumstance was too singular to be left by people curious in their observations on natural events. We desired our guide would take care of himself, and leave us to our pleasure: but the good attendant had a due sense of *the impropriety of our wish to be left there*, and determined to abide by us. The clouds advanced with accelerated speed. A hollow blast sounded among the hills and dales which lay below, and seemed to fly before the approaching darkness. The vapour rolled down the opposite valley of Newland, and appeared to *tumble*, in mighty sheets and volumes, from the brow of each mountain, into the vale of Keswick, and over the lakes. Whilst we admired this phænomenon, the clouds *below* us gradually *ascended*, and we soon found the summit of Skiddow totally surrounded, whilst we, *on every side looked down, on an angry sea of clouds, heaving its billows.* We were *rejoicing* at this *grand spectacle of nature*, and thinking ourselves fortunate, in having beheld so extraordinary a scene, when, to our astonishment and confusion, a violent burst of thunder, engendered in the vapour below, stunned our senses. It was *repeated from every rock, and down every dell*, in horrid uproar! At the same time, from the agitation of the air, the mountain seemed to tremble:—at the explosion, the clouds were *instantaneously illuminated*, and, from *innumerable chasms*, sent forth streams of lightning. Our guide lay upon the earth, petrified and amazed; and, in the midst of his ejaculations, accused *us of presumption and impiety. Danger made us solemn*: we had no where to fly for safety; no place to cover our heads. To descend was to *rush into the inflammable vapour* from whence our perils proceeded. To stay was *equally* hazardous; for now the clouds, which had received such a concussion from the thunder, ascended higher and higher, enveloping the whole mountain, and letting fall an heavy shower of rain. We thought ourselves happy, under *this* circumstance, to see the storm returning N. W. and to hear the next clap burst in the plain beyond Bassenthwaite water. The echoes, from the mountains which border Keswick lake, from Newland, Borodale, and Lodone, were noble, and gave a repetition of the thunder claps, though distant, after an interruption of several seconds:—tremendous silence!

Picture the Second, a Serene Night at Keswick, in our next.

HERALDRIC COMMUNICATIONS.

NO. II.

MR. EDITOR,

I SHALL begin with the title of duke, which was used by the conqueror, and all his successors, as a sovereign title, for some parts of their foreign possessions, until Edward the Third, in the year one thousand three hundred and thirty-eight, relinquished the title of Duke of Aquitaine, and assumed to himself the title of King of France. And it was esteemed so high a dignity, whilst it was one of the jewels in the royal diadem, that it never was conferred on any subject, until King Edward the Third, uniting the possession of one kingdom with his pretensions to another, gave it to Edward, his eldest son, whom he created Duke of Cornwall. And even in the improvident and dissipated reign of Richard the Second, it was bestowed only on persons who were descended from the royal line, and nearly allied to the sovereign; with the *single* exception of Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, who was the representative of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and had married a granddaughter of King Edward the Third; and the Plantagenets, in all their subsequent creations of ducal honours, confined themselves to the descendants of the royal family, except in the case of William De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, the unfortunate favourite of Henry the Sixth.

Charles Brandon, created Duke of Suffolk, by King Henry the Eighth, is the first instance of a favourite raised from the rank of a private gentleman*, to the highest hereditary dignity in the disposal of the crown, and that without the advantage of illustrious birth, or alliance with any branch of the royal family.

The rise of John Dudley, to the title of Duke of Northumberland, under Edward the Sixth, was scarcely less rapid than the elevation of Brandon; the difference in their advancement seems to be, that Brandon owed his honours to his master, and that the highest of Dudley's dignities was of his own creation.

The sudden and unmerited elevation of George Villiers, to the dukedom of Buckingham, by James the First, was not, therefore, without an example to give it countenance.

For what was the recommendation of Charles Brandon? He was "a person of comely stature, high of courage, and conformity of

* Charles Brandon, it is true, married Mary, the daughter of King Henry the Seventh, the sister of King Henry the Eighth of England, and doweger of Louis the Twelfth of France. But, as he was created Duke of Suffolk in the *fifth* year of Henry the Eighth, and attended her coronation as Queen of France, in the *sixth* year of Henry the Eighth, it *could not* be either in *consideration*, or in *prospect* of his marriage with that lady, that he was honoured with the dukedom.

disposition to the king; and became so acceptable to him, *especially in all his youthful exercises and pastimes*, that he soon attained great advancement, both in titles of honor, and otherwise." And what is there in all this, that we do not find in the character of Villiers? If it be the "high courage," I believe *that* had *only* been proved at tilts and tournaments, when Brandon was created Duke of Suffolk. And *that sort* of "high courage," as far as was consistent with the altered manners of the times, was equally conspicuous in Villiers as in Brandon. Nor was Villiers of a family inferior to that of Dudley; and, I am sorry to confess, that, to the discredit of human nature, the character of Buckingham, with all its blemishes, has a foil in the life of Northumberland, which gives the favourite of Stuart the *semblance* of virtue, when ranked with the favourite of Tudor.

I do not mean to be the apologist of a weak prince, or of a worthless nobleman, who was himself the creature, and whose honours were the creation, of an unprincely fancy; but, when the blazing language of poets is energetically employed in the scourge of vice, falsely illustrious, and more dangerously mischievous by its elevation, we naturally expect them to select the most striking and notorious offenders.*

George Monk, the great instrument of the restoration of Charles the Second, is an unique example of a commoner, created on the *same* day, and by the *same* charter, a baron, an earl, and a duke. Since that time, though favouritism has not been entirely extinguished, yet it has not been carried to such extravagant lengths as formerly. One family may, sometimes, have felt the impression of temporary jealousy on the advancement of another; but the *ancient* nobility of the country have not been made dependants on the *frowns* or the *smiles* of a Dudley or a Villiers; nor has any person received the honour of a dukedom, who either from virtues, ancestry, fortune, or public services, had not good pretensions to the enjoyment of an exalted station in the country.

From these observations I shall proceed to give, in the first place, a list of the persons on whom the title of duke has been conferred, and shall, afterwards, speak of each title separately, according to the order of creation.

* I allude to the lines of Churchill, which, besides the objection I have already stated, ought to be condemned as giving countenance to assassination.

"Proud Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
"A patriot dagger probed; and from the throne
"Sever'd its minion. In succeeding times,
"May all those favourites who adopt *his* crimes
"Partake *his* fate, and every Villiers feel
"The keen, deep searchings of a Felton's steel."

DUKES CREATED DURING THE REIGNS OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

In the reign of Edward the Third.

Ann. Reg. Ann. Dom.

11 Edv. 3—1336-7—Edward Plantagenet, the king's eldest son, and heir apparent, created Duke of CORNWALL.

25 Edv. 3—1350-1—Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, great grandson of K. Henry the Third, created Duke of LANCASTER.

36 Edv. 3—1362——Lionel Plantagenet, third son of K. Henry the Third, created Duke of CLARENCE.

36 Edv. 3—1362——John Plantagenet, fourth son of K. Edward the Third, created Duke of LANCASTER.

In the reign of Richard the Second.

9 Ric. 2—1385——Edmund Plantagenet, fifth son of K. Edward the Third, created Duke of YORK.

9 Ric. 2—1385——Thomas Plantagenet, seventh son of K. Edward the Third, created Duke of GLOUCESTER.

10 Ric. 2—1386——Robert de Vere, Marquis of Dublin (husband of Philippa, a grand-daughter of K. Edward the Third,) created Duke of IRELAND.

21 Ric. 2—1397——Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Derby, son and heir apparent o John Duke of Lancaster, and grandson of K. Edward the Third, created Duke of HEREFORD.

21 Ric. 2—1397——Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Rutland, eldest son and heir apparent of Edmnud Duke of York, and grandson of K. Edward the Third, created Duke of ALBEMARLE.

21 Ric. 2—1397——Thomas de Holand, Earl of Kent, great grandson, through his mother, of K. Edward the First, and brother of the half blood to K. Richard the Second, created Duke of SURREY.

21 Ric. 2—1397——John de Holand, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of the whole blood to Thomas Duke of Surrey, and of the half blood to K. Richard the Second, and husband of Elizabeth, danghter of John Duke of Lancater, created Duke of EXETER.

21 Ric. 2—1397——Margaret Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas Earl of Norfolk, and grand-daughter of K. Edward the First, created Dutchess of NORFOLK.

21 Ric. 2—1397.——Thomas de Mowbray, grandson and heir apparent of Margaret Dutchess of Norfolk, created Duke of NORFOLK.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth.

13 Hen. 4—1412——Thomas Plantagenet, second son of K. Henry the Fourth, created Duke of CLARENCE.

In the reign of Henry the Fifth.

2 Hen. 5—1414——John Plantagenet, third son of K. Henry the Fourth, created Duke of BEDFORD.

2 Hen. 5—1414——Humphry Plantagenet, fourth son of K. Henry the Fourth, created Duke of GLOUCESTER.

4 Hen. 5—1416——Thomas Beaufort, son of John Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swinford, and grandson of K. Edward the Third, created Duke of EXETER.

In the reign of Henry the Sixth.

3 Hen. 6—1425——John De Mowbray, son and heir of John de Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, was restored Duke of NORFOLK, in parliament.

21 Hen. 6—1442-3—John de Holand, son and heir of John De Holand, Duke of Exeter, who was attainted 1 Hen. 4, was created Duke of EXETER, with privilege to be seated in parliament next after the Duke of York.

21 Hen. 6—1442-3—John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, son of John Marquis of Somerset—grandson of John Duke of Lancaster (by Catherine Swinford)—and great grandson of K. Edward the Third, was created Duke of SOMERSET, but never sat in parliament by that title. His daughter was mother of K. Henry the Seventh.

22 Hen. 6—1444——Henry de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whose mother Isabel was daughter of Edmund Plantagenet, Duke of York, fifth son of K. Edward the Third, was created Duke of WARWICK.

23 Hen. 6—1444——John Mowbray, son and heir of John Duke of Norfolk, confirmed Duke of NORFOLK.

23 Hen. 6—1444——Humphry Stafford, Earl of Stafford, &c. son and heir of Anne, daughter and heir of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, seventh son of K. Edward the Third, was created Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

25 Hen. 6—1447——Humphry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, had a patent for precedence before all Dukes of England and France, except of the blood-royal.

26 Hen. 6—1448——Edmund Beaufort, brother of John Beaufort Duke of Somerset, deceased, created Duke of SOMERSET.

26 Hen. 6—1448——William de la Pole, Marquis of Suffolk, was created Duke of SUFFOLK. He was not descended from any branch of the royal family.

In the reign of Edward the Fourth.

1 Edv. 4—1461——George Plantagenet, seventh son of Richard Duke of York, and brother of K. Edward the Fourth, created Duke of CLARENCE in parliament.

1 Edv. 4—1461——Richard Plantagenet, eighth son of Richard Duke of York, and brother of K. Edward the Fourth, created Duke of GLOUCESTER in parliament.

9 Edv 4—1469-70-George Neville, son of John Marquis of Montacute, and descended from a daughter of John Plantagenet Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of K. Edward the Third, was designed, by K. Edward the Fourth, to be the husband of his daughter Elizabeth, and was created, on that account, Duke of BEDFORD; but the marriage never took effect,

and the Duke, in 17 Edward the Fourth, was degraded from his honours by parliament.—Query, if this *intended* son-in-law of Edward the Fourth has not been mistaken for a son of Edward the Fourth, at least as far as concerns the title of Bedford?

22 Edv. 4—1482——Richard Plantagenet, second son of K. Edward the Fourth, was created Duke of YORK; at least, that is the only year of his being summoned to parliament; and, as his elder brother was then only eleven years of age, it is to be presumed the summons was for his advancement to honour, and not for the sake of his good counsel.

——————George, a third son of K. Edward the Fourth, said to be created Duke of BEDFORD.—Baker, in his Chronicle, states him to have been born at Shrewsbury, and to have died in his childhood; and Mills, in his Catalogue of Honour, calls him George of Shrewsbury Duke of Bedford, and says he was buried at Windsor. K. Edward the Fifth, eldest son of Edward the fourth, was not born until after Geo. Neville was created Duke of Bedford, and it was only four years before the death of Edward the Fourth that George Neville was degraded.—Query, therefore, if any such person as a George, third son of Edward the Foorth, ever was created Earl of Bedford?

In the reign of Edward the Fifth, none.

In the reign of Richard the Third.

1 Ric. 3—1483——John Howard, Lord Howard, son of Sir Robert Howard, Knt. by Margaret daughter of Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, was created Duke of NORFOLK.

R. A.

AFFECTATION IN FEMALE DRESS.

MR. EDITOR.

THE amiable Dr. Granger has, in his "Biographical History of England," at the end of each reign, given a brief account of the habits most generally worn during that period: a future writer, endeavouring to follow the steps of Granger, would find no small difficulty in describing the dresses worn in the reign of George the Third, when fashion varies with the wind.

The habits of the ladies have been, in times past, considered of sufficient importance to call for the notice and interposition of the legislature. In the reign of James the second, of Scotland, about the year 1460, it was ordered "that na woman come to kirk nor mercat, (i. e. to places of public resort) with her face *mussaled* or covered, that sche may not be kend." Notwithstanding this act of

parliament to the contrary, the ladies continued mussaled or *muzzled* during three reigns. In the days of James the fifth, Sir David Lindsay thus censures them, in a poem entitled, "A Supplication directet from Sir David Lindesay, of the Mont. Knicht, to the Kingis Grace, in Contemplatioun of syde Taillis.")

—— Quhen they go to quyet places,
I them excuse to hide their faces;
Quhen they wald make collatioun,
With *onie* lustie companioun:
Bot in the kirk and market-places,
I think they suld not hide thair faces.

He therefore advises the king to issue a proclamation,

Both throw the land, and borrowstonis,
To schaw thair face, and cut thair gownis:

He adds, that this is quite contrary to the custom of the French ladies.

Hails ane Frence lady when ye pleis,
Scho will discover *mouth and neis*.

Muzzled faces, at market, are not at all uncommon in these days. The same statute that prohibited the wearing veils, contracted, also, the enormous excrescence of female trains; "that na woman wear tails unfit in length:" to this exuberance, Dunbar, another Scotch poet, alludes in the following line:

And sic fowill tailis to sweip the calsay clene.

The legislature has not determined what tails were *fit in length*; but this we may collect from a papal mandate, issued in Germany, in the fourteenth century. It is decreed, that the apparel of women, which ought to be *consistent with modesty*, but now, through their foolishness, is degenerated into wantonness and extravagance; more particularly the immoderate length of their petticoats, with which they sweep the ground, be restrained to a moderate fashion, agreeably to the decency of the sex, under pain of excommunication."* The orthodoxy of petticoats is not precisely ascertained in this salutary edict; but as it excommunicates those female tails that *sweip the kirk and causey clene*, and allows such a moderate length to the petticoat, as is compatible with female delicacy, it may be concluded that the ladies who covered their feet, were looked upon as laudable conformists: an inch or two less would have been avowed immodesty; and an inch or two more, an affectation bordering upon heresy. What good effects followed this ecclesiastical censure, is not known: certain it is, however, that the Scottish act of parliament against *long tails*, was equally fruitless with that against

* Ludewig Reliq. Diplom: Tom. 2. p. 441.

muzzling. Sir David Lindsay, in the poem before cited, reprobates the length of female tails.

> Quhare ever thay go it may be sene
> How kirk and causey thay suepe clene.

He adds,

> They waist more claith within few yeiries,
> Than wald claith many score of freiris.

But these capricious vanities were not confined to Scotland alone. In England, as we are informed by several antiquaries, the women of quality first wore trains in the reign of Richard the second, a novelty which induced a well-meaning divine of those times, to write a tract, "Contra Caudas dominarum," *against the tails of the ladies*. As an apology, however, for the English ladies, in adopting this fashion, we should, in justice, remember, as was the case of the Scotch, that it was countenanced by Richard's queen, Anne; a lady not less enterprizing than successful in her attacks on established forms: and whose authority and example were sufficiently powerful to abolish, even in defiance of France, the safe, commodious, and natural mode of riding on horseback, hitherto practised by the ladies of England, and to introduce side-saddles.* It is probable the satire of Sir David Lyndsay, effected more than the ecclesiastical censure—whether it operated so far as to occasion the opposite extreme which followed, it is impossible to say. The custom of going thinly clad, was thus severely reprobated by a Scotch minister—"About the year 1698, the women got a custome of wearing few garments: I myself have seen the young brisk ladies walking the streets, with masks on their faces, and one onlie thin petticoat and thair smoak; so thin that one would make a conscience of sweiring they were not naked."†

"All novelty is but oblivion."—That which was fashionable at the close of the seventeenth century, is *now*, at the end of the eighteenth—nor is the same dress less immodest at present, than it was at that period: the impropriety and indecency of it has been censured, but the evil is not removed: those who make man their study, know the influence the habits and manners of women have upon society; and it is only by preserving their great characteristic, *modesty*, they can preserve that superiority and respect to which they are entitled. *The women should remember the imagination is a busy power*: unhappy consequences are not unfrequently the effects of impropriety in dress, which inevitably fill life with the stings of sor-

* See Ancient Scottish Poems, 1770, and Warton's His. Poetry, Vol. 2nd.

† Pinckerton's Scot Ballads, vol. 1, page 121, notes.

sorrow and unavailing remorse: we are not all Platonists, therefore "lead us not into temptation." There is, in dress, a medium, above negligence, and below affectation, where Propriety resides; and which those who are wise will always observe and adopt. Anecdotes of dress are curious and amusing, "it has been my humble office to collect a few scatter'd sweets," and I trust they will be received with the kindness of the intent. The subject is by no means exhausted; but, knowing how many correspondents claim a place in the "Mirror," who are better able to amuse and instruct, I shall finish this subject here, with a few lines from an author of learning and judgment.

Soft: and o'er female failings lightly pass;
And may *Aglaia lead them to their glass:
Connubial glories rising o'er their head,
As life's domestic happier stage they tread;
There may they look, well pleas'd themselves to find
The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

Pursuits of Literature, Dial. 2nd.

I am, &c.

Stamford, March 11, 1800. OCTAVIUS.

THE GHOST,

A STORY,

Related by the ingenious Mr. Jackson, of Exeter.

IT was shrewdly remarked, by Voltaire, that the early ages of society are times for prodigies. Scotland was not civilized when Macbeth met the witches; nor was Rome, when Curtius leaped into the gulph. People of weak intellects have, at all times, believed in apparitions. It is unnecessary *now* to say, that stories of ghosts are mistakes, or impositions, and that they might always be detected, if people had ingenuity to discover the trick, or courage enough to search out the cause of their fright.

In all relations of this kind, there is, manifestly, an endeavour to make the events as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to cut off all objections which might be made to its credibility. I am about to comply with the established custom, and shall relate a story of a ghost, which, I will be bold to say, has the strongest circumstances of the wonderful, the supernatural, and the well-attested, of any upon

* One of the graces. She dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines:
"Let not *each beauty* every where be spied,
"Where half the skill is decently to hide."

record. The story, as yet, only lives in tradition, but it is much too good to be lost.

At a town in the west of England, was held a club, of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week, to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Ruben's academy, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.

The club, being met on their usual night, enquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to enquire after him, and returned with the dismal tidings, that he could not, possibly, survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight *(the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spectres)* the door opened—and the form, *in white*, of the dying, or rather of the *dead* man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained *in silence!* and *in silence* was he gazed at!!! The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure *all present* of the *reality* of the vision. At length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him.

After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, "If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed. But it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning enquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but *now*, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels. For, in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed laws of nature*, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to *prove that they might be unfixed.* Years rolled on. The story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten; unless when occasionally introduced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice, he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him she should leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember, Mr. ***, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient!* He was delirious, and I feared had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir! But, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid down on the bed, and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES
OF
GAINSBOROUGH, THE PAINTER.

I.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING lately met with a volume of "Essays on various Subjects," by the ingenious Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, published in 1798, my attention was attracted by a short character of the celebrated Gainsborough, as a painter and musical amateur. "Gainsborough's profession," says Mr. Jackson, "was painting, and music was his amusement—yet, there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion." This observation is well-founded: but when the essayist proceeds to relate a series of improbable tales, in order to expose the musical caprice of our great artist; when he represents him to have been so enamoured of Giardini's violin, of Abel's viol-di-gamba, and of Fisher's hautboy, as to conceive that the excellence of each performer resided in his instrument; and lastly, when Gainsborough, who possessed ear, taste, and genius, who sometimes made music *an employment*, is yet said to have scorned to take the first step, never having had application

enough *to learn his notes*, surprise is excited by the contradictory assertion.

Your present correspondent has, more than once, seen Gainsborough *playing from notes*; but not content with his own ocular testimony, he has applied to several musicians of eminence, who had a personal knowledge of that artist, and they unite in opposing Mr. Jackson's statement: nay, one of them assures me, that Abel composed a *fugue* purposely for his friend Gainsborough to practise on the viol-di-gamba:—And could this be done without having learned his notes?

I am told, that the above celebrated artist, and musician, who had once been convivial associates, were, of late years, estranged from each other, and I therefore impute to a *lapsus memoriæ*, what I cannot suppose to have arisen from intentional misrepresentation.

March 3, 1800. ARBITRATOR.

II.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following anecdote was communicated to me by a friend of Mr. Gainsborough, who related the circumstance to a party, a few days after it happened, of which he was one. Mr. Gainsborough dined, one day, at Abel's, the musician, where the company drank very freely. Although much intoxicated, Gainsborough insisted on going home alone. It being late, and dark, in his way thither, he fell upon the pavement, and, being unable to rise, he lay till he fell asleep. One of those unhappy beings who earn a wretched subsistence by nocturnal prostitution, seeing a man of respectable appearance in that situation, from motives of compassion, with assistance, placed him in a coach, and, having taken him to her lodgings, put him, insensible, to bed. In the morning Gainsborough awoke, amazed to find himself in a strange room, with a woman, to whom he was unknown, and ignorant of the manner in which he got there. He now began to reflect on his situation, and, getting silently out of bed, examined his pockets, when he found his pocket-book, with its contents, gone, and also his gold watch. Alarmed for the loss of these, and doubtful how to act, he got again into bed. In a short time after, the woman awoke, and, finding her guest restless, and apparently uneasy, enquired the cause. He told her of his loss, and that in the book were bills to the amount of four hundred and thirty pounds, which he had received the day before. She told him the book and watch were in her possession, and then informed him of

the manner of finding him, and the following circumstances.—It was her misfortune, she said, to be connected with a young man of bad habits and disposition, who, had he returned the preceding night, as she expected, would have robbed him of every thing valuable. After pressing him to breakfast with her, she returned him his property. Mr. Gainsborough very generously gave her the thirty pounds, and, having politely thanked her for her care and attention, departed.

The gentleman who related this singular occurrence so me, said, at the time, that Gainsborough continued a friend to this woman till his death.

Stamford. OCTAVIUS.

OBSERVATIONS
ON
MR. PYE'S PREFACE TO HIS ODE FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

THERE are some truths so clear, in themselves, as neither to require the authority of names to *support* them, nor to permit the authority of names, however great, to *controvert* them successfully. Such, for instance, is the truth, that two and two make four: and nothing, surely, can be more idle, than to vouch the authority of *names* against the authority of simple arithmetical calculation.

The laureat's apology, for the (premature) publication of his ode, on the commencement of the new century, induced me to make this observation. For the time of its commencement had been pretty well discussed, and was, indeed, very generally agreed upon, when the authorities of Dryden and Prior were brought forward by Mr. Pye, to convince us we were mistaken, and to decide its commencement with the beginning of the present year (1800); yet, as if distrustful of the strength of his illustrious predecessors, the poets, he endeavours to form an outwork, to fortify his opinion, in an expression of the act of parliament for changing the style, and reserves a passage in the French Encyclopedie for his citadel, which he finally endeavours to defend, by a motley groupe of clocks, milestones, and carpenter's rules.

I know the ability of the poets, to give "to airy Nothing a local habitation and a name," and feel the profoundest reverence for the dictum of Parnassus, when the council of the sacred Hill, *avoiding argument*, is *content to command*. But when the votaries of the

Nine descend to reason, from clocks, joiner's rules, and milestones, they become inhabitants of the ordinary world, and their opinions may be contested.

The words the Laureat cites from the act of parliament are, "*for the next century, that is, from the year* 1800 *to the year* 1899 *inclusive*;" and, taken even in their strongest sense, go no farther than to shew, that the framers of that act of parliament (whether correctly, or erroneously, is fair for enquiry) had an idea that the 19th century commenced with the commencement of the year 1800. But it was not the intent of that act of parliament, nor in the contemplation of its framers, to fix the time of the commencement of centuries in christian æra. It was designed only to provide a national mode of calculation upon the christian æra, consistent with, and accounting for, the fractional difference between one revolution of the earth round the sun, and the nearest correspondent number of the revolutions of the earth round its own axis; and the whole intent of the legislature, in using the words above cited, being confined to that point, would (varying the calculation accordingly) have been equally answered if 1805 had been substituted for 1800, and 1904 for 1899.

The extract from the French Encyclopedie, relates *only* to the calculation of the *dominical letter*, and not to the calculation of centuries: and Mr. Pye's inference, is, therefore, answered by what I have said of the act of parliament.

And, with the utmost deference for the legislature, and with high respect for the framers of the Encyclopedie, as a learned body, others are certainly at liberty to dissent from any opinion drawn from points which they seem to have concluded, without having considered. For though an act of parliament may ordain by what names, years, or seasons shall be designated, yet, so long as it is admitted that a year consists of a certain number of days, and a century of a certain number of those years, no enactment to the contrary can make them otherwise.

The only question to be determined is, whether there be a day on which christians are agreed to fix the birth of Christ. If there be, and that day be admitted to be the twenty-fifth of December, and to have happened seventeen hundred and ninety-nine years before the twenty-fifth of December now last past, the eighteen hundredth year, from the birth of Christ, must have commenced with the twenty-fifth of December last. But eighteen centuries cannot be complete, until the twenty-fifth of December next, and the nineteenth century cannot commence until the eighteenth century is

complete. Many of our ancient monuments, and monumental inscriptions, which use the christian æra for the ascertainment of time, have the words "anno ab incarnatione Domini." But, I believe, none of them, whose dates can be collaterately ascertained, treat the year immediately proceeding from the birth of Christ as "*an atom.*" The absurdity of Mr. Pye's doctrine of atoms is, that if he demands a *year* by *way of atom*, at the *end* and *commencement* of *each century*, he will make it several years before the commencement of the nineteenth—for his first century would include one hundred and two years; and every century afterwards one hundred and one years: seventeen of which, being added to the first, to make up eighteen centuries, his nineteenth century, on that calculation, would not commence until eighteen hundred and eighteen years were complete. His illustration by clocks, and milestones, and carpenter's rules, is truly unfortunate.—The lines on a carpenter's rule do not represent real spaces, but are imaginary points, without length, or breadth, or thickness, at which one space terminates and another commences. Neither is a milestone a mile, nor is the stroke of a clock an hour. Whereas, on the contrary, a year is an *absolute* and *positive*, not an imaginary, length of time; and the first or last year of a century is as long as any another.

R. A.

INTRODUCTION OF PERFUMES INTO ENGLAND.

MR. EDITOR,

EDWARD HOWES, *Stowe's continuator*, informs us, that the English "could not make any costly wash, or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the Queen, [Elizabeth.] The right honourable Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leathern jerkin, and other pleasant things: and that year the queen had a pair of *perfumed gloves*, trimmed only with four taftes, or roses, of coloured silk. The queen took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands; and for many years afterwards it was called the *Erle of Oxforde's perfume.*"

I am, &c.

Hertford. Q. Z.

CASTLE OF LANGARRAN.

A WELCH STORY.

From the MSS. of the late James Petit Andrews, Esq. F. S. A.

[Continued from Page 75.]

LETTER XIV.

Lord Glenham to Sir George Sinclair.

WHAT, my dear George, shall I do with this generous, fantastical, wrong-headed, good-humoured uncle of mine? I have this moment received a letter—not from him, for I find the gout has seized on his wounded right hand, and he is gone down to Bath—but from old Paterson:—he, you know, was coxswain of his barge; and is now valet de chambre, steward, bailiff, butler, &c. &c. The letter is a curiosity, and, some time or other, you shall see it. It is written in the broad Scottish dialect, and in the true marine language, which, together, form a jargon that would amuse any one not so much interested in the contents as I am. However, the most intelligible part of the pacquet is a bill of exchange on Paris for 500l. which the good old gentleman sends me; lest, as Paterson writes, I should find my credit aground in foreign parts. You see, dear George, that I can have no occasion for your draft, so I return it, in this letter, with the truest sensation of gratitude; and, I give you my honour, I meant to have employed it, had not this very kind and natural supply forestalled my intention. But I must proceed with the tale which the last post had forced me to break off abruptly.

In the afternoon, I returned to the groves of my fair mistress: I found her more cheerful; the arguments of Miss Fitzpatrick had alarmed her fears and awakened her pride. I found my reception obliging, and almost tender; and Theodosia now began to be persuaded, that, to run the risque of being compelled to marry a brute, that she detested, was infinitely more hostile to delicacy, than the granting encouragement to a lover whose character and fortune she had reason to approve, who adored her, and who was by no means the object of her dislike. The consciousness, too, of her own rank, (for, besides his regal descent, a peerage might be claimed by the colonel) had much lessened the dislike which she had manifested to entering into an adverse family.

During this interview, and many others which have succeeded it,

within this last week, matters have been pretty well settled. Religion will place no bar between us. Theodosia generously owns, that, when she left the convent where she had been educated, she was a warm intemperate bigot; but conversation with her father (who appears to be, in general, a man of good sense) and his friends, who are chiefly officers, and their families, has softened her prejudices, and made her see the difference of sects, among the worshippers of the same God, in a light very foreign from that in which her confessor had been accustomed to place it before her eyes. She insists on no stipulation as to the faith of her children:—'Let them follow,' she says, 'that doctrine, whichsoever it be, that affords the most honest and sincere christians. When possessed of an angel blessed with such liberality of sentiment, can I, my dear George, be otherwise than happy?

When we met, yesterday evening, Theodosia told me that I must be gone speedily from Amiens. The time, she said, was nearly arrived, when she expected her father and the dreaded Sir Michael Bourke. I was miserable at the thought of leaving her, and vowed that I would stay, face the odious baronet, and demand her hand of the colonel: but the agonies into which this proposal threw my charmimg girl, at once overturned my plan, and convinced me of her affection. Two duels, she said, must ensue, if I stayed: her father would fight me for clandestinely addressing his daughter, and her lover for depriving him of, what he never had, her heart. In short, she wept, she entreated, she even knelt to me in an unutterable agony, nor would move from her knees, until I swore that I would set out within forty-eight hours; and, in obedience to my oath, I am now preparing for my journey. I am no hero by nature—that is to say, I had much rather let fighting alone, if I can avoid it.

"Not thy uncle John of Gaunt; but no coward, Hal!"

So I was not ill pleased at honourably avoiding an interview with this fierce Hibernian, until his sister and daughter have broke the affair, and cleared up every suspicious circumstance in my conduct. Adieu: I hope to have another line from you before I am off.

Yours, faithfully,

GLENHAM.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Asiatic Researches, Vol. 3, continued from Page 346.

At the time when the twelve tribes removed from Canaan into Egypt, the use of letters was not known in either country. Joseph, at the age of 17, was sold by his brethren, 22 years before the migration. All that time a dutiful son did not correspond with an affectionate father, an omission resolvable only by the non-existence of epistolary intercourse. When the famine had exhausted the pecuniary resources of individuals and families, they exchanged, first their cattle, and next their lands, for bread. At that distressing crisis, so many instances of property transferred would employ many secretaries, if any such were, to execute deeds of surrender and conveyance; yet we read of no written record, private or public, for authenticating such transactions.

On the verbal permission of the sovereign, without letters-patent, royal charter, or other legal form of securing newly-acquired rights, the Israelites took possession of Goshen, without limitation of time. If the modes, now universal, of ascertaining titles to property acquired by gift or purchase, in favour of natives or strangers, were then in use, it is surprising that all such modes were superseded in the instances now under consideration. Moses and Aaron, well knowing the suspicious spirit of Pharaoh, would not have accepted a simple permission, or even a peremptory command, for evacuating the kingdom, without a formal passport, and security for safe conduct, legally ratified, if such documents were then usual. It is not recorded, that Joseph required of his brethren, then living, a written obligation to carry his bones into Canaan: yet their posterity fulfilled his verbal request, after the lapse of 175 years. See Winder, vol. II. p. 26.

At this period letters were in current use among the Hebrews—not among the Egyptians: no evidence can be produced of any book, on any subject, composed by any native of Egypt, in the primeval language of the country, within 1000 years after the death of Moses. The Coptic alphabet, formed from that of Greece, is confessedly modern; and, even in the Coptic character, no historical annals of the kingdom are alledged to have been, at any time, written. Certain it is, that not one treatise of their national history has been trans-

mitted to our age: all our knowledge of ancient Egypt is derived from the Hebrew writers, prior to the Babylonian captivity, and all posterior to Cambyses, from the applauded historians of Greece and Rome; so defective are the monuments of Egyptian literature.

The primitive language of the Arabs was radically the same with that of Chaldea, Egypt, and Palestine. No country boasts a greater number of accomplished writers, in the several provinces of genius, than Arabia; but their best works now extant are comparatively modern, as is the alphabet, now established by prescription.

"Of the characters in which the old compositions of Arabia were written, we know but little, except that the Koran originally appeared in those of Cufa, whence the modern Arabian letters, with all their elegant variations, were derived." Sir William Jones's IV. Discourse, 15th February 1787.

Arabia and Egypt lie in contiguity with Canaan, on the east and west. The progress of letters, an invention too complex for human perspicacity, and, doubtless, the immediate result of divine influence, is now to be traced, by gradual vestiges, to China and Hindustan.

The Phœnicians, as a commercial people, were much better known than the Hebrews, though both had one alphabet, and almost one language; though the Hebrew characters are commonly denominated Phœnician. In this character was composed the correspondence between Solomon and Hiram, king of Tyre, and the letters from Jezebel, a Sidonian, daughter of Ethbaal, king of Sidon, and wife of Ahab, in Samaria; also the epistle of Benhadad, king of Syria, to Jehoram, king of Israel, concerning Nahama's leprosy. Sennacharib's insulting letter to Hezekiah is the first instance of alphabetical writing among the Assyrians, though the elder Pliny affirms, that they had letters from time immemorial. The Greeks were the first of the pagan communities who rose to literary fame, and such was their consciousness of pre-eminence, that they pronounced all other nations barbarians: yet the voice of general tradition reports, that their first alphabet was imported from Phœnicia, by Cadmus, whose arrival in Bœotia cannot be put higher than the beginning of David's reign.

"In Greece, as in other countries, slow was the reception, and partial the progress, of an art so happily adapted for the expedition and ease of correspondence: not to mention its use in perpetuating the records of memorable deeds. One reason for its slow advances to perfection, every where, is obvious: the imperfect state of mechanical knowledge, in framing the instruments and materials for writing, with facility, compositions of a moderate size and portable weight. But whatever were the obstacles to the speedy and diffusive use of written language,

the only example in Homer, of a missive letter in Greece, prior to the Trojan war, is that of Prœtus, king of Argos, committed to Bellerophon. Iliad, I. 169. Prœtus was the third in descent from Danaus, and might have been coeval with Solomon. Long after that war, so few were written compositions in Greece, that Lycurgus first imported, from Crete, a MSS. copy of Homer's poems." Analysis of Researches into the Origin and Progress of Historical Time, p. 397.

[To be continued.]

Gleanings in England; descriptive of the Countenance, Mind, and Character of the Country. By Mr. Pratt. Vol. 4. 8vo. 1799.

Mr. Pratt's former *Gleanings*, of which the present volume is a continuation, were gathered in *Wales*, *Holland*, and *Westphalia*.—He now directs his attention to his native country, and his design, as stated in an advertisement, is "to present a just and honourable idea of this important country, as a whole, from—not a mechanical, not a methodical—but a fair and liberal survey of its parts, taken in several journeys upon its *animated surface*, [how could he travel otherwise?] with *descriptions* from immediate objects, and REFLECTIONS moral, natural, political, and personal; either in connexion with, or arising out of them." Notwithstanding the extent of ground which the author has here proposed to go over, he has, at present, gleaned only the county of Norfolk. If his progress through other parts of the kingdom should be equally tardy, and each county should produce a volume of 600 pages, his sheaves will, in the end, be both sufficiently numerous and abundant to compose a handsome poor man's *harvest*. We rather question Mr. Pratt's right to be considered as a *gleaner*;—we somewhat more than fear that he has furtively availed himself of the gatherings of his neighbours, and been raking amongst lands where he had no title of admission:—neither are we without suspicion that he has sometimes consulted size rather than profit, and that, through solicitude to swell his stock, he has collected stalks and grain indiscriminately:—so that, when we come to give it a threshing, with our critical flail, the chaff will, perhaps, be found considerably to exceed the corn.

In the first place, we must dispossess the *Gleaner* of the fine *sheaf* of history which he calls a Retrospect of the Island of Britain, and which is clearly the property of Rapin and Hume. The poetical *ears* he has borrowed from Richards and Polwhele, Pye, &c. The *pickings* from Patterson, the roadist. The history of mail coaches from Mr. Palmer. A variety of observations from well-known tourists, topographers, and antiquarians. A stale account of Haughton and the Walpole family. Extracts from Mr. Pratt's former works, and from the works of numerous authors of the present and past

times. These are not *Gleanings*, but pilferings from the industrious collections of preceding labourers in the field of literature, who have long since *bound* up their sheaves, and which are now treasured in the garners of the curious.

To drop the metaphor, be it plainly announced that this is a book of *shreds and patches*, which affords no new information respecting 'this important country,' and which can be of little benefit to the 'amiable foreigner,' the 'illumined friend' of our author, who, perplexed by so many contradictory accounts, 'was still at a fault how to settle our national pretensions.' This volume is little calculated to remove the film from his eyes. More useful intelligence, respecting the entire kingdom, might be comprised in a judicious compendium of 50 pages than is here related, of the county of Norfolk, in near 600.

We wish, when Mr. Pratt undertakes to narrate facts, that he would state them with more simplicity and accuracy; that he would disregard the embellishments of fancy, and commute the novelist, *pro tempore*, for the historian. We do not think he builds, altogether, upon "airy nothings," but his objects and incidents are all *worked up* till they bear the hue, and produce the effect, of fiction. No writer is happier in this way than Mr. Pratt, and we have frequently admired the ingenuity with which he has followed the steps of Sterne;—but these sentimental touches must be confined to works of imagination. We do not rank ourselves among the cold and cynical cavillers of which Mr. P. complains, but he will excuse us if we think that he often colours so high as not only to *injure*, but to "conceal the sacred lineaments of Truth."

Notwithstanding these objections, the lovers of desultory reading will find much to entertain them in this volume, and the country is under some obligations to the author for the pains he has taken to place it in so favourable a point of view.

Select Eulogies of the Members of the French Academy, with Notes. By the late M. d'Alembert. Translated from the French. With a Preface, and additional Notes, by J. Aikin, M. D. 12*mo.* 2 *Vols. Cadell and Davies.* 1799.

THE eulogies and the funeral orations of the French have been long celebrated, and M. d'Alembert is universally allowed to have excelled in the composition of them. From the history of the members of the French academy, commenced by that admirable writer, and continued by Condorcet, Dr. Aikin has selected the most in-

teresting articles, curtailing what was tedious, illustrating what was obscure, and omitting what was redundant.

The preface displays the usual elegance and discrimination of the editor, and the additional notes are highly valuable and instructive.

The Villager's Friend and Physician; or a familiar Address on the Preservation of Health, and the Removal of Disease on its first Appearance; supposed to be delivered by a Village Apothecary. With cursory Observations on the Treatment of Children, on Sobriety, Industry, &c. Intended for the Promotion of domestic Happiness. By James Parkinson. 12mo. 1s. *Symonds.* 1800.

WE recommend this tract, as a very useful accompaniment to the 'Medical Admonitions,' of the same author. The observations it contains are simple and concise; obvious to the meanest capacity, and founded upon the successful experience of the most skilful practitioners in physic. The author likewise prescribes for the morals, as well as the health, and seems to be of opinion, that a preventative is better than a remedy.

Fitzmaurice: a Novel. By William Frederick Williams, Author of "Sketches of Modern Life; or Man as he ought not to be." 12mo. 2 *Vols. Murray and Highly.* 1800.

THIS is the production of a modest young man, whose taste has not been vitiated by that wretched cant which pervades the generality of our modern novels. The narrative is conducted with ease and simplicity; the characters and incidents are not overcharged; the style, though not highly polished, seldom degenerates into common place; and the whole is calculated to promote the interests of virtue. The poetry is not below mediocrity.

The new English Spelling-Book, or Key to the English Language; in which its Difficulties are simplified, and its Beauties pointed out, &c. By John Robinson, Mathematician. 12mo. 1s. 6d. *Nunn.* 1800.

THE object of the author, in this publication, is to reform the rudimental instruction of the English language, which his book seems calculated to effect; and we sincerely congratulate those, whose task it is "to teach the young idea how to shoot," on the happy mixture of things really useful and ingenious, with the necessary mechanical part of this work.

The Essay on Emphasis, &c. is short, but combines perspicuity with ingenuity, and will prove an acquisition to persons that want information on that subject.

Much real advantage may result from the use of this manual in public and private seminaries, and it will correct abuses, in the manner of conveying instruction, which have too long escaped unnoticed. The progressive lessons are well adapted to the subject; and the "Domestic Occurrences," are a judicious mixture of prose and verse.

The Vagabond. A Novel. By George Walker. Author of Theodore Cyphon; Cinthelia, or a Woman of Ten Thousand, &c. Dedicated to the Bishop of Llandaff. 2 Vols. 12mo. Lee and Hurst. 1799.

"THE following work is written with a desire of placing, in a practical light, some of the prominent absurdities of many self-important reformers of mankind, who, having heated their imaginations, sit down to write *political romances*, which never were, and never will be practical; but which, coming into the hands of persons as little acquainted with human nature, the history of mankind, and the proofs of religious authenticity, as themselves, hurry away the mind from common life, into dreams of ideal felicity, or, by breaking every moral tie (while they declaim about morals) turn loose their disciples upon the world, to root up and overthrow every thing which has received the sanction of ages, and been held sacred by men of real genius and erudition."

The absurdities of what is called the *new philosophy* are exposed, by Mr. Walker, in this novel, with infinite humour and ingenuity. The system of *Political Justice*, and the tenets of those mad philosophers who have been insulting common sense, and confounding the ignorant with their wild theories, about the *rights of nature*, and the *equalization of property*, are completely overturned. Though this has been effectually done already, by means of essays, treatises, and ponderous and elaborate disquisitions, there are so many readers who turn away, with disgust and contempt, from a dissertation, that Mr. Walker, we think, has employed his talents as usefully as judiciously in representing the impracticability, and the mischievous tendency, of the innovations proposed by Messrs. Godwin and Co. through so popular and entertaining a medium as that of a novel.

The author has certainly executed his task with great ability; he illustrates his design by numerous examples, and, though the subject does not seem to be very favourable to the nature of a production of this kind, it must, in candour, be acknowledged that the author has contrived to interest the curiosity of his readers sufficiently for his purpose, and that, independently of the drift of the work, he has rendered his characters and incidents in the highest degree amusing.

Reginald, or the House of Mirandola. A Romance. By the Author of Melbourne. 12*mo.* 3 *Vols. Lane.*

THE author of the House of Mirandola, is a *terrorist* of the Radcliffe school, and has employed, with some address, the gloomy machinery which constitutes the principal attraction of modern romance. For our own parts, "we have supp'd full with horrors," and have no longer any relish for the undiversified and satiating provision, which our caterers, in this line, are so constantly placing before us.

The Spirit of the Castle, a Romance. By William Charles Proby. Author of the Mysterious Seal, &c. 2 *Vols.* 12*mo. Crosby and Letterman.* 1800.

THIS is a dish composed of similar ingredients to the former, but infinitely more insipid. The style is slovenly, and frequently incorrect; the incidents are confused and incredible, and the publication cannot possibly answer any useful purpose.

Reflections on Men and Things; translated from a French Manuscript of the late J. G. Zimmerman, Author of Solitude, &c. 8*vo.* 5*s. Symonds.* 1799.

THOUGH no posthumous work can materially affect the reputation of the great author of *Solitude*, it were injustice to his memory to assign any production to his pen, which does not come authenticated by the most unequivocal and respectable authorities. We do not consider the *internal evidence* of this work sufficient to authorize any such appropriation, and our readers will, perhaps, join with us in thinking the following testimony, produced by the editor, to be equally slight and unsatisfactory.

'The manuscript was found among the papers of a general officer of the old government of France, who lately died an emigrant in the island of Guernsey. He was long an intimate friend of Zimmerman, and as such was honoured by all who knew him, for he had profited much by so valuable an alliance, his mind being a reflector of all the brighter virtues; and his life was devoted to the benefit and improvement of society. At the time of this gentleman's decease, was found, among his papers, the manuscript of which the public have now a translation, with a note prefixed to the following purport:

"These Reflections were written, at an early period of life, by J. G. Zimmerman; and, as my acquaintance with him was that of a brother, he lent them to me for perusal, at the same time observing that he thought them too crude for the public eye. I read them, however, with much pleasure, and, previous to my returning them to him, (with his permission) took the following copy: still I was desirous of his giving them to the world, which, before his death, he in-

tended; and, towards that purport, had added those notes which I have since transcribed into this copy."

'It appears, however, that Zimmerman never put his intentions into effect: whether he still conceived that these Reflections were not sufficiently finished for publication, or was anticipated in those intentions by death, I cannot determine; the world, however, have them as I found them, and will determine how far I have done right in submitting them to public perusal.'

This is, at best, an improbable account, and certainly requires some better authority than the assertion of an *anonymous* editor, and the declaration of an *anonymous* French emigrant, *deceased.*

Although the volume, therefore, be not without some claim upon the public notice, we think we are thoroughly justified in concluding, under all the circumstances, that Zimmerman is not accountable for any part of these *Reflections on Men and Things*; but that the name of the Swiss philosopher has been borrowed, to increase the cirulation of the volume.

A Companion and useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland; to the Lakes of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and to the Curiosities in the District of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. To which is added, a more particular Description of Scotland, especially that Part of it called the Highlands. By the Hon. Mrs. Murray, of Kensington. 8vo. *Nicoll.* 1799.

AMONG the numerous Guides to the Lakes and Highlands, &c. this volume deserves to hold a very conspicuous rank. It is written, *con amore*, by a lady of considerable genius and sensibility, upon whom the bold and captivating scenery of the north has made so powerful an impression, that she has committed the result of her observations to the press, with no view to emolument, but merely from a desire to assist persons of kindred taste and feeling, who may feel inclined to follow her in the perilous track she has marked out.

The tour is written with elegance and spirit, and contains every degree of information, which works of a similar nature usually afford to the traveller, with the addition of various interesting circumstances, which occurred to the writer, in the course of her romantic ramble.

Mrs. Murray appears to be a woman of the most enterprizing character, and the difficulties and dangers which she has encountered, in the Highlands, display uncommon vigour and activity of mind, and such as fall to the lot of very few persons of either sex.

The Wreath; composed of Selections from Sappho, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, accompanied by a Prose Translation, with Notes. To which are added, Remarks on Shakespere, &c. and a Comparison between Horace and Lucian. By Edward Du Bois.—Small Octavo 6s. large Paper 10s. 6d. White, Egerton, and Vernor and Hood.

[Continued from Page 230, Vol. VIII.]

THE selections from the Greek poets have already obtained from us the praise and attention which the very elegant and accurate prose version of them by Mr. Du Bois so eminently deserved.

These are followed by *coincidences* between Shakespere and the ancients, some of which are so close as to appear to be direct *imitations*; and, if the latter be the case, the learning of Shakespere, which has been so often and so positively denied, is now irrefragably and for ever established. Though we believe nothing to be more capricious and unfounded than many of the discoveries of this kind, which have been made by the critics and commentators upon Shakespere, it will yet be always a favourite and amusing task to trace the congenialities of thought and expression between men of high popularity and genius; and the result of such examinations, when conducted without dictatorial intemperance, will ever be interesting to readers of taste and discernment, whether the passage in question prove a coincidence, a faint resemblance, or a gross and unblushing plagiarism.

Mr. Du Bois has, in this part of his work, displayed the learning and acuteness of Upton, without indulging the extravagant conjectures, or drawing the inconsequential inferences, which are sometimes chargeable upon that author.

Several passages are pointed out in this part of Mr. Du Bois's book, wherein Shakespere is supposed either to have imitated or resembled Plato, Homer, some Greek epigrams, Lucian, Sapplio, Menander, Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, Æschylus, Amyot's French version of Plutarch, &c. &c. Some of the coincidences here noted are so striking, as nearly to amount to conviction, and the whole chapter affords so much novelty, and ingenuity of remark, that we shall venture to insert a few of the articles, in that department of our number which is appropriated, exclusively, to subjects connected with the British drama—a liberty for which we have to entreat the pardon and indulgence of the author.

Mr. Du Bois thinks it probable that these lines of Thompson—

> All but the swellings of the soften'd heart;
> That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind—
>
> *Seasons, I.* 463, 4.

were suggested, in some measure, by a passage in Moschus, Id. δ' Αυταρ ιμοι, &c. and that the following lines, at the close of his Autumn—

> Ver. 1350. O Nature, all-sufficient! over all!
> Endue me with a knowledge of thy works——
> Ver. 1365. But if to that unequal; if the blood,
> In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
> That *best* ambition—

were caught, by a noble emulation, from that glorious effusion of philosophic ardour and poetical sensibility in Virgil:

> Ver. 475. Me verò primum dulces *ante omnia* Musæ,
> Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore——
> Ver. 483. Sin has ne possim Naturæ accedere partes,
> *Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis*
> Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes:
> Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius.

The comparison between Horace and Lucian, with which the volume concludes, is instituted for the purpose of shewing that a Grecian writer has taken a Roman for his model; a fact which, till now, does not seem to have been ascertained. By a fair opposition of parallel passages, from the two authors, it evidently appears that Lucian has adhered to the *Art of Poetry*, with a closeness that implies something more than accidental concurrence of idea. We might object to one or two of the extracts produced in support of this charge, as traceable to an origin unquestionably Greek: the *parturiunt montes* (Hor.) for instance, ωδινεν ορος (Luc.), which was probably in proverbial use before the time of Lucian, if we may trust Athenæus *de Deipnosophistis*; but the evidence, collectively, is decisive, with respect to the imitation; and it is surprising that no notice of it has been taken before.

Mr. Du Bois having thus shewn himself a scholar, a critic, and a poet, we trust it will not be long before we are favoured with a second work, from the same pen, and upon a similar plan to the present. We are persuaded that, from the rich stores of his cultivated mind, the public may reasonably expect much future gratification; and that, through whatever channel he may think fit to dispense them, they will be always received with a hearty welcome.

The Farmer's Boy; a Rural Poem. By Robert Bloomfield.

"A shepherd's boy—he seeks no better name."

8*vo.* 5*s.* *Small* 4*to. Vellum,* 10*s.* 6*d. Royal* 4*to. Whatman's Vellum,* 18. *Vernor and Hood.* 1800.

In the author of this sweetly simple and interesting poem we are presented with another striking illustration of the remark, *poeta nascitur, non fit.* This favoured child of Genius and the Muse, who, with no adscititious advantages of birth, fortune, education or connexion, has produced a poem which may be read with delight, even after Thomson, and, in some respects, may challenge a competition with the *Seasons* of that author, would have still remained in the obscurity which has enveloped his name for thirty years, but for the discriminating judgment and active benevolence of a gentleman whose name will be dear to literature and to society as long as learning, taste, liberal sentiment, and polished manners are held in estimation by mankind. The world is indebted to Mr. Capel Lofft for the discovery of the merit and beauties of the *Farmer's Boy*, and the attention and disinterestedness he has manifested, in conducting the poem through the press, would, alone, do him infinite honour, if, by a thousand other instances, equally creditable to his head and heart, he had not already secured the respect and gratitude of the public.

Before we enter into an examination of the *poem*, we shall give, from the preface, some account of the *author*, that the reader, by being made acquainted with the disadvantages under which the poet has laboured, may be enabled to judge of his claims to the pre-eminent character of genius. We are not aware that the poetical annals of our country have furnished any instance of a writer who has received so little assistance from art and accident. Dodsley, though once a *footman*, had an opportunity of cultivating his talents by an association with the wits of his age. Bruce, the son of a poor *weaver*, and the late unfortunate Burns, lived in a country where poverty was no bar to the acquisition of learning. The education of Chatterton was not wholly neglected, and Falconer, who was bred a *common sailor*, as it is believed, must yet have had some friends, though hitherto they have been unknown, who attended to his earlier years. Of Robert Bloomfield, whom posterity will rank with some of the names we have mentioned, the following is the simple and concise history.

Robert, was the younger child of George Bloomfield, a *taylor*, at Honington, in Suffolk. His father died when he was an infant un-

der a year old. His mother, Elizabeth Manby, was a school-mistress, and instructed her own children with the others. He thus learned to read as soon as he learned to speak.

Though the mother was left a widow, with six small children, yet, with the help of friends, she managed to give each of them a little schooling.

Robert was, accordingly, sent to Mr. Rodwell, of Ixworth, to be improved in *writing*; but he did not go to that school more than *two or three months*, nor was ever sent to any other; his mother again marrying, when Robert was about seven years old.

About the age of eleven, Mr. W. Austin, of Sapiston, employed him in the capacity of a *Farmer's Boy*; but being small of his age, and not likely to get his living by hard labour, his mother, whose tenderness for the lad had not been diminished by the accession of another family, wrote to her sons, George and Nathaniel, *journeymen shoemakers*, in London, for their advice and assistance. The former agreed to take his little brother, and teach him to make shoes, and the latter promised to clothe him.

"She charged me," says Mr. G. Bloomfield, who gives this account of the poet, "*as I valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father*—" an injunction that seems to have been most minutely and affectionately regarded.

In the garret which this worthy man occupied, four other mechanics, of the same trade, performed their daily work, and their young companion was employed to do for them all the little offices of which they stood in need. In return for which they instructed him, by turns, in the craft; and, as his time was of the least value, the task of reading the *newspapers*, of the past day, with which the pot-boy regularly furnished them, now devolved upon little Robert.

He frequently met with words that he was unacquainted with: of this he often complained: his brother, one day, happened, at a book stall, to see a small dictionary, which had been very ill used, and bought it for him for four-pence. By the help of this, he, in a little time, could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, and North.

Thus was the *Farmer's Boy* initiated into the calm delights of study and reflection, and it is pleasing to be told by what trifles the poor lad's thirst of knowledge was progressively promoted. One Sunday, after a whole day's stroll into the country, he was taken, by his brother, to a *meeting-house* in the *Old Jewry*, and was so strongly impressed with the eloquence of the preacher (a Mr.

Fawcet) that, after this, he always quickened his steps to get into the town on a Sunday evening soon enough to attend the lecture. Of Mr. Fawcet, Robert learned to accent what he called *hard* words, and otherwise improved himself; and gained the most enlarged notions of providence. Besides the newspapers, he was accustomed to read the sixpenny numbers of an *History of England*, a *British Traveller*, and a *Geography*; but what chiefly attracted his attention was the *Review* in the *London Magazine*, " and I observed," says Mr. G. Bloomfield, " that he always looked at the *Poets' Corner*; and one day he repeated a *song*, which he composed to an old tune." This song, by his brother's advice, he sent to the editor of the magazine, and had the gratification to see it inserted. This affords another argument in favour of the utility of periodical publications. About this time Mr. G. B. removed to another garret, of which one of the occupants possessed several books, and among them were the *Seasons*, *Paradise Lost*, and some *novels*. These books he lent to Robert, who spent all his leisure hours in reading the *Seasons*. His brother never heard him give so much praise to any book as to that.

About the year 1784 the question came to be decided, between the *journeymen shoemakers*, whether those who had learned without serving an *apprenticeship* could follow the trade. Mr. Chamberlayne, of Cheapside, who employed the Bloomfields, was obnoxious to these people, and little Robert was, consequently, pointed out as one of the *unlawful men*, as they called them. Unwilling that his brother should suffer on his account, the lad, hereupon, withdrew to his native village, and was again admitted into the family of Mr. Austin. Here, with his mind glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery which he found in Thomson's *Seasons*, he again retraced the very fields where first he began to think, and during his present residence at Sapiston it was that he collected the materials which gave rise to the poem now before us.

He was, shortly after, bound apprentice to a Mr. Dudbridge, and his brother, who seems never to have forgotten the mother's solemn admonition, continued with him till he found he could work as expertly as himself. After Mr. George Bloomfield had left London, Robert married a young woman, named Mary Church, the daughter of a boat-builder, in the Government Yard, at Woolwich, and with her he has resided, for some years, in Bell-Alley, Coleman-Street, where, amid six or seven other workmen, in a garret, his active mind employed itself in composing the *Farmer's Boy*.

" Robert," continues Mr. G. Bloomfield, " is a Ladies' Shoemaker, and works for Mr. Davies, of Lombard-Street. He is of a

slender make; of about five feet four inches high; very *dark* complexion. His mother, who is a very religious member of the *Church of England*, took all the pains she could, in his infancy, to make him pious: and as his reason expanded, his love of God and man increased with it. I never knew his fellow for mildness of temper and goodness of disposition; and, since I left him, universally is he praised, by those who know him best, for the best of husbands, an indulgent father, and quiet neighbour. He is about thirty-two years old, and has three children."

Such, in nearly the words of the preface, the order of which we have, reluctantly, disturbed, for the sake of the brevity demanded by our work, is the interesting and unaffected account of the author of the *Farmer's Boy*, which concludes with a prayer "that GOD, the giver of thought, may, as mental light spreads, raise up many who will turn a listening ear, and will not despise

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

[*Remarks on the* POEM, *with extracts, in our next.*]

Chalmeriana; or a Collection of Papers literary and political, entitled Letters, Verses, &c. occasioned by Reading a late heavy Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers. By George Chalmers, F. R. S. S. A. Arranged and published by Mr. Owen, Junior, of Paper Buildings, Inner Temple; assisted by his Friend and Clerk, Mr. Jasper Hargrave. Reprinted from the Morning Chronicle, in which they first appeared. Collection the first. 8vo. *pp.* 99. *Becket.* 1800.

MR. *Jasper Hargrave*, is a man of more wit than argument, and the former is frequently so obscure as to stand in need of an interpreter. Mr. Chalmers has undoubtedly laid himself open to chastisement, as well for the *manner*, as the *matter* of his *Apologies for the Believers in the Shakespere Papers*; and an author, who has treated his opponents with so little ceremony, can expect no quarter when he himself falls into the clutches of the enemy. *Jasper* is a strenuous advocate for Mr. Mathias; and the letter, in which he calls Mr. Chalmers to account for his severe attack upon the character of that gentleman, is the most valuable of all the *papers* exhibited in the present collection.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

MACKLINANA.

[No. XIII.]

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES MACKLIN, *Comedian.*

PATRIOTIC SPEECHES.—Sheridan's refusal to suffer the speech in Mahomet to be encored, at the desire of the audience, was the occasion of all the consequent disturbances. The English audience encored a speech, in the part of *Raymond*, in the *Spanish Fryar*, in the meridian of Sir Robert Walpole's power. Havard played the character, and obeyed the encore, which was heard with a most still and awful attention, and followed with loud and repeated huzzas.—The same thing happened two or three times in the same season: the call of the public was obeyed, and the spirit died away, not being opposed by the actor, manager, or any part of the audience. Had it been opposed, the practice would, no doubt, have been established, and in fashion to this day, in all probability; which would not have done any harm to the stage, and would have been a check upon bad *ministers*, if ever such a *phenomenon* should be! and to bad KINGS.

SHAKSPERE'S STYLE—Has been found fault with, by Dryden, and many others. I maintain that he was as superior in style, as in thinking and character. His acting, indeed, was bad. Why? Because he was a writer. The qualities and habits of each are opposite, and in contest for superiority. This I have experienced:—Colley Cibber experienced it.

THEATRICAL MANAGEMANT.—A monopoly was once seriously intended, by Messrs. Harris and Sheridan. They began by borrowing one another's performers, by which they thought to save a great part of the expence of actors and actresses. The continuance of this measure would have proved the ruin of the profession. An account of the managers, from the death of Wilks, who was a man who moralized all the managers and actors with whom he had any intercourse, notwithstanding the sneers and sarcasms of Cibber, would be an entertaining history. A theatre can never flourish but under actors.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MACKLIN TO MR. LEWIS.—Dear Billy; my wish to serve the state is as *egre* [eager] as love or

vanity, in female youth and ignorance, prompted, by opportunity, to enjoy her desires. But if you can do without me, pray do—for the week—after next Thursday. I cannot write when I will: I am now in a happy mood. I shall have my will of my muse, in my present address to her, in eight or ten days. That allowed me, by the manager, will make me happy all the season. If I neglect her now, at this juncture, I shall not be able to say when I can finish what I am about. My dullness, I fear, or passion for correctness, or whatever ignorance or criticism pleases to call my delay, must answer for, and bear the disgrace of it: but act on Thursday next I can not. I should not, because I could not be perfect; my memory is so enslaved by imagination and creation. Yours,

CHARLES MACKLIN.

COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS.

SHAKESPERE.

From the Wreath, by Edward Du Bois.

THERE is a passage in Shakespere that has great resemblance to one in Plato. It is so exquisitely beautiful, that it will be an abundant recompense for transcribing it farther than the point of analogy requires. It has, indeed, in perfection the sweetness, richness, refined allegory, and divine enthusiasm of the poetic philosopher.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep on our ears—soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: *look, how the floor of heaven*
Is thick enlay'd with pattens of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring *to the young-ey'd* cherubin.
Such harmony is in immortal *souls!*
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Merch. of Ven. Act. V. Se.

The reading, *close us in*, here conjecturally given, seems most probable. *Beholdest* is smoother, and is more like the style of those times, than *behold'st* with an elision.

The correspondent passage of Plato, is in his *tenth* book *De Republica*; where he terminates with the *harmony* of the *Spheres*, and represents a Syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the

heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony; the *Fates* themselves chaunting to this celestial music.

Επιδε των κυκλων αυτε ανωθεν εφ' εκαστυ ςεςηκεναι ΣΕΙΡΗΝΑ συμπεριφερομενην, φωνην μιαν ιεισαν αγαλονον· εκ ΠΑΣΩΝ δε ΟΚΤΩ ουσων ΜΙΑΝ ΑΡΜΟΝΙΑΝ ΣΥΜΦΩΝΕΙΝ. Plat. Πολιτ. I. Vol. II. 346. Masseys Cantabr. 1713.

It may be that our poet, who never appears to have lost his early imbibed (though, perhaps, not far pursued) taste for *Latin* poetry, and who could say, at sixteen, in his *Epigraphe* to his *Venus* and *Adonis*,

> Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
> Pocula Castaliæ plena ministret aquæ;

had this from the elegant and melodious *Politian*,

> Stellantesque globos sua quæque innoxia *Siren*
> Possidet, ambrosio mulcens pia numina cantu. *Polit. in Nutrice.*

That poets should be particularly fond of MUSIC seems to be nearly as much to be expected, as that they should be admirers of BEAUTY; *elegantes formarum spectatores.* Of none, perhaps, this has been so strikingly true, as of Shakespere and Milton.

Shakespere abounds in songs exquisitely adapted to music; and he abounds, like Plato, with allusions from it to CIVIL POLITY and the MORAL HARMONY of life.

Thus in Troilus and Cressida:

> *Take but degree away, untune that string,*
> *And hark, what discord follows: each thing meets*
> *In meer oppugnancy.*

And in another place:

> ——— *the thing of courage,*
> *As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;*
> *And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,*
> *Returns to chiding fortune.*

The style of *Troilus* and *Cressida* is quite singular. More declamatory, it is true, than dramatic: but full, musical, sonorous; of a platonic dignity; abounding in high and weighty aphorisms, in the more elevated metaphysics of poetry, and, often, in a turn and manner classically antique.

Shakespere, like most men of fervid imagination and strong feeling, (and pre-eminent he was in both) varies his style so much, that scarcely any two of his plays, perhaps, can be found, which are not characteristically different, in this respect. But, generally, there

runs through the same play a certain colour of style, a certain harmonized tone of manner, not, perhaps, so much the effect of design, as of the tincture imbibed from his then latest studies, or of the key given to his composition by the actual state of his sentiments and feeling, which modulated the rapid energies of his diction and numbers accordingly*.

KOTZEBUE *versus* CUMBERLAND.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE this day received, from Baron Kotzebüe, an appeal to the British public, which he requests me to translate, and insert in the most respectable publications in this country. I shall, therefore, be obliged to you, if you will give it a place in the Monthly Mirror.

I am, Sir,

Nottingham, 25th *March*, 1800. Your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

SUUM CUIQUE.

FROM respect towards the British public, which has honoured some of my dramas with its approbation, I declare that *all* those passages of my play entitled "Joanna," which are very justly censured in "The London Evening Post" of the 18th of January, *did not originate with me*, but are added by the translator. The Hermit and Wolf make no political remarks in my piece. The latter is not degraded to the rank of a mere jester, but is an honest, faithful old man, who thinks of nothing so little as of hunting after witticisms. I have not seen the English version; but, if more alterations of this nature be introduced, I hope the public will not take them into consideration, when deciding on the merits or demerits of *my* piece.

(Signed) A. G. KOTZEBUE.

Weimar, 6*th Feb.* 1800.

* It may not here be amiss to observe, that Horace seems to have imitated Cicero in a musical allusion,

Compare,

Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis
Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ: Ep. II. 2. 143.

with,

Ut in *fidibus*, aut in tibiis, quamvis paulum discrepent, tamen id a sciente animadverti solet: sic videndum est in vita, ne forte quid discrepet; vel multo etiam magis; quo major et melior actionum, quam sonorum est concentus. *De Officiis*, I. T. iv. 491. Ed. Lambini 1588.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BRUSH MAKERS.

——— κοτέει καὶ τέκτονι τέκτων.* HESIOD.

Two brush makers of no renown,
Long had been rivals in the town—
Whate'er *Jones* ask'd you for a sweeper,
The other quick would sell you cheaper:
This conduct strange so much oppress'd him,
That meeting once, he thus addres'd him:

"I *steals* the stuff, to save my pelf,
"And then I *makes* them up myself;
"So cannot think, though oft I try,
"How you can cheaper sell than I?"
"I'll tell you, friend," the other said,
"I *steals* my brushes ready made!"

JOE.

SONNET.

PENMAN-MAWR.

PRODIGIOUS PENMAN-MAWR! whose stature fills
With wild delight the wond'ring mind of man!
Monarch of beetling rocks, and rugged hills;
Vast buttress of the main!—thou land leviathan!
O'er thy bleak brow when *Iris* colour-proud,
Far from the waves hath wrapt her crescent warm,
(The vaulted sky thy roof—thy cap a cloud)
The seaman's certain sign, that soon shall rise the storm!
How have I seen thee, when the vengeful wave
Split its white fury on thy Druid face,
Mock its proud might, till it hath ceas'd to rave,
And the spent surge ran rippling round the base:—
So stands stern TRUTH, in batter'd grandeur bold,
Tho' mad'ning Malice roar, and fretful Falshood scold!

Holyhead, Nov. 12, 1799. G. D. HARLEY.

* "Two of a trade never agree."

NOTICES OF CELESTIAL PHÆNOMENA.

MERCURY.

MR. EDITOR,

I APPREHEND that the underwritten may be acceptable to several of your readers.

The *planet* MERCURY will probably be seen for 3 or 4 days from the 1st of APRIL, from about 20 min. after sun-set, in the WEST, a little *southward*, nearly in a line with the bright star β in the head of ARIES, but before it somewhat considerably. This space of the heavens being very thin of stars, and the planet then advancing from its greatest elongation, 31 *Mar.* towards its *inferior conjunction*, if the sky should be clear, it may be expected to be easily visible to the naked eye, and of a gold-colour'd brightness, inclining to a reddish tint. It may probably be seen on the 25th of this month *(March)*, near the star π, in the *Band* which ties the FISHES; but much nearer to a small star eastward of and below π. *Mercury* having *North Declination* at the time, will be the more elevated above the horizon, and the better discern'd. He is so rarely seen with convenience, that the times when he is likely to be so are worthy of being noted.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

There has been lately a considerable number of *cluster'd spots* on the SUN.—These were very conspicuous on the 5th; 11 A. M. They then composed three pretty large clusters: and at the least a dozen spots could be counted, with a power of about 50; some of them so minute as probably not to exceed a *second* in diameter, yet well defin'd and opaque. They were much farther from the sun's equator, than I recollect ever to have seen any, and seem'd as if they would pass over the disk, by his rotation, under a small arc of about 30°, as being near the *vertex*.

C. L.

20 *Mar.* 1800.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

FEB. 22.—*Castle Spectre.*—Angela by Mrs. Yates, the widow of the unfortunate Lieutenant Yates, who was killed, at Pimlico, a few years back. This lady's first appearance on the stage was in the Grecian Daughter, at the Hay-market theatre. She next performed *Mandane*, in *Cyrus*, for Mr. Hull's benefit, at Covent-Garden. These were previous to the unfortunate event of her husband's death, which occasioned her to take a benefit at the Hay-Market, when she sustained the character of *Margaret of Anjou* in the *Earl of Warwick*. She afterwards accepted an engagement in Dublin, where she remained two or three years, and, last summer, formed one of the company at Liverpool. This is, briefly, the theatrical history of Mrs. Yates. She possesses an excellent figure, an expressive countenance, and a clear and powerful voice. Her deportment is dignified, and free from embarrassment, and her style of acting is bold and impassioned. In the part of Angela, she displayed considerable judgment, feeling

and animation, and her exertions were rewarded by the loud and reiterated plaudits of the audience. We rather think, however, that her *forte* lies in the more weighty and heroic cast of the drama, to which, also, her personal requisites, as well as her professional acquirements, seem expressly calculated to give effect.

MARCH 18.—*The Country Girl*—Mrs. JORDAN, the inimitable *Hoyden* of the stage, was this evening welcomed, after too long an absence, with a warmth which proved that she has not lost any portion of that popularity which her admirable comic talents have so deservedly gained her. The papers informed us that she intended, if her modesty and feelings had been equal to the task, to have delivered a poetical address upon the occasion. That address has been *printed*, and we rejoice that the actress had the good sense to decline a *recital* which must, inevitably, have injured her in the good opinion of the public, and divested her of all pretensions to feeling and modesty in future. It is a miserable jumble of doggrel and egotism.

11.—*The Egyptian Festival.*—With the exception of *Pizarro*, this is one of the most magnificent *spectacles* the stage has for some time produced. The dresses, in which the ingenious Mr. Johnston has attended with particular accuracy to the *costume* of the country, are remarkable for splendour; the decorations have been unsparingly bestowed; and the scenery, which is locally correct, is among the most successful efforts of Greenwood's pencil. Mr. Franklin, the author of the opera, has answered every purpose of the spectacle, without being guilty of those egregious violations of dramatic propriety, which so generally occur on such occasions, and which are, indeed, almost inseparable from the nature of this species of entertainment. The serious business of the opera arises from the cruelty and injustice of *Mustapha Muley Bey*(a), who drives *Ali Hassan*(b) from his possessions, and confines him in a cell belonging to the Castle of Pharos. The people believe him dead; but his son, *Murteza*,(c) presenting himself unexpectedly before the tyrant, the latter declares that he fell by the hand of an assassin, whom, as a punishment for the offence, he had confined in the *Castle of Pharos*. *Murteza*, eager to avenge his father's death, hastens to the dungeon, and, at the moment he is about to destroy the supposed assassin, discovers in him the features of his injured parent. The keeper of the prison, (d) had received orders from *Mustapha* to murder the son, when he had accomplished the destruction of *Ali Hassan*, and to cast both their bodies into the sea: but his affection for the injured chief, of whose rank he had till then been ignorant, prompts him to disobey the mandate; and, on the contrary, he assits them in making their escape. *Hassan* and his son now join the forces of the English governor, (e)whom *Mustapha* had offended, by forcibly detaining in his power a young lady, *Violetta* (f)previously under the governor's protection, and other acts of hostility. An attack is consequently made upon the fort whither the Bey had retreated for security, and, after a desperate conflict, which forms one of the most interesting stage exhibitions we ever witnessed, the Egyptian tyrant closes his career of guilt and barbarity.

The comic characters consist of *Uscola*, (g)an Egyptian gaoler; *Longbow*, (h) a confidential domestic of the Governor's; *Jackina*, (i) his sweetheart, who had

(a) Mr. Raymond. (b) Mr. Holland. (c) Mr. C. Kemble. (d) Mr. Caulfield. (e) Mr. Powell. (f) Miss Stephens. (g) Mr. Suett. (h) Mr. Bannister, Jun. (i) Miss Le Camp.

followed him from England in the disguise of a cabin boy; and *Nigra* (k) a slave, in attendance on the princess *Zemira*, (l) daughter to *Ali Hassan*, whom *Mustapha* had married against her will.

The scenes in which these characters are engaged, afford a pleasing relief to the rest of the opera, which possesses, upon the whole, as much literary, lyric, and dramatic merit, as productions of a similar nature in general pretend to; and which, as a vehicle for the attractions of *dance*, *song*, *procession*, *dress*, *scenery*, *mechanism*, and *bustle*, is entitled to rank among the most respectable efforts of the kind.

Madame Mara, made her first appearance on this stage, in the part of *Zemira*, and displayed that exquisitely finished taste, and neatness and rapidity of execution, for which, above all other singers, she is remarkable. Her power of voice, too, seems to have returned, and the sweetness and flexibility of her tones, are as delightful and efficacious as ever. Her *bravura*, in the first act, *Ye spirits dark*, exhibited every excellence of which the science is susceptible, and the audience testified their satisfaction and admiration by repeated bursts of applause.

Originality and learning are happily combined in the music of this piece, which reflects extraordinary credit on the composer. Mr. Florio has shewn unquestionable marks of GENIUS in his melodies, and of *skill* in his accompaniments. The two first movements of the overture are striking and appropriate, and the finale light and pleasing. The *obligato* accompaniment to one of Madame Mara's songs [we must observe, however, a piano forte is by no means calculated for *theatrical* effect] affords an opportunity to Mr. Florio of evincing his skill and finished execution on that instrument. Mrs. Bland has a very pathetic ballad, which she sings with her usual captivating simplicity; and the delightful duetts between her and Mara are executed with equal felicity. Miss Stephens and Miss De Camp appear likewise to much advantage. Trueman, in the character performed by Kelly on the first night, takes a part in a *trio*, correctly and respectably.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Mr. Morton's clever and interesting comedy of *Speed the Plough*, which is now arrived at its thirtieth night, has been the sole attraction, at this house, durthe past month. No novelty appeared till the 26th of March, when a musical piece made its appearance, under the title of *Saint David's Day*. It is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, and, without possessing any originality of character or incident, or any other particular merit, has several entertaining points in the dialogue, and is otherwise so agreeably put together, that, with the aid of Mr. Attwood's music, and the fine acting of Munden, Fawcett, and Townshend, we should hope the farce will prove productive both to author and manager. The object is to exhibit, in a favourable point of view, the simplicity, feeling, hospitality, and honesty of the Welch character.

The music is partly a selection of old Welch airs, and in part original composition. The overture is a *melange*,—and, assisted by Weippert's *harp*, has a pleasing effect. A *duet* and *trio* are taken from *True Friends*, the late unsuccessful afterpiece, which were too valuable to be suffered to perish with the piece. We are glad to witness the success of Mr. Attwood, on the present occasion. In addition to a more than common portion of musical science (acquired under Mozart) he possesses the well cultivated understanding of a scholar, and the mild and conciliating manners of a gentleman.

(k) Mrs. Bland. (l) Madame Mara.

MEMORANDA MUSICA.

Italian Opera—King's Theatre.

THE opera of *I Zingari in Fiera*, affords an opportunity to Signora BOLLA, of displaying her talents both as a singer and a comic actress. This lady's voice is extensive in compass, powerful, and clear; and her manner is sprightly and unembarrassed. We must observe, however, that her *graces*, *trills*, *appogiaturas*, and *cadenzas*, are too *frequent*, and too *affected*. We cannot impress too forcibly on the singers at the opera, that in endeavouring to gratify a vitiated taste, they often destroy the simplicity and beauty of the *melody*.

The new ballet of *Hyppomene et Atalante*, is composed by D'Egville. The story of the *race*, and Venus's *golden apples*, is well known to the classical reader; and the *ballet master* has certainly made the most of it. The fable of *Nessus* and *Hercules* is given as an underplot; and thus all the chief dancers (with the exception of *Madame Rose*, who is indisposed) are furnished with ample, and nearly equal opportunities of exerting their talents. *Deshayes*, the new principal, possesses uncommon nerve, agility, grace, and expression. Parisot is the *Atalanta*, and the rapidity of her motion seems to give probability to the mythological fiction. Laboric, D'Egville, Didelot, Madame Laborie, and the Hillisbergs, add considerably to the attractions of this elegant ballet, which has received every decorative aid that taste and liberality could suggest.

The MUSIC, however, is entirely compiled from the works of Pleyel, Martini, Kreitzer, &c. &c. Why is this? The subscribers have a right to demand *original composition*, not SCRAPS from old *overtures* and *quartettos*.

Report states, that Mozart's Zauberflotte* is to make its appearance this season. If so, it will be an exquisite treat to the musical amateur, and a just tribute to the memory of that great master. When Mozart resided at Vienna, he produced a number of Italian operas, of acknowledged excellence; yet, as he was a *German*, the *Italian party* retarded their production, and when, by the emperor's authority, any of Mozart's pieces were performed at the *Italian opera*, they were so *mutilated*, that the composer determined to try the experiment of writing an opera, in the *German language*, for the *national theatre*. This greatest effort of Mozart's original and unbounded genius, was called the Zauberflotte.

The musical world have to regret, that this admirable composer died at the early age of thirty-four; not (as has been invidiously asserted) of the consequences of dissipation, but of a scarlet fever. Mr. Clementi, we understand, is preparing a correct and complete edition of all Mozart's productions. His posthumous fame cannot be in better hands.

Salomon, the excellent leader of as able an orchestra as any in Europe, should intimate to his *bowmen*, that the accompaniment of the band is frequently *too loud*. The well arranged instrumental parts of the Italian opera, constitute, without doubt, a chief portion of its excellence; but the performers should recollect, that the SINGER is the *first*, the ORCHESTRA the *secondary object*.

ORATORIOS—COVENT-GARDEN.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success," nor has Mr. Ashley altogether *deserved* it. The singers engaged this season, though in general highly respectable, are not among the *prime commodities* of the market. We have observed,

* Enchanted Flute.

also, a number of very *strange faces* in the orchestra, *annuals*, we presume, of the managers *bringing forward*, to the exclusion of many favourite and highly deserving instrumental performers.

EIDOPHUSIKON, PANTON STREET.

We are much concerned to state, that in the late fire, which commenced in a brothel opposite the Tennis Court, in James Street, Haymarket, and made its way from thence into Panton Street, the Eidophusikon was entirely consumed. It was the property of Mr. Chapman, husband of the lady of that name at Covent-Garden theatre, and not being insured, Mr. C. suffers a loss of between 6 and £700 by the accident. The apparatus of Mr. Wilkinson, the performer on the musical glasses, was also destroyed, and we are sorry to add, that the *learned dog*, whose sagacious tricks were so much admired, perished amid the flames.

A sergeant of the 2d regt. of guards, of the name of Poole, stepped on a skylight, belonging to the roof of an adjoining house, and falling through, was killed upon the spot. In falling he made an effort to lay hold of Mr. Emery, the comedian, who stood next to him, but, fortunately for the actor, the attempt was unsuccessful.

RAIMONDI'S CONCERT—WILLIS'S ROOM.

With the principal aid of the first vocal performer in this country, we mean Madame Mara, aided by the novel attractions of Damiani, these concerts have been, and are likely to continue to be, extremely productive.

MRS. FRANKLIN'S CONCERT, WILLIS'S ROOMS.

Thursday, March 27th.

This evening was indeed an assemblage of musical excellence. Raimondi led the band. Mr. Masi performed a concerto on the piano forte, composed by himself. Lindley's concerto on the violoncello, and Miss Du Park's performance on the harp, were equally entitled to our applause.

The great treat of the evening was Shield's *Battle Song*, from the Italian Villagers, sung by Incledon, and accompanied by Major, which was loudly and deservedly encored. Mrs. Franklin, Mr. Dignum, and Master Gray, from Bath, were each of them happy in their respective airs.

MILTON GALLERY, PALL-MALL.

Fuseli has again opened his exhibition of pictures, from the sublime poems of Milton, with considerable additions. This ingenious artist has given some delicate touches, which have greatly heightened the effect of those exhibited last year. The pictures which are added, evince an inexhaustible source of genius and fancy, in the mind and pencil of Mr. Fuseli.

MAILLARDET'S EXHIBITION, SPRING-GARDENS.

We are much gratified in saying, that the proprietor and inventor of the interesting curiosities contained in this elegant room, has had, during the late fine weather, his full portion of fashionables.

By means of a glass instrument, furnished with a patent lamp, all the effect of sun-light, is now thrown on the brilliant and varied coating of his preserved *natural* insect—the beautiful and curious native of a foreign kingdom

LYCEUM.

Since our last, Cartwright's exhibition has had a powerful accession in Miss Cartwright. Her performance on the Musical Glasses *sola*, and in concert with her father, affords an exquisite treat for the *amateur* of the purest "concord of sweet sounds" we have ever witnessed.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

BROOKS, of Bath, is appointed leader of the Vauxhall band next season, in the room of Mountain, the able Covent-Garden leader, who resigns.

Mrs. Mountain, has also relinquished her situation at the same place, and will appear, much to the satisfaction of the public, on the boards of the Haymarket theatre, where several new arrangements are talked of. Mrs. Harlowe summers it in the country, and Messrs. Emery and Farley, of Covent-Garden, will be included in the company. The latter is to use his endeavours to counteract the attractions of the places of public amusement in the suburbs, and few men are, in every respect, so competent to the task.

Janieviez, the celebrated violin, combines the *utile* with the *dolce*. He is *married* at Liverpool; leads the *concerts*; and is, *(à la Liverpool)* a *man of business*.

Mrs. Merry, the widow of *Della Crusca*, returns next season to the Covent Garden boards; and her brother, Mr. J. Brunton, makes his *debût* there at the same period.

The new tragedy [*De Montford*] forthcoming at Drury, is one of a series of plays lately published, the production of a lady, [supposed to be Mrs. Hunter]. It is founded on the passion of *hatred*, and will have the advantage of some music by Kelly, Shaw, and Walsh. Mr. Kemble, who was struck with the merits of the play, upon perusal, furnishes the additions which have been thought necessary for the *stage effect* of the piece..

The management of the Drury-Lane company, will again devolve, next season, upon this gentleman, who, if report is to be credited, has also purchased a share in the property of the theatre. This is as it ought to be. The admirers of transcendant talent will join us in wishing him every prosperity in the undertaking.

A new comedy, written expressly to exhibit the comic powers of Mrs. Jordan, by the ingenious and very successful Prince Hoare, is expected to precede the tragedy.

A comedy from Mrs. D'Arblay, a tragedy by Mr. Pratt, a play from the inexhaustible Cumberland, a farce by Mr. Fenwick, translated from the French, and an opera by Dr. Houlton, with Hook's music, are the only additional novelties of which we have heard any mention.

Dimond, it is said, retires from public life, at the end of the present Bath season; and Elliston, the animated young actor at the head of that company, is to sway the theatrical sceptre in his stead. We wish him a long and prosperous reign over the *hearts* both of performers and inhabitants. Lamash, once the *Lothario* of Drury-Lane, died lately, in great distress, at Edinburgh.

The public may soon expect to see Garrick, Cibber, Pritchard, &c. restored to the stage; for the managers, it seems, have discovered the art of *revivification*. Lætitia Hardy was performed, a few evenings ago, by *the late Miss Betterton*.

THEATRICAL DISPUTE.

THE performers of Covent-Garden theatre, of whose well-penned Statement of Grievances we gave an abridgment in our last number, having received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of a Memorial addressed to that nobleman, the following paragraph appeared in the Morning Herald of the 14th of March, and was copied, on the succeeding day, into several of the other newspapers.

"Lord Salisbury has transmitted an official answer to the memorial of the eight discontented performers of Covent-Garden theatre, and which they have received in the following words: viz. 'In the capacity of Lord High Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, I am not aware that I am invested with 'any authority to interfere in settling the private disputes which may arise between the proprietors and performers of any theatre held under a patent.'"

This produced a reply from the gentlemen alluded to in the paragraph, couched in the following terms.

"TO THE EDITOR.

"Sir,

"The following paragraph appeared in your paper of Friday last:* [Here the above paragraph was quoted.]

"Hence it is made to appear that the Lord Chamberlain has declined *all interference* in the arrangement of the differences subsisting between the patentees and actors of Covent-Garden theatre.

"The passage above quoted being represented as the official answer of the Lord Chamberlain to the performers' memorial, it should follow, that it contained *the whole purport of his lordship's epistle*, when, on the contrary, it is only part of one sentence of it, obviously mutilated, for the purpose of implying a meaning, not only directly opposite to *the spirit of the whole letter, but to the sense which even that very sentence, given entire, would convey.*

"Though used to experience the effects of *managerial misrepresentation*, we presumed that the respect due to the Lord Chamberlain would have preserved his letter from becoming the vehicle of such practices. That we are authorised to consider this misrepresentation as arising from the source we have specified, is grounded on our knowledge that a *copy* of the letter alluded to was sent to Mr. Harris, and, we believe, to him alone. We have too much respect for the Lord Chamberlain, and too much gratitude for the conduct he has adopted towards us, and, we will add, too high a sense of propriety, to imitate the example presented to us, of publishing, without his Lordship's permission, a letter evidently intended only for private information. Actuated by such sentiments, we forbear to give the decided refutation to the injurious paragraph which the Lord Chamberlain's letter so fully affords. Pledging our credit to the public, and under the correction of the Lord Chamberlain, we declare that the paragraph alluded to, though nearly correct in the quotation of words, is, from its tendency, only calculated to conceal his Lordship's kind intentions, and to mislead the public.

"We are, Sir,

"Your obedient humble servants,

"John Johnstone. Alexander Pope. Joseph S. Munden. Thomas Knight.
"Joseph G. Holman. Charles Incledon. John Fawcett. Henry E. Johnston."

* This Letter appeared on Monday March 17th.

To the copy of the above letter, inserted in the Herald, was sobjoined the following note.

"Note. *The Editor, in consequence of the above letter, feels himself called upon to state, that the paragraph therein quoted was not sent to him, officially, from the theatre. He received it from a gentleman nowise concerned in the dispute, and to whom the* MORNING HERALD *is frequently indebted for articles of interesting information.*"

The gentleman thus in the habit of furnishing the Morning Herald *with articles of interesting information*, so far from apologizing for his erroneous statement, made a most illiberal and unjustifiable attack upon the profession, in a letter, which was inserted in the same paper, on the 18th of March. A copy of that letter is here inserted.

" Mr. Editor,

" In justifying the information I gave you, of the declaration of Lord Salisbury, respecting the petitioning players of Covent-Garden theatre, I beg not to be understood as entering into any controversy with these eight discontented, or *United Performers*. I should as readily court a newspaper squabble with a lawless combination of journeymen shoemakers, or taylors. I am not conscious of having either altered the spirit, or mutilated the words, of that declaration. But as these irritable gentlemen are not content with my having told the truth, I will now tell the whole truth, which, in tenderness alone to them, I certainly kept back in the first instance. The remainder of the Lord Chamberlain's statement ' (though extraneous from the official communication) demonstrated a benevolent offer of his services, if, as an arbitrator, these could be exercised, to reconcile the differences subsisting between the performers and their employers.' From this, I conceive it to be inferred, that, in consideration of their *declared apprehension* of being *dismissed from the theatre* if they *failed in their project*, his Lordship, in a laudable commiseration of their case, was desirous to palliate their errors, on a reasonable acknowledgment of their misconduct. Though these gentlemen are pleased to impute my information, as they have done most things, to *managerial* authority, let me assure you, Mr. Editor, that you do have it from a source somewhat higher, though you probably could not from any that is more respectable. I am, &c.

" *March* 17. " Your CORRESPONDENT."

To this scurrilous epistle an aoswer, from the performers, was presented for insertion, and refused. It was thought necessary, therefore, to address the public through another channel, and the following very manly letter, as distinguishable for its elegance as its good sense, accordingly appeared in the Morning Chronicle of the 20th March, and some other papers of the same date.

" MR. EDITOR,

" Sir,

" The extraordinary conduct adopted at the Morning Herald office is the cause of oor entreating your indulgence on the present occasion. In consequence of a letter, which appeared in that paper of yesterday, an answer to it was presented there for insertion, but was denied admission. The system of giving place to assertions, and refusiog their refutation, is so contrary to every principle of fair dealing, that we are amazed at the *want of policy* evinced in the transaction.

The *disposition*, in that quarter, to befriend our opponents, we had every reason to expect; but we could not suppose that inclination would master prudence so far as to cause a palpable acknowledgment of such gross partiality.

"The letter alluded to, independent of its being anonymous, was too contemptible, in its style, to have engaged our attention, but from the perseverance of the author in misrepresenting the conduct of the Lord Chamberlain. Towards the *feeble* champions of our adversaries we have manifested a forbearance suited to the impotence of their efforts. Surely it would have been impertinent in us to *repeat* what they have proved themselves unable to *refute*; besides the obvious absurdity of encountering beings enveloped in the clouds, or those who, if visible, are only obvious to be more despised. Our deviation, in one instance, from the principle of leaving anonymous opponents unnoticed, has confirmed us in the conviction that it ought, in no future instance, to be violated; for what has followed our exposure of the first fallacy of the *ambushed* correspondent, in the Morning Herald, but his mean endeavour to second a *gross misrepresentation* by a *pretended inference* totally repugnant to common sense? And thus may a being, who shrinks from avowal, produce his *unwarrantable deductions*, and issue his *fabrications* for *facts*, *ad infinitum*.

"This correspondent has thought proper to compare us to a *lawless combination* of journeymen shoemakers, or taylors. The *lawless combination* is too absurd, and sounds too much like the language of *enraged imbecility*, to need a serious reply. Whether, all points considered, we ought to be classed *with* the description of persons specified, or *above them*, or *below them*, is not, at this moment, a needful enquiry; but this we will maintain, that, in point of *independence*, they are, at present, infinitely our superiors.

"The meanest individual of the persons described, when dismissed from an employment, or even when displeased with his employer, may, if he possess honesty and industry, soon secure to himself a situation as eligible as his former. No such resource is open to the actor; he must submit to every species of oppression with which *his* employer may choose to load him: or what is the alternative? a suspension of the exercise of the profession to which he has devoted his time and talents, and by which alone he can, consequently, support himself and family. Nay, more hopeless still is his condition: even submitting to oppression may not secure him a permanent establishment; for a manager's caprice may still effect what every manly feeling of the actor has been repressed to prevent. And yet, when men laudably step forward to obtain, for their *humbled* profession, some better security—something that shall restore its members a little more to the level of their fellow subjects—there are to be found beings base enough to brand such honest exertions with reproach, and even to vilify the respectable characters who have generously testified their approbation of those endeavours to obtain justice for an oppressed community. Of the despicable beings to whom we allude, wishing them all the peace their *conkered hearts* will suffer them to enjoy, we take our leave, determined, henceforward, to leave unnoticed whatever may appear against us, which does not immediately, and avowedly, proceed from the proprietors of Covent-Garden theatre. We are, Sir,

"Your obedient humble servants,

"John Johnstone. Alexander Pope. Joseph S. Munden. Thomas Knight.
"Joseph G. Holman. Charles Incledon. John Fawcett. Henry E. Johnston."

"*March* 19, 1800.

Here the matter rests, we believe, at present. The proprietors have not yet contradicted the printed statement of the actors, nor have any arguments been hitherto advanced in their behalf, which can, in the least, affect the subject of dispute between them and the comedians. However the Lord Chamberlain shall decide, there can be no doubt but that his decision will be just. The point is more important than any which has ever been agitated since the original establishment of the stage, and involves interests and measures connected with the very existence of the theatrical profession: we are, therefore, the less surprised that his Lordship, duly sensible of the dignity of his office and character, should deliberate upon a question of such serious magnitude, and consider it, *in all its bearings*, before he come to a determination which will stand recorded as a public precedent, and of which the effects will be felt by posterity as well as the parties immediately at issue.

The two following letters appeared in several of the public prints, written by the veterans Moody and King, and addressed to Mr. Holman, which intimate, in the strongest terms, their approbation of the measures adopted by the Covent-Garden performers. The former was transmitted in consequence of the receipt of the printed statement, and the latter was sent as an apology for not attending a dinner, given upon the occasion, at the Garrick's Head, in Bow-street, by the actors of Drury-Lane, at which were present Messrs. Bannister, junr. C. Kemble, Kelly, Barrymore, Dowton, &c. &c.

"TO J. G. HOLMAN, ESQ.

"My dear Sir, *Covent-Garden Theatre.*

"Ten thousand thanks for your attention to a poor old actor, sequestered in this obscure corner of the Thames. You have called back my youth—but no period of theatrical history affords such a group of honest fellows asserting the rights of their brethren, in defiance of tyranny.

"Do ye want pecuniary aid? Let me be enrolled, that I may have a slice of the immortality that must, eventually, attach itself to so generous, so liberal an undertaking.

"Your affectionate fellow,

"J. MOODY."

"How gentlemanly is your book made! No extraneous matter, but conviction flashing in every paragraph. Bless the glorious Eight!—Amen."

"TO JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,

"I beg you will accept my compliments and best wishes, and that you will kindly present the same to the gentlemen with whom you are so warmly and honourably connected; letting them know that certain circumstances occur, which must deprive me of the great satisfaction I should otherwise have felt, in dining at the Garrick's Head to-day.

"To obviate any suspicion that may arise respecting the cause or causes of my absence, I beg leave not only to say, but *most publicly to avow*, that I do not merely and luke-warmly *approve* the conduct of the gentlemen of the Covent-Garden committee, but consider it as *highly meritorious*; challenging the thanks of the whole body of actors, of which body I have now the honour to boast myself the father.

"Sincerely hoping the members of Covent-Garden theatre will find protection from the Lord Chamberlain, and proper attention from every other person, or body, to whom they may think proper to appeal,

"I beg leave to subscribe myself

"An ardent admirer of their conduct,

"And a most attached friend to their cause,

"*New Store Street*, "THOMAS KING."
Feb. 23, 1800."

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—"The theatre opened, about six weeks ago, with the comedy of the Brothers, in which Quick appeared in the part of Sir Benjamin Dove. He afterwards, during an engagement of fourteen nights, performed Solus, Toby Allspice, Hardy, Acres, Tony Lumpkin, Don Lewis, Sir Solomon Sadlife, Vellum, Scrub, Lord Priory, Sir Bashful Constant, Sir Francis Gripe, and Isaac Mendoza, besides many characters in farces. I shall forbear entering into the merits of this excellent comedian: he is still, I hope, to be considered as a London performer, and I trust will soon again appear on the Covent-Garden stage. Our regular company, though considerably changed since last season, has lost no performer whom we have any reason to regret, excepting Mrs. Knight, and the manager, who has not yet joined it. It still derives its chief support from Woods, Rock, Mrs. Kemble, and Siddons. The improvement, which was last winter so manifest, in the last-mentioned actor, has not ceased to advance. By dint of application, he has vanquished, to an unexpected degree, the natural imperfections under which he laboured. By the careful study of graceful attitudes, the natural awkwardness of his manner has given place to dignified and elegant action. Even the loud, hoarse monotony of his voice, is somewhat mellowed; and where his defects are most conspicuous, they are, in some measure, compensated by the spirit with which he acts, and by his attention to the minutiæ of his part, and to the business of the scene. Still, however, he is not without many faults; and these I mention, not with a view to hurt either his feelings or his fame, but that he may learn and correct them. He is apt, in calm declamation, or in the portraiture of slight emotions of passion, to indulge in extravagance of acting, and to call all those powers into exertion, which ought to be reserved for occasions when the passion of the scene demands them. In the first scene of the Stranger, he displays almost as much emotion and impatience, in his suspicions of the honesty of the old Peasant, to whom he is giving charity, as he does afterwards, amidst all the agonies of despair, in the relation of his story to Steinfort. Losing sight of more solid reputation, he frequently sacrifices the rigid observance of propriety and nature, to the temptation of a rant or a start, which may serve as a trap for the temporary applause of the audience. Besides these general faults, there are two bad habits which I have frequently observed him fall into: I have had less opportunity of remarking them this season, from the small number of characters which he has appeared in; but last year they were very conspicuous. The one is, starting before he sees the object of his amazement, a

fault, which an actor, who performs his part more from previous study than immediate feeling, is very liable to. The other is, a propensity to stand in one posture, during his soliloquies, with his eye immovably fixed on a far corner of the upper gallery, instead of moving about, and looking round the scene, or to the ground, as a man ruminating on any subject would naturally do. Notwithstanding these defects, however, he is an animated and respectable actor, and stands high in the public favour, which has not been lessened by a late violent attack which has been made upon him, by an acute but capricious critic, who occasionally writes remarks in the public papers, on our theatrical performances, and who writes them in general with more candour and judgment than in the present instance. M'Cready, the Birmingham manager, stands at the head of our new performers. This gentleman possesses a handsome, though rather a heavy figure; his manner is easy; and his countenance, though not remarkable for expression, is by no means devoid of it. He counterfeits well, the silly, conceited look, and the flippancy of expression, which are suited to the cast of coxcombs, and he appears to great advantage in the parts of Tinsel and Clodio. He is likewise a respectable actor in the whimsical, bustling characters, which make the most conspicuous figure in many comedies, particularly in Marplot and Tangent. He is neither endowed, however, with that variety in action and deportment, nor with those little elegancies and graces of manner, which are necessary to constitute an actor for genteel comedy. These deficiences are glaring in his performance of Young Mirabel, Archer, and Young Marlowe. In tragedy he is still more defective; the monotony of his voice is but ill calculated for declamation, and he has frequent breaks in his utterance, and ill-tuned pauses, which are extremely offensive. Still, however, good sense, and his perfect acquaintance with stage business, render him a decent actor in almost all his characters. Swendall, who stands nex in order, is a very chaste and sensible actor: he displays much dry humour in that class of old men which requires it, and not less in the eccentric characters of old sailors, such as Jack Junk, and Captain Ironsides. His figure and countenance render his range in tragedy very limited; but in calm declamation, or in the display of affection or pity, he is highly respectable. Miss Perry is the only addition, of any consequence, to our female performers. This lady is possessed of a very elegant figure, and a pleasing countenance. She is a decent actress in sentimental comedy, or in the second rate characters in genteel comedy; but the feebleness of her voice, the redundancy of her action, and the general deficiency of her powers, render her entirely unfit for supporting any characters of moment. She sings, however, with taste and sweetness, though there likewise her powers fail her. You will perceive, Sir, from this account, that our number of respectable performers is this year somewhat increased. Still, however, I am sorry to say, we have had very few plays decently, or tolerably acted. This seems to me to be partly owing to the ill-judged manner in which the characters frequently are distributed, and to the care which appears to be taken, that all the good performers should not appear in one play; partly to the despicable condition of the lower departments of the company, which are filled by performers bad beyond all conception, worse, indeed, considerably, than those which were last year so justly complained of. Having sent you this account of our performers, I shall probably, next month, send you some remarks on the principal performances,

at the head of which stands Pizarro, if I have not already encroached too far upon this department of your valuable work. I am, Sir,

Edinburgh, March 14th, 1800. Yours, with respect,

A LOUNGER."

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—The play-house has been very thinly attended this season. The town is dissatisfied with the company, which is by no means equal to what Manchester has been accustomed to; though we observe several names of respectability, among the performers—Ward, Banks (the managers), Young, Grist, Turpin, Penson, Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Griffiths, &c. Raymond, now at Drury Lane, was a considerable favourite, both as an actor and a private character, and his loss is much regretted.

The managers have been attacked, on the score of parsimony and disrespect to the town, in a vulgar and scurrilous pamphlet, entitled, "*A Peep into the Theatre Royal*," written, it is understood, by an ignorant *barber*, who is *tolerated* by these very managers, in playing once annually for a benefit. The performers are also abused, in terms unexampled for grossness and indelicacy. This pamphlet was followed by an expostulatory, and exceedingly well written address, by Mr. Cross, one of the injured performers; and which is as remarkable for the modesty and good sense it exhibits, as the former is notorious for impudence and bad grammar. The last publication on the subject, which is also written with moderation, and in a spirit of liberal criticism, contains several just animadversions on the *shaver's* intemperate effusion, as well as some "impartial reflections on the conduct of the managers, and the merits of the performers," by which it sufficiently appears, that the inhabitants of Manchester are not treated with the attention due to their uniform and active liberality.

PARISIAN THEATRE.—Amongst the new pieces lately brought forward, was one which has for its title, "*Garrick and his Double.*" Garrick is supposed to have quitted the London theatre, without leave, and to have travelled *incog.* lest he should be arrested for his fine. On his arrival in Dublin, the manager engages to pay his forfeit. He travels, however, to Kildare, where he finds his *Double*, that is, a comedian who had assumed his name, and was playing his characters with success. In a conversation between them, the *Double* sustains his pretensions with uncommon impudence, and offers to Garrick his protection, if he wishes to present himself to Drury Lane theatre. At length, the London manager having caused Garrick to be pursued, his *Sosia* is arrested in his place, and the unfortunate *Double* feels some of the inconveniences of the name from which he had derived so much advantage. He is thus awkwardly situated, and, notwithstanding all his disavowals and renunciations of his assumed name, is about to be conveyed to prison, when the Dublin manager arrives, pays the fine, and solves the embarrassment.

This piece, which was performed at the *Theatre de Troubadour*, is said to abound in pleasant equivoques, and high-wrought situations. It had the most complete success.

The French author has erroneously attributed the circumstance to Garrick. It happened to some other actor, whose name we do not recollect; but the fact is particularly recorded, either in *Mrs. Bellamy's Apology*, or the *Memoirs of Mr. Tate Wilkinson.*

INTERESTING SELECTIONS.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

BY THE LATE MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.

Mother of R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

UNAW'D by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resigned;
Say, you who search, with curious eyes,
The source whence human actions rise,
Say, whence this turn of mind?

'Tis Patience.—Lenient goddess, hail!
Oh! let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
And rul'd with gentle sway.

Thro' all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state,
My wayward lot has known;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down?

'Twas Patience.—Temperate goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to Passion's power;
Tho' by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown,
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
Of her I lov'd so well;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell?

'Twas Patience!—Goddess ever calm!
Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain;
Which, flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chymistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
(Sleep, which even pain beguiles,)
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?

'Twas Patience!—Heaven-descended maid!
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd th' approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide,
When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
What could my fears control?

'Twas Patience!—Gentle goddess, hear!
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise;
Since still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul, the gifts of heaven,
The sweet domestic ties.

This Ode to Patience is not a common-place rhapsody of sombrous declamation which youthful poets dream, and, those especially of the female class, are wont to think so charming. In every stanza, almost in every line, the amiable writer has reference to some peculiar distress, to which, at one time or other, her hard condition had exposed her. She has not given the incidents as they occurred, in an exact chronological series; but rather consulted poetical effect, more consonant to her own feelings, and the order of nature. In the last stanza but one, the subject of which claims precedence in point of time, she alludes to the fatal riot that took place at the theatre, on the second representation of Mahomet, the 2d of March, 1754, which eventually proved the ruin of her husband, and in a moment totally eclipsed the flattering prospects of better days. That evening she was peaceably sitting at home, in conversation with a friend, [Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Dublin] when a man, horror in his countenance, breathless and pale, without ceremony, rushed into the parlour.—"Oh, Madam, Smock-alley is in flames!"—"In flames?"—"Yes, all in a blaze, Madam."—She rose, and looking wistfully at the door, advanced a step or two towards it; but, a little recovering herself, in a half-smothered, under voice, she scarcely articulated, "Where is your master?"—"At the house; all is uproar and distraction, and I just got away with my life."—She had a heart susceptible and feelingly alive to the calamities of her fellow-creatures.

The alarm was sudden; it was too much:
Yet not a tear dropt; not a sigh escaped her.

Speechless awhile and motionless she stood,
In fearful streights bewilder'd and absorpt;
A subject for the pencil of Raphael!
What then, so tried, was her resource?—'twas Patience.
With eyes uprais'd, she, for the worst prepar'd,
With pious resignation sits her down,
And her smooth cheek upon her white arm leaning,
Pensive and calm, awaits the dread event.

But she remained not long in this disconsolate posture; the carriage stopped at the door, and Mr. Sheridan came in, unhurt. The servant, early in the disturbance, anticipating the consequence, in a panic ran home, and was premature in his account; but she overlooked his rash precipitance, and never revealed it to his master.

From a Miscellany by S. Whyte and his son E. A. Whyte, published in Dublin, 1799.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

THE CARDINAL YORK.—"Few Princes," says Voltaire, speaking of James II. "were more unhappy than James; and there is no instance, in history, of any family being unfortunate for so great a length of time. The first of his ancestors, that bore the name of James, and was King of Scotland, after being detained prisoner in England eighteen years, was assassinated by the hands of his own subjects. James II. his son, was killed at nineteen years of age. James III. after being imprisoned by his subjects, was slain by the rebels in an engagement. James IV. perished in a battle, which he lost. James V. in the persuasion that his nobles and generals had betrayed him, died of grief, seven days before the birth of the unfortunate Mary, after losing two sons in one day. Mary Stuart, his daughter, driven from her throne, and a fugitive in England, after having languished eighteen years in a prison, was condemned to death by English judges, and lost her head on a scaffold! Charles I. grandson of Mary, King of England and Scotland, was sold by the Scotch, sentenced to death by the English, and died on a scaffold before the eyes of the people. James, his son, the seventh of the name in Scotland, and the second in England, abandoned his three kingdoms, and died a fugitive at St. Germains. His son, in attempting to regain the throne of his ancestors, only brought his friends under the hands of the executioner. Charles-Edward, the grandson of James II. made the same attempt, with no better success, and escaped under difficulties almost incredible. If any thing," adds Voltaire, "could justify those who believe in an unavoidable fatality, it would be the continued succession of misfortunes, which have befallen the house of Stuart, during the space of above three hundred years."

If Voltaire had lived to this day, he might have wituessed the same severity of fortune in the instance of the only survivor of that unfortunate house, with whom the direct male branch will be extinct.

FEMALE JEALOUSY AND MURDER.—A New-York paper, received lately, contains the following shocking detail of a murder perpetrated by a young woman.

"I, Sarah Clark, was born in the year 1766 or 1767, about two miles from Carlisle; my father's name was John Clark, and died when I was young, and my

mother, I think, is yet living, in Pittshurgh, and, since I was eleven years of age, I have been among strangers. When I was about twenty years of age, I engaged in the family of Mr. Hayes, as a housekeeper, where I continued about twelve months; from which I went to the family of Mr. Logan, where I lived about two years; after which I went into the family of John Douglas, where I continued, excepting a short time, until my total ruin took place. Whilst I lived in the family of Mr. Douglas, I contracted a love for a young man, but who unfortunately appeared to me to be in love with Ann Carothers, the daughter of John Carothers, Esq. My sole thoughts were bent on the manner of removing the obstacle which appeared to be in my way, in order to obtain the object of all my wishes. For this purpose, I took advice, and in the fall of 1798, I purchased a quantity of white arsenic, which I had heard would poison animals, and which I meant to give Ann Carothers, for the purpose of accomplishing my end in obtaining the young man.

"Here I must observe, that although I conceived Ann Carothers to be my rival, yet I had no wish to injure any of Mr. Carothers' family, nor had I the least ill will to her, the said Ann, except that I thought her in my way towards obtaining of the young man, whom I loved to excess. Jealousy! that horrid monster, was my utter ruin! Love, and its delusive promises, are the causes of my untimely end.

"From bad advice, I was induced to procure the arsenic, and which excited me to destroy the said Ann; and such was the excess of my passion, that I became lost to all good, forsaken and left to myself.

"I waited a long time for an opportunity of giving the arsenic to Ann Carothers by herself, as I did not wish to hurt any other person, but none offered.

"At length, however, a fatal opportunity presented itself; and I put a portion of arsenic into a crock of leaven in Mr. Carothers' house, of which the family raised and fermented bread, and of which they ate, and all became sick. At this event I was greatly troubled; and when I found that Mr. Carothers died, which happened on the 26th of February, 1798, I was extremely alarmed, as I had no ill-will against the family.

"I then desisted for a time in accomplishing my horrid plan; however, an opportunity offered one night, while I attended the said Ann, under the mask of friendship, on a bed of sickness, I mixed a portion in barley and milk, which I gave her with my own hands.

"In the month of May my restless passions of jealousy and love for this young man forced me to renew my attack on Ann Carothers; I therefore procured one ounce of yellow arsenic, and although the said Ann Carothers was much impaired in health, and although Mrs. Carothers died the 3d of June, yet such was the excess of my desire to remove her out of my way, her whom I conceived as my greatest obstacle, that, shortly after the decease of her mother, I put some of the arsenic into a crock of butter in the spring-house of Thomas Carothers; Ann then living at said Carothers.

"Here it was where my diabolical scheme was discovered; I was apprehended, and committed to prison, and for which wicked and devilish conduct I am shortly to suffer the shameful and ignominious punishment of the gallows. That this may be an awful lesson to all young women, is the desire of a martyr to contending passions."

THE India company, in consideration of the high services the Marquis Wellesley has rendered to them, make him a present of one hundred thousand pounds.

Elizabeth Freeman, of Houghton, in Shropshire, now in the 70th year of her age, was about six years since deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, and remained wholly dumb till the 2d inst. when, to the great astonishment of herself and neighbours, a second shock restored to her the perfect use of her voice.

Lord Hawkesbury's assertion, in the House of Commons, that "in Scotland the inhabitants subsisted in a considerable degree upon herrings, which were found to be wholesome food, and to prove an excellent *substitute* for *bread*," has been noticed, somewhat angrily, by several of the Caledonian journalists, one of whom wishes his lordship, when he next eats a beef steak, to try an herring with it, as a substitute for bread.

It is said, the Duke of York is about to dispose of his present residence, upon the scite of which a street, to contain sixty houses, is to be built, to connect Saville-row and Piccadilly.

At the carnival held at Berlin, the Queen of Prussia appeared in the *costume* of the Indians of Owyhee, with a cloak of feathers, studded with diamonds. Prince Augustus, of England, went to the ball, in the character of a monk; but, having forgot his Latin, was a good deal teazed by a nun, who, in that language, required from him absolution.

The late Rev. Mr. Rosenhagen is said to have left amongst his papers, which he has bequeathed to his friends, Messrs. Chase, Sewer, and Chase, and which are on their way from Madras, where he died, a solemn declaration that *he was the sole author of the Letters of Junius.*

Return of the number of French Emigrants resident in Great Britain, including Laity and Clergy, made from the Registers of the Alien-Office, 28th of February, 1800.

Laity (including 530 domestic servants)	4,153
Clergy - - - - -	5,621
Total	9,774

PHENOMENA.—On the 12th of January, about eight in the morning, several persons, in Southern Prussia, saw three suns appear on a sudden. They rose majestically from the horizon. At seven o'clock the sky was clear and serene; a few minutes after it was covered with clouds, and at half past eight, there were seen in the east three columns of fire, the middle one of which rose to the height of 45 degrees. The two others, formed by the two other suns, were only a third as big as the middle one: they seemed to burn like a blazing fire, and, as they rose, produced a majestic and awful effect.

Another phenomenon occurred in Polish Prussia. Near the village of Labotin, in the district of Pizedese, is a lake about a league long, and three quarters of a league broad. A forest of oak is on one side, and the villages of Labotin and Zakrezowo on the other. This lake was all at once covered with red spots, which the superstitious inhabitants said were blood rained from heaven. The peasants, from all parts, ran to look at the miracle, and soon saw pieces of red matter float on the water, some of them five inches thick. The lake was frozen, and the red spots remained upon the ice. Three members of the administration proceeded to take cognizance of the phenomenon, and they remarked, that the surface of the

lake was, in reality, covered with spots of a bloody red in some places, with red and green spots, and with purple and violet spots in others. They caused the ice to be broken, one foot from the bank, and they found a crust of red and green, three inches deep. Having penetrated to eleven inches depth, they found a red and green substance, some of which was glutinous. Two of the administrators having resolved to taste it, found it extremely acid. It also produced an immediate and very great pain in the temples and stomach. The melted ice produced a greyish water, which smelled of sulphur. Experiments are now making at Berlin to ascertain what it is, and a quantity of the water has been sent to the Royal Academy there.

At Rome the Cross has been erected on the spot in which the Tree of Liberty had some months previously been planted. The mob, who before had rent the air with shouts of "*Vive la Republique*," were, on this second festival, as clamorous, with "Long live the Holy Cross." The mobs of all countries are nearly the same—wanton, turbulent, and indiscriminating.

The delay in the election of a Pope is ascribed to a declaration made by the Spanish Cabinet, that his Catholic Majesty will not recognise any Pontiff that is not chosen in Rome.

The Emperor Paul has sent the order of St. Andrew to Louis the XVIIIth, and requested to be invested by that monarch with the French order of the Holy Ghost (St. Esprit).

Norwich is about to be new paved; the expence is estimated at £50,000.

Culture of Tobacco in India.—The cultivation of this plant in the northern Circars, has been attended with uncommon success, and the samples which have been produced are esteemed by those persons competent to the decision, to equal, if not surpass, in richness and flavour, the tobacco grown in any other part of the world. The natives have abundant encouragement to apply themselves sedulously to the culture of it; and there exists no doubt but tobacco will, in time, become a valuable article of eastern commerce.

The long-depending cause between the University of Cambridge and the heirs of the late Sir George Downing, as to the legality of his will, having been decided in favour of the former, Downing College, for the endowment of which the baronet bequeathed his large property, is to be immediately established.

Miss Stordy, a young lady of singular beauty and accomplishments, while dancing lately at the Upper Assembly Rooms at Bath, was, in the midst of health and spirits, and without any previous indisposition, seized with illness. She was carried home, and, notwithstanding every medical assistance, died on Wednesday.

Mr. J. Brunton, son to the manager of the Norfolk dramatic company, is engaged at Covent Garden theatre.

A plan, upon a very magnificent and extensive scale, is now drawing out for the rebuilding of both our houses of parliament, which is expected to be begun upon as soon as the present session closes. The buildings to be pulled down, will include the Speaker's house, in Old Palace Yard, and extend as far as the Public House, the corner of Abingdon-street. The business in parliament will, in the interim, be carried on in a temporary building to be erected in Westminster-Hall.

The Duke of Bedford is said to be about to sell his Hampshire property, for which £.136,000 has been offered; £.14,000 less, the account adds, than the sum demanded.

Parliament, it is stated, is to be dissolved in April, in consequence of the Union about to take place.

Government have completed their purchases of the land on Mill-Bank, Westminster, from Grosvenor House to the Timber-yard, for the purpose of erecting a Penitentiary House for the punishment of convicts.

It is not yet quite thirty years since the culture of potatoes was first introduced into Sweden, by the great Linnæus. The part of this excellent plant, which in other countries is thrown upon the dunghill, or suffered to rot upon the ground, is, in Sweden, converted to a profitable use. The stalks of the haulm they give to their cattle, either green or when dried in the sun, and stacked like pea and bean straw, and the leaves they cure as tobacco, and use it for smoking. Among the peasantry, and in the Swedish armies, the dried leaves of potatoes are almost universally used for smoaking, instead of tobacco.

The following remedy is mentioned, in the Paris Journals, for the bite of a mad-dog, or of any other animal seized with madness, and may be used twenty-four hours, or even longer, after the accident:—The wounded spot should be burnt with a red-hot iron, so as to penetrate profoundly, and produce a considerable emission of matter, in which the virus is contained. The moment the iron is taken away, the wound should be abundantly washed with water, rather warm, and the pain will immediately cease.

George Thomas Hawkins, and his brother, dressed in the extremity of the present preposterous fashion, with padded shoulders and breeches, pigeon-breasts, stiff boots, and the collars of their shirts touching their hats, have been committed and recommitted from Bow-street, on charges of having, under the fictitious names of different men of family and fortune, defrauded several women of their property. The several examinations of these depraved young men depicted iniquity in its strongest colours.

A gentleman, named Millington, has communicated to the society instituted at Bath for the benevolent purpose of improving the condition of the lower orders of the people, a method for preserving potatoes: it is in substance thus:—Take three pounds and a half of potatoes, peel and rasp or grind them, then put the pulp into a coarse cloth, and place it between two boards in a common napkin-press, till it becomes a dry cake, about the thickness of thin cheese; then lay it on a shelf to dry. From such a quantity of potatoes about a quart of juice is expressed, to which add the same quantity of cold water, and about 60 grains of starch or fine flour for pastry will be deposited. The potatoe cake, by boiling or steaming, regains nearly the same weight as the roots lost by the pressure. Frozen potatoes, by this mode, become perfectly sweet and eatable. Upon a large scale, the same methods may be adopted for the navy, as the cake occupies but a sixth part of the compass of the potatoes, and will remain good for years.

An experimental farmer, named Watenage, at Fulbeck, near Grantham, last year, planted a single grain of barley, which produced 195 straws, and 5369 grains of corn.

A sea unicorn was caught some days since at Frieston, on the Lincoln coast. This species of fish is common in the Nile, but the present we believe to be the first instance of its being found in these seas.

The Highland Society, at its late general meeting, voted upwards of £300, to be expended in premiums for the encouragement of the culture of potatoes in Scotland.

Two grey-hounds some days since, in pursuit of a hare, ran, upon Mear Hospital Ground, near Lincoln, four miles in the space of twelve minutes. The hare dropped dead, and in an instant her limbs and ears were as stiff as if they had been frozen.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "in pursuance of the King's commands," on Feb. 18th, struck the name of the Marquis of Downshire out of the list of the council.

A wild boy, twelve years old, was with much difficulty caught a second time last January, in the wood of Lacaune, in France. He cannot speak, was naked, healthy, and animated, eats nothing but potatoes, and has made several efforts to again escape to the woods and mountains.

BIRTHS.

Of sons, the Countess of Caithness, at Barragill Castle; the Countess of Derby, in Grosvenor-square; and the Lady of Sir B. Dunbar, Bart. Of daughters, the Countess of Errol, at Abberford; and the Lady of Sir H. Harper, Bart. at Calke. The Lady of the Hon. General Needham, near Dublin, of a still-born child.

MARRIED,

Sir W. B. Burdett, Bart. to Miss M. Reynett, of Great Prescot-Street. F. Freeling, Secretary to the General Post-Office, to the eldest daughter of F. Newbury, Esq. of St. Paul's Church-yard. C. P. de Coetlogon, Esq. only son of the Rev. C. de Coetlogon, to Miss Edkins, of Newberry. H. S. Blanckley, Esq. consul for Minorca, &c. to Miss Richards, of Sulham-house. Captain Shirley, R. N. to Mrs. Heylyn, of Guildford-street.

DIED,

Aged 95, W. Fuller, Esq. Banker, of Lumbard-street. At Darlington, aged 90, G. Phipps, Esq. (a Quaker) who has bequeathed 500l. to Alderman Coombe, and 100 guineas to Mr. Sheridan. Aged 80, the Dowager Countess of Warwick. Aged 72, Gen. Sir T. Shirley, Bart. The Lady of Sir J. Wardlaw, Bart. At Wickham, aged 78, the Rev. Dr. J. Warton. The Lady of J. Farington, Esq. R. A. In Pall-Mall, the Lady of J. J. Angerstein, Esq. In Dublin, the Dowager Lady Erne. At Paris, the widow of the celebrated Mirabeau. The Hon. D. Barrington, King's Counsel, and a Welch Judge. Miss Louisa, second daughter of G. Tierney, M. P. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Grant, sister of the late, and aunt of the present Lord Fife. Mrs. Jarman, of the York company, suddenly, after performing *Elvira*, in Pizarro. In Cavendish-square, Lady Jones. In Serjeant's Inn, aged 75, J. Baldwin, Esq. Secretary to the Amicable Insurance Office, and Deputy Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. At Bath, aged 83, Lady Hawkins. In Charles-street, the Relict of Sir J. Chapman, Bart. —— Floud, Esq. one of the Police Magistrates. At Chipping, the Lady of Capt. J. Edwards, R. N. At Eton, the Rev. Dr. Norbury. Lady C. Radcliffe, daughter of the late Countess of Newburgh. T. Smyth, Esq. brother of the Bart. At Edinburgh, John Lord Viscount Arbuthnot.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

APRIL, 1800.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MADAME MARA, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

The Portrait of George Steevens, Esq. is unavoidably delayed.

Select Poems by Ladies---DIANA PRIMROSE, in our next.

Heraldric Communications, No. III. at the same time.

The *Rake and his Father* shall be inserted in the course of two or three numbers.

The vulgar and contemptible wretch alluded to by T. W. shall not be gratified with the notice which, for purposes sufficiently obvious, he is endeavouring to extort from this publication. We should as soon think of contending for the wall with a *chimney-sweeper*.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of further elegant selections from Q. Z.

The Fragment, by R. P. is inadmissible.

Sonnet to Mary, by W. F. and the *Flower-Girl*, by W. U. shall appear in some future number.

The *Anecdote of Richardson the Painter* is received.

The story of *Robertus and Anna*, by H. R. discovers considerable merit; but we cannot so far pledge ourselves for its insertion by requesting the proposed continuation.

We have seen TRISTRAM'S *Epigram* before, and *one*, if not *both*, the favours of I. T. *a youth not twenty*.

An *Occasional Epilogue* to 'Speed the Plough,' from *Taunton*, and *Sonnets to Chatterton* and *Hermione*, from *Lynn*, as soon as possible.

The *Corn Doctor*, a poetic tale, by the ingenious Mr. THOMAS DERMODY, omitted this Month for want of room, shall have a place in our next number.

The *Anacreontic* under the signature of F. we never received.

Erratum in our last.---Page 183, line 24, for *ill-tuned* read *ill-timed*.

Madame Marat!

Published by Vernor & Hood 31 Poultry, April 30th 1800.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

APRIL, 1800.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADAME MARA.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IT is said of Homer that though seven cities of Greece contended for the honour of having given birth to that eminent son of the muses, yet that, during his life, he was a miserable suppliant, for common charity, in those very places which so anxiously struggled for the renown of his nativity. What was thus said of the memorable bard of Greece, may, in one respect, apply to the present subject of our notice, who, according to report, was born in various places. Some have asserted that Madame Mara first saw the light in Ireland, some in Canterbury, some in Bristol, some in Wales, and others have ascribed to Exeter the honour of presenting to the world this accomplished performer. We are, however, enabled, upon the authority of a gentleman, well acquainted with her family, long before her birth, to say, that all the celebrity supposed to be connected with that event is to be ascribed to *Hesse-Cassel*.

Gertrude Elizabeth Schmeling was the daughter of a very respectable musician of Hesse-Cassel, who observing, at a very early period, strong marks of great musical genius in his daughter, determined to give her all the aid that the best masters could impart, in addition to his own unremitted instructions.

The little syren, even in infancy, was distinguished for the sweetness and compass of her voice, and for the taste and expression which characterized all her performances.

Her first appearance on the public stage was in the Opera at Berlin, where she attracted the notice of the immortal Frederick, who honoured her with several marks of his private friendship and esteem. While she was in the zenith of her glory, at the court of Prussia, and equally distinguished for unrivalled vocal powers, engaging manners, an interesting person, and great mental talents, it was the good fortune of Mr. Mara to obtain, what numberless competitors had vainly solicited, the hand of Miss *Schmeling*, and they were married at Berlin soon after their acquaintance commenced.

The King of Prussia continued his patronage of Madame Mara, and was, indeed, so partial to her performance, that he would not

suffer her to quit the kingdom, lest her success and renown in other quarters, might prevent her returning to Berlin. It was in vain that Madame Mara endeavoured to obtain leave, even for the sake of health, to make a temporary visit to any other country. Frederick was inexorable to all entreaties, because he would not incur the chance of being deprived of the exquisite gratification which her performances always afforded him. By an artifice, however, Madame Mara found means to escape from this honourable captivity. She was known to be very fond of a large harpsichord, which, we believe, is still in her possession, and while the King knew that the harpsichord remained at Berlin, he thought he was secure of the fair proprietor, who would have been suspected of intended flight the moment this instrument appeared to be in *loco-motion*. Mara, however, sent it to have some repairs, and instead of having it brought back to her own house, ordered it out of the kingdom, and then followed it with the utmost expedition, but not without danger, as a guard was dispatched after her as soon as her retreat was discovered; and she had hardly time to pass the boundaries of Prussia.

After signalizing her great powers in various places on the Continent, she made her appearance in London, about the year 1784, and first sung at the Pantheon, where the taste of a British audience at once perceived that Fame had not exaggerated her talents, but that, on the contrary, it had by no means done justice to the unexampled excellence of her singing.

When she had resided here a few years, enjoying the admiration which her great professional merit could receive from all ranks of people, and partaking, at the same time, the warm protection and friendship of many noble families of this country, she accepted an invitation to Turin, and afterwards to Venice, and then returned to the happy region of Old England, a place toward which she has always manifested great partiality.

Of the excellence of her vocal performances it is unnecessary to speak, as all the musical profession, and all persons of taste and feeling, concur in placing her far above all her competitors. Tone, taste, compass, expression, delicacy, sweetness, precision, and, indeed, all the qualities that constitute the fine singer, are wonderfully blended in her performances.

Her talents have not been confined to the grand commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abby, the ancient concert, the oratorios, and the Italian opera; she has been equally successful in her performance of the principal characters in our most favourite operas on the English stage.

It is an erroneous opinion, which it may be *convenient* for *some* to propagate, that Madame Mara's vocal powers are on the decline. To give a direct refutation to this foul aspersion, it is only necessary to recur to her recent exertions in the *Egyptian Festival*, at Drury-Lane theatre, where the astonishing compass of her execution was the subject of universal remark and eulogium.

We understand that Madame Mara has lately received a pressing invitation to go to Venice, and that she is now absolutely in negociation with respect to the terms of her engagement.

THE FOND WIFE.

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. *Mart.*

MR. EDITOR,

HARD is the lot of that man who is plagued with a wanton wife, a jealous wife, a drunken wife, or a scolding wife; but it is better to have a wanton, jealous, drunken, or scolding wife, nay, I may say all together, than to be yoked to a loving wife. The wanton wife will let the poor man wear his horns on his head with peace and quiet, if he will give her no interruption in the planting them there. The jealous wife will cease upbraiding, while her deary is fixt to her apron-string. The drunken wife is at least sober when she wakes in a morning. And the scolding wife, we may suppose, is silent when she is asleep. But the loving wife torments her unfortunate helpmate morning, noon, and night, and all night too.

When my dear partner, who, I may say, is the most loving of her sex, first wakes in the morning, if she finds me asleep, she seldom fails of letting me know that she thinks I have had rest enough, and that to sleep much is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when she first opens her eyes, she will not suffer me to get up, insisting I must take another nap, for she is sure I have had but an indifferent night. When we get to breakfast, if I choose toast, it is ten to one but she finds it gave me the heartburn the day before, and then I must eat bread and butter: if I choose the latter, it is the same odds but I am obliged to eat Yorkshire muffin, because she well knew I was fond of it. Sometimes she turns down my cup herself, after the first dish, because she fancies my hand shakes, and tea is nervous. At other times I am swilled with half-pint after half-pint, as she conceives I ate too much supper over night, and tea is good for digestion. One time I am poisoned with brandy in my dish, at another with saffron, though she knows I detest them both;—but it is good for me, she says.

If I happen to come home any short time before dinner, I am obliged to swallow down a large dish of chocolate, and to eat a saucer of dry toast, though, perhaps, I was just come from the coffee-house, to keep the wind off my stomach: and I am in great luck if a pint bason of pease soup, in which a spoon will stand upright, is not set before me, by way of whet to my appetite. Though my loving tormentor may have thus crammed me, like a turkey, till the dinner makes its appearance upon the table, I am obliged to eat whatever she puts upon my plate, or she is otherwise the most miserable creature alive, and is sure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the house, almost as soon as the cloth is taken away. And I have more than once, on such an occasion, suffered myself to be drenched with gallons of camomile tea, because no remonstrances could satisfy her that my stomach was not out of order. If I presume to help myself at table, my female Sancho-Pansa physician is ready with her interdict to restrain me. If I call for small-beer, perhaps my sweet loving wife thinks water better for me; and should this have been my choice, it is great odds but she orders wine to be mixed with it, as it is too cold for my stomach alone. Do I go to hob or nob in white wine, I am probably told red is better for my nerves; and should I mention red, she would insist white is better for my cold. When the desert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and sweetmeats, I almost tremble at the sight of it; for, as the dear loving soul is fond of these things herself, she thinks she cannot give a stronger proof of her regard for me, than in making me eat what she likes best. Accordingly, if she takes a peach that appears to be remarkably good, I am forced to finish what she has half eaten, though I prefer a nectarine. And, however wistfully I may cast my eye upon any glass or saucer of sweeet-meats, I am forced to resist the temptation, well knowing my loving taster will supply me abundantly with her relicts of those things which she is sure I am fond of. I must add too, that though the company cannot help smiling when she loads my plate with jellies, I dare not refuse my love's kindness, if she declares they are admirable, and she is certain I shall like them.

Her anxiety about my health, and earnestness to please me, acts so vehemently upon her mind, that she is never cool enough to judge what is the best for my constitution, or most agreeable to my taste. She is too intent upon the end, to consult well about the means. Hence my female physician often proves the reverse of the smoaker's adage of *tobacco hic*; for, if I am well, she'll make me sick; if I am sick, she don't make me well. And when she is most industrious to prove her love for me, I am frequently inclined to prefer 'envy,

hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," to such loving kindness, and could heartily cry out with captain Flash to the dear mischief, "Oh! damn your love," though I am convinced of the sincerity of it. My great coat, which I number among my best friends, by her means, deserves a place among my false ones. In distress, either from rain or frost, my good friend does me no service, for my wife often hates a great coat, I am so apt to take cold when I leave it off; and then I must weather every inclemency, and stand every shower of rain without it. When I am in no want of it, my good friend is ready with its kind office; and if my love should take it into her head that I have at any time suffered for want of my great coat, I am forced to groan under the weight of it, even in the hot month of July. Her desire to have me pleased, will not let me see the play I admire, or visit the friends which I like. Should I presume to engage for myself, I shall find myself perhaps one of an agreeable party which she knew before I should be happy with, in another place. And if I should settle to see Kemble the next time he plays Hamlet, I am certainly engaged by her to the new opera; and she has procured tickets herself, to be an agreeable surprise to me. As to the play-houses, indeed, I am afraid I shall never be suffered to enter their doors again, she was so terrified by a battle in the pit, on Easter Monday, between a butcher and a corporal, that she would as soon trust me to a campaign in Holland, or among the Catawaws and Cherokees in North-America, as at Drury-lane or Covent-Garden.

What adds to my misfortunes, is, that there are no hopes of an alteration for the better. You may be sure I have taken much pains to convince her, that though she is the best of women, she is the worst of wives; that I would rather feel the severest effect of hate, than her love. If she was a termagant, I would make her a silent woman, and I would undertake to tame a shrew; but my dear tormentor is so meek, that she weeps without complaining, and pines in private with grief, if I oppose the most trifling circumstance which she judges for my good, or has conceived would please me; she imagines I have no love for her, if she thinks I slight any instance of hers to me. After having suffered her to waste herself almost to a skeleton, I have been reduced to the cruel necessity of giving way to her disposition, and submitting a second time to the go-cart and leading string. And though I am the jest of all my friends, and the sport of both sexes; though I can neither eat, drink, sleep, or wake as I please; though I must appear merry when I am hipt, and well when I am ill; keep company I don't like, and scarce ever see my old acquaintance and friends; though I am to be purged,

sweated, and blistered, in perfect health, I cannot fly from my persecutor, as my love is at least equal to hers, and I am content to bear the weakness of her mind, as I am so sensible of the strength of her affection. Therefore, Sir, when you see a monkey play with a kitten, a boy with a puppy, and miss with her goldfinch, pray remember. Your's, &c.

TRUELOVE.

THE LATE WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." THE BIBLE.

HAVING shared the friendship, and profited by the conversation, of this GREAT and GOOD man, I would fain (however inadequate to such an effort) pay a small tribute to his memory.

After the interesting memoirs with which you have accompanied his portrait, I know that it is rather an encroachment on your valuable work; but, as such characters as Mr. Beckford are rarely to be found in society, when they *have* appeared, the voice of eulogium cannot be too often or too loudly employed in their commendation.

The manly integrity of his conduct, the tenderness and universal benevolence of his nature, the engaging humility of his character, and the unshaken piety of his life, seem to have been regulated by the striking passage from the scriptures above quoted. To honour the Almighty, and to be useful to mankind, were the great employments of his existence.

He once enjoyed a fortune ample as his benevolence; but prosperity neither weakened his head, nor hardened his heart. And when Providence diminished his wealth, he resigned himself, without a murmur, to the sacred dispensation. He had some reason to complain of the cruelty and injustice of men; but resentment could not harbour in a heart like his—though he felt his wrongs, he had the religion to forgive, and the magnanimity to forget them.

Accurate in his observations on life, and no less skilful in applying them to the purposes of improvement and reform, he suffered no circumstance to pass without such moral and interesting reflections, as a mind stored, and feelings prompted, like his, could, with the utmost facility and eloquence, pour forth.

A scholar, an artist, a philanthropist, and a CHRISTIAN—to advance the interests of literature, to establish good taste, to benefit society, and to exalt the deity, are evidently the object of all his writings; which faithfully reflect the principles, and illustrate the practice of their benevolent author.

DISCIPULUS.

A NEW CHAPTER OF CHRONICLES.

Par Exemple. "*Dodsley's Chronicles of the Kings of England.*"

[1. *Of the Year* 1799, *and the Schisms therein.* 3. *Of the Centurial Schism,* 8. *Great Contentions thereon.* 13. *The Centurion's Parable of Cut-short and Five-Score.*]

1. Now it came to pass, in the reign of King George the Third, king of England, in the year 1799, that the close of the eighteenth century drew nigh.

2. And behold in those days there arose divers schisms among men.

3. Howbeit, there was *one* which was more abundantly foolish than all the rest, insomuch that the like had not arisen before; no, not even in England!

4. And it was called the centurial schism, or the schism of the century.

5. Now the matter of contention was this: viz. Whether the nineteenth century beginneth on the first day of the Month called January, in the year 1800, or on the first day of the same Month, in the year 1801.

6. And there were sundry philosophers and mathematicians, *(falsely so called)* who held that it beginneth on the 1st of January 1800; and they were termed *Ninety-nine-ists*, because they make the century to contain but ninety-and-nine years: but verily, some there were, who, for brevity's sake, termed them *Ninny-ists*.

7. But others (walking in the steps of their forefathers) maintained, right zealously, that five score were necessary to make an hundred; and therefore believed that the nineteenth century beginneth not until the 1st of January 1801. Now these were called *Centurians*.

8. And, lo! the spirit of contention waxed strong, and spread throughout the land, insomuch that many feared the nations of the earth would wage war against each other for the space of a century.

9. And the minds of men were exceedingly disquieted within them, because of the schism.

10. Moreover, the newspapers of those days teemed with chronological disputations, abounding in contradictions; strifes about words, and vain babblings.

11. And it came to pass, that one of the *Centurians* arose, who, seeking not to be wise beyond that which is written, believed, even to conviction, that ninety-nine could not possibly make an hundred.

12. And he was a plain man, not skilled in divers kinds of learning, neither right cunning

in the profundities of the mathematics: howbeit, he loved the truth, and eschewed error, therefore opened he his mouth, and spake a parable, saying—

13. Behold a certain man had two sons, and the name of the first-born was *Cutshort*, because he held the heresy of those who, cutting off one year from the century, make it to contain but ninety-and-nine years, and are called *Ninety-nine-ists*.

14. But the name of the youngest was Fivescore, because he maintained the doctrine preached by the sect of the *Centurians*, which saith the century containeth full five score years. And moreover, he lived in the city of *Centarium*; but Cutshort dwelt in the town of *Lack*.

15. And it came to pass, on the morning of the first day of January 1800, that Cutshort arose, and girded his sandals on his feet, and journeyed to the city of *Centarium*, and went to the habitation of Fivescore.

16. And when he beheld him, he took him by the hand, and said unto him, Fivescore, my brother, I say unto thee, rejoice! for lo, I am come to greet three, on having lived to hail *the beginning of the nineteenth century!*

17. But Fivescore said unto him, nay, verily, brother, not so, for it is plain thou art mistaken, and that the nineteenth century is not yet come.

18. Nevertheless, I will rejoice with thee, in that thou art alive in the eighteenth; for truly it hath been a century of exceeding great peril, and the lives of many have been in jeopardy; yea, more especially those of thine own kindred, for verily, thousands, and tens of thousands, even mighty kings and princes, have been added to the tribe of the *Cutshorts*.

19. And when Cutshort heard this, he murmured greatly, and said, Truly, brother, thou art a perverse man, and belongest to a stiff-necked generation, or thou would not thus gainsay the truth.

20. But Fivescore answered, and said, Nay, brother, I resist not the truth, but stand up boldly for the same, and if thou wilt hearken unto me a while, I will cause thee to depart from the error of thy ways, and to walk in the right path; for verily it is as plain as the nose upon thy face.

21. And Cutshort said, Tho' I am ready to smite thee, yet, because thou art my brother, will I bear with thee a little longer.

22. Then said Fivescore, Lend me, I pray thee, an hundred guineas, and I will quickly repay thee.

23. And Cutshort drew out his purse, and he lent him an hundred.

24. And Fivescore took the money, and said, Now, brother Cutshort, will I pay thee in thine own coin, and after thine own manner of reckoning.

25. And he gave unto him a guinea, and reckoned it *one*, and he gave him another also, and reckoned it *two*, and after this manner proceeded he, until he came to the 99th guinea, which, when he had likewise paid him, he stayed his hand, and said unto him, *Cutshort*, even as thou makest the century to contain but fourscore and nineteen years, so oughtest thou to be content with receiving fourscore and nineteen guineas, in payment for thine hundred, inasmuch as the century containeth five score or 100 years.

26. But the wrath of Cutshort was kindled against Fivescore, and he waxed exceeding hot, and called him a *liar*, a *cheat*, and a *fool*: moreover, he maintained that 100 guineas were not 100 years, neither were 100 years 100 guineas.

27. And Fivescore answered and said, Cutshort, my brother, restrain, I beseech thee, thine anger, for it is an enemy to the truth, and will cause thee to love darkness rather than light.

28. When thou saidst that 100 guineas were not 100 years, thou saidst rightly: but perceivest not thou, that a guinea is composed of parts, as well as a year, and that even as a year containeth 12 months, so also doth the guinea contain 21 shillings.

29. Seeing, therefore, that *the whole must always be equal to its parts*, is it not necessary that thou shouldst make the century to contain an 100 times 12 months, as that I should pay thee an 100 times 21 shillings for thine 100 guineas? How then can the century be complete at the end of the 99th year? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, it is hard to kick against the pricks, for "*facts are stubborn things.*"

30. Nevertheless, Cutshort became but the more incensed against Fivescore, insomuch that he abused him greatly.

31. And he hardened his heart, and would not see the light: but talked loudly of *numerals*, and *integers*, of *ordinals*, and cardinals, and perplexed himself exceedingly therewith.

32. Howbeit, the breath of Fivescore was spent in vain, for Cutshort resisted the spirit of conviction, and, after much grumbling, he quitted the city of *Centarium*, and turned his face towards the town of Lack; and lo, he abideth therein unto this day.

33. Thus endeth the sayings of

ABRAHAM FIVESCORE.

———*Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat? HOR.

CASTLE OF LANGARRAN.

A WELCH STORY.

From the MSS. of the late James Petit Andrews, Esq. F. S. A.

LETTER XV.

Lord Glenham to Sir George Sinclair.

Amiens.

GEORGE, I am the most miserable dog in the northern hemisphere. Instead of receiving a friendly letter from you, only calling me names, abusing me for a blockhead, and closing by a detail of some real and immediate service, which you had done me; instead of all this, what should I receive but two letters with the Bath post mark.

How the one of them (my uncle's) ever found its way to me, I cannot imagine. No hieroglyphics ever equalled the words of the address, in mystery; and I am persuaded, that its decypherer would explain every inscription on the written mountains, with facility. The letter is vilely scrawled, and very so so as to spelling, which, like the old gentleman in the farce, he imputes to the gout, and to the wound in his right arm.

Ah, George! you were but too right, when you thought that this monstrous old man of the sea had a bride in his eye for me. It is even so; and a curious girl too; a neighbour of his, and a cousin of my own; even the idol of Cambria, the haughty, the philosophical Miss Augusta Fitz-Hammond!

Were I not attached to Theodosia by the most tender ties, were I not certain that the happiness of my life depends on my union with that delightful fair one, I should yet abhor the proposed match. The character of that cousin of mine I never liked. Free-thinking in a man is well enough; it looks gay and bold; though, some how or other, I have a sneaking principle of religion about me, that has always prevented my joining in such conversations with any tolerable spirit. But when the 'esprit fort' is a *female*, I think she counteracts that elegant timidity, which nature meant as the characteristic feature of the sex; and would no more think of making her my wife, than I would pay my addresses to Rousseau's delicate mistress, Madame Warens.

My uncle has strained every gouty nerve to describe her person; but as I know that he takes all his ideas of female beauty from the painted figure at the head of his favourite frigate, the Medea, his commendations would have but little influence with me, even were

my heart totally disengaged, instead of being fixed on the most accomplished lovely creature that ever tempted mankind to play the fool. And here, George, by way of hint, I charge you hazard not a distant idea of any possible inconstancy on my side. No! though a frail animal, I am no deliberate villain; and such I should be, were I to look on Theodosia in any other light, than as my wife. The poor girl loses every friend for me. For me she quits her father; a father, too, of whom I have often heard her speak in terms of such affection, as render the obligation to me great indeed! May horror and phrenzy overtake me, and may I die an evil death, if I recompense her generous confidence with the wounds of infidelity.

But what I have to say, I must say in a few words. Most luckily there lies, at Dieppe, an English merchantman, bound for Bristol, with good accommodations for passengers. She sails to-morrow, if the wind serves; and it promises now well. By this method of travelling, I shall land, probably, in three days, at Swansea, within ten miles of my uncle's house; and as to the passage, you know how fond I always was of sea parties; so that I prefer it to the five hundred miles jolting by land, which otherwise I must submit to. I wish to have the business over: an interview with my uncle will finish the affair in an instant. I was, you know, to have departed by order of my Theodosia, even if these cursed letters had not arrived; so that things have co-incided tolerably well.

By the way, I have not yet said a word to you about my *second* letter. It is from my relation, Sophia Walden, the general's wife; and, like herself, is well bred, and gentle. I enclose it in this letter, as it will explain to you, what else you could hardly comprehend.

I am just going to take the farewel kiss of poor Theodosia. I need not say that I shall not drop a hint of my uncle's wild project; it would be an insult in me, to protest to her that it should not alter my fidelity.

I have, by means of my very intelligent servant Comptoir, picked up a humble friend, who is like to be of service to me. It is the master of this inn, and of the post, the Sieur Dubois. He has promised to receive any letters which I may send, and to convey them to Mademoiselle Fitzgerald. I named him to Theodosia, and she says that she has heard him always well spoken of; that he had been a sergeant under her father, and believes him as much attached to her interest, as an *interested* man can be. In consequence of this hint, I have given him 50 louis d'ors, to secure his fidelity. I wish,

somehow, I could stay to receive that letter of yours which is on the road; but I have every assurance that Dubois will take care to send it after me. I am not easy at thinking into what hands it may fall. However, I have no time to reason on it, since, after my farewel visit, I must reach Dieppe this night.

Faithfully yours,
GLENHAM.

P. S. Do not wonder at my not writing to the Admiral to explain the matter, instead of hunting him out in his Welch mountains. The case is literally this: the good man never could read written hand; so my fine, pathetic, romantic tale will be read to him either by Paterson or by Diana, his black concierge: two most glorious explicators of rhapsodies taken from the pen of a man in love!

TWO PICTURES FROM NATURE.

PICTURE II.—A SERENE NIGHT AT KESWICK.

THE romantic scenes upon the lake induced us to take a boat, at night, under favour of the moon, which was near at full. We began our voyage soon after the moon was risen, and had illuminated the top of Skiddow; but, from the intercepting mountains, had not *(within the ascent of an hour)*, reached the lake. We were surrounded with a solemn gloom. The stillness of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous, as they, in *all their variety* of sounds, were re-echoed from every cavern. The *summits* of the rocks began to receive the rising rays, and appeared as if *crowned with turrets of silver*, from which the stars departed for their nightly round. As the night advanced, objects arose to view, *as if on the surging of the first morning from Chaos.* The water was a plain of sable, sprinkled over with gems, reflected from the starry firmament: the groves, which hung upon the feet of the mountains, were hidden in darkness; and *all* was one grave, majestic, circle of shadow,

" ——————till the moon
" Rising, in clouded majesty, at length
" Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
" And, o'er the *dark*, her *silver* mantle threw."

MILTON.

When the long, protracted shades, which the mountains cast on the bosom of the lake, shewed the *vastness* of those masses from

whence they proceeded;—and still, as the moon rose higher in the horizon, the *distant* objects began to be more illumined: and the whole presented to us a noble moonlight piece, delicately touched by the hand of Nature; far surpassing those humble scenes which we had often viewed in the works of the Flemish painters.

Mists began to rise on the lake; and, by reason of the air, which bore them aloft, being confined, and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled round, and carried upwards, like a column; which, as soon as it approached the rays of the moon, had a most wonderful appearance, and resembled a pillar of light. I recollect that Maupertues, describing the lake of Niemi, in Lapland, speaks of a phænomenon of the like nature, which the people called "*Haltios*," and which they esteemed to be the *guardians* of the place. Be *these* as they might! we may venture to assert no druid, no Saint Hubert, no genius, had a *more* glorious ascension. The moon's mild beams now *glistened* on the waters, and *touched* the groves, the cliffs, and Islands, with a *meekness* of colouring which, added to the silent solemnity of the night, and these noble and romantic objects, struck us with reverence, and inspired the mind with pious sentiments and ejaculations. It was observable, that, by day, we were incessantly *communicating* our raptures and surprise on each new wonder that opened to our view. We *now felt and enjoyed them in silence.* Every bay and promontory assumed an appearance *different to what it had by day-light.* The little dells, which wind round the feet of the mountains, as they were *shadowed* by interposing objects, or *silvered* by the moon, afforded most enchanting scenes, where we could have wandered, with delight, till morning. Where the lake narrows, and runs into a creek, towards Borodale, the rocks looked tremendous; almost shutting us in from the face of heaven. The cliffs were *struck* with *scanty gleams* of light, which gained their passages through the interstices of the hills, or chasms in the rocks, and served only to discover their horrible *overhanging* fronts:—their mighty caverns, where the water, struck by our oars, returned an hollow sound: their deformed and frowning brows; the *hanging shrubs*, with which they were bearded; their *sparkling* waterfalls, that trilled from shelf to shelf; the *whole half seen, and half concealed*; leaving imagination, at large, to magnify the images of their grandeur and *horrible magnificence.*

Q. Z.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No. II.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent, Carlos, Page 68, of the present Volume, encourages me to offer a few "Select Sentences," to be used as you shall think fit—either to be inserted, or to be committed to the flames.

Most respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

Q. Z.

How are pleasures, the world, and fortune, to be justly appreciated? Life is divided into two epochas; that of desires, and that of disgust. The odour of the dishes is delicious to the hungry guests who sit down to table; but disgusting to those who have made a good dinner.

Happiness and pleasure affect us in a different manner; and, to a certain degree, have nothing in common with each other. Pleasure *cannot* be lasting; it would soon lose its charms; because the mind and senses would quickly be weakened by its vivacity. Pleasure is not, like happiness, *within ourselves*: it is accidental, and depends on others. *Every* person may feel a lively *pleasure*; but the *heart* only can render us capable of tasting *happiness*: for which reason, those who possess not exquisite sensibility have no pretensions to it. Happiness resembles a gentle warmth proceeding from ourselves: pleasure, which is more exterior and lively, but less durable, affects us like adventitious heat; of which we are soon deprived, because it is not natural.

It is unlucky that the *very* reason which makes Eugenio think his stories entertaining, should make *me* think they are troublesome. —*Their being of himself.*

One great disadvantage to the cause of truth is its being so often in the hands of liars.

Despair is the shocking ease to the mind, that mortification is to the flesh.

It is in general much less necessary for you to fix *well*, than to fix.

Some men are seldom *out* of humour, *because* they are seldom *in* humour. We read of a wit who, on his servant giving him warning, asked "*Why* he wished to leave him?" The man replied, his "*temper* was so violent." "But, said the wit, "my ill-humour

is soon off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then it *is soon on again.*"

There are happy days, but no happy lives.

A woman, amongst savages, is a beast of burthen: in the east a piece of furniture: and in Europe *a spoiled child.*

Good sense is a feeble light, which illumines a *confined* horizon, and is sufficient to conduct *him* safely *whose views do not extend beyond it.*

Seneca says, that "a virtuous man struggling with adversity, is a sight worthy of the Divinity." Another spectacle, not less sublime, is a virtuous king, combating the seductions which are studiously multiplied around him; shutting his ears against the voice of flattery; and incessantly dissipating the obscurity with which truth is continually enveloped.

The most flattering dominion is that over *other men's minds.* What is the influence of a minister, compared with that of the head of a sect?

When murky night sails round on raven-wing, deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar, I feel inspired with grateful terrors. So have I gone, at night, when the faint eye of day was hardly closed, and turned the grating key, that kept the door of church or chapel, to enjoy, alone, the mournful horrors that impending night, *and painted windows,* shed, along the dark, and scarce to be distinguished aisle. My foot has stood, and paused; half startled at the sound of its own tip-toe pace! I have held my breath, and been offended that my nimble heart should throb so audibly. I would not hear aught else disturb the silent reign of death, except the dull ticking of a restless clock. I never saw the sheeted ghost steal by; I never heard the imprisoned dead complain and *gibber* in my ear: yet I *have* heard, what *fancy* might deem sufficient proof of both: the prowling owl *sweep* by, and, with an hideous shriek, awake the church-yard echo! and I have stood, harrowed and speechless, at the dismal sound.

No two things can be so contradictory, so much at variance, as truth and falsehood; and yet none are so mixed and united!

A fool is not *always* without wit; and it is when he shews wit that he *is insupportable.* His wit is like an edged tool put into the hands of a child: without it he might be harmless.

Wit gives confidence less than confidence gives wit.

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

NUMBER X.

MRS. PHILIPS CONTINUED.

I recommend, for the next number of the series of Female Poetry, Mrs. Philips on *A Country Life*. It is a pleasing little poem, and has much resemblance to the *Beatus ille* of Horace. MUSÆUS.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

HOW sacred and how innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoy'd himself;
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf.

'Twas here the poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love;
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed.

They knew no law nor physic then,
Nature was all their wit:
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.

What blessings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe desire?
Her courtship is all fire and sword;
Who would not then retire?

Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.

Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice:
It is not brave to be possest
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things;
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvy'd walls
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his ambition's height.

Silence and innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the world subdue.

While others revel it in state,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

Let some in courtship take delight,
And to th' *Exchange* resort;
Then revel out a winter's night,
Not making love, but sport.

These never know a noble flame,
'Tis lust, scorn, or design:
While vanity plays all their game,
Let peace and honour mine.

When the inviting spring appears,
To *Hide-Park* let them go,
And hasting thence be full of fears
To lose *Spring-Garden* show.

Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others busy them in vain
To study ways of state.

But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.

There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And only those of all I would
Ask for felicity.

In this retir'd and humble seat,
Free from both war and strife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But chuse to spend my life.

THE ARTS.

No. XIV.

FUSELI'S MILTON GALLERY.

THIS interesting and admirable series of paintings, and lasting monument of the powerful exertions of individual genius, is again open for the inspection of the public; considerably augmented and improved by a fresh arrangement; and by the addition of several new and excellent pictures, which, although from the comparative smallness of their size, they may not, at first, appear so deserving of our praise, or so forcibly to arrest our attention, as some of the larger performances, will, notwithstanding, on a nearer examination, be found equally worthy of our attention, and equally capable of sup- the penetrating eye of critical inspection.

Among the pictures, lately added, those which more particularly seem to claim our regard, are the ALLEGRO, and PENSEROSO. The air of gaiety and pleasure which appears in the first of these is admirable, and highly expressive of the playful luxuriancy of the delightful poem from whence it is taken. The figure of *Euphrosyne* is beautiful and graceful, and although it be a figure of infinite ease and sportiveness, yet, by the chaste and dignified air that is diffused over it, its mirth is admirably distinguished from the obstreperous merriment of the wanton Bacchanal. It would, perhaps, have been better, however, had the form of *Euphrosyne* partaken more of the youthful virgin, than of the full grown woman: the figure might lose consequence, and a portion of its goddess-like appearance, from such an alteration; but would certainly be nearer the more established, and, perhaps, the more correct idea of *l'Allegro*. Nothing can be better imagined than the meeting of *Zephyrus* and *Aurora*, in the distance; it serves to elucidate the story, and spread an air of voluptuousness and vernal gaiety over the whole scene. In the introduction of *Doll* and *Falstaff*, Mr. Fuseli appears to have given rather too

free a scope to his fancy, as this is certainly bordering very closely upon farce, and in some measure retracts from the elevated style in which the rest of the picture is executed; which, upon the whole, may be regarded as one of the happiest and most original in the collection.

The second picture, which represents *Melancholy reclining on her throne*, is, in every respect, equal, if not superior, to the former. The contemplative and dignified grief exhibited in the countenance and attitude of the principal figure, and the death-like repose she seems to diffuse around the whole scene, are most feelingly conceived, and ably delineated; and cannot fail of exciting, in the mind of the susceptible spectator, those solemn and awful emotions that melancholy alone can occasion; and which, at times, ennoble our nature, and elevate our souls above the contracted sphere of humanity. The gloomy solemnity of the scene is also greatly heightened by the dim, uncertain light of the moon, that darts her feeble rays from behind, and just renders visible the mournful shadow of Ugolino and his dead son. It might, perhaps, have been better, had the artist stopped here, and not introduced the attendant genii of *Terror* and *Grief*: they appear to be rather foreign to the subject, and destroy, in a degree, that simplicity and tranquillity which it is so necessary to preserve in designs of this nature.

Besides the foregoing, there are several others among the additional pictures, that possess very considerable merit; particularly that of "*Winter carrying off a Maid*," the colouring and disposition of which are extremely well adapted to the story: the painter has, with great propriety, represented the infant as a beautiful young woman, by which means he has given a propriety to the passion of Winter, and has probably come much nearer to the real idea which Milton intended to convey. It does not appear, however, to have been so judicious to personify *Winter* under the form of a *young* man; for we are hardly able to assimilate the comfortless character and desolating effects of winter, with so young and so beautiful a figure.

But whatever be the defects of *this* or any other of the additional pictures, there is to be found in *them*, alone, a sufficient number of the more exalted excellencies of the art, to entitle the person who was capable of producing them to a distinguished station in the first rank of his profession. Every work of human genius must necessarily have its inequalities and imperfections; perhaps the one in question, considering the extent of the undertaking, is more free than the generality from such failings. May the public estimate its value as it merits; and may the author of so extraordinary a work receive the encouragement his industry and genius so justly deserve.

I. I. H.

A LETTER TO A LADY,

ON THE

EDUCATION OF HER SON.

YOUNG people do not see far; and, what is worse, they are not to be advised by those who do: they will not be the better for our experience. I say to myself, very frequently, what would I give to be twenty again, with the knowledge of the world which I have now? —Your son is at that age, and my knowledge is at his service, why cannot we, together, produce what I figure to myself possible, were I at his age? He has no fortune; I mean scarce enough to keep himself clean, unless in retirement, which I know (though, perhaps, he does not) he will never chuse. What then can be done?—My case and his were much the same. I had but small expectations of fortune, and, perhaps, pretty good parts. These recommended me to the best company; or, in plain English, they were pleased, I was flattered. What then? Why, says my poor father, (who was an excellent mathematician, but who knew no more of the world than his son), my boy shall qualify himself for the *Beau Monde*, and he shall get into great places, and so forth. I was, therefore, put to Italian, French, and every thing that is called modern polite literature; and, with the improvements of dancing, fencing, riding, drawing, fortification, heraldry and music, and what not, I was to be made as fine a gentleman as any living. Poor mistaken man! Instead of giving me a profession, any knowledge that was useful, or absolutely necessary to mankind, I was to be furnished only with the superfluities of life; and, without a fortune, was to be brought to live as if I had one, and to create a relish, a habit of living, which, if I did not succeed, must make me miserable. Few people, all agree, of small fortune, were so fit for foreign employments. I was now shut up for two years, and, by the direction of a very great and wise man, was recommended to read *English* history, that of *Europe* in general, *Domat*, *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, &c. very dry, but necessary authors; and, last of all, four folio volumes of treaties. The next thing was to find a patron. This was not very easily done. My great friends were not used to hear me speak of wanting employments. They liked my wit and my odes. However, they kept smiling on for some time, till my father's pocket grew low, and dress and coach hire became too expensive. Luckily a patron was found:—one who understood what wit and parts were, and excelled himself in that way; but who well knew that was not enough. I was therefore to convince him that I had more material furniture in

my head. I succeeded in this, too, from the pains I had taken in those two years. We went abroad together; his own weight in the world, his prodigious virtue and goodness, &c. gave me reason to expect all the advantages that could attend so flattering a beginning in public business. What hindered? Why, the commonest thing in the world; my patron was turned out, and, consequently, Mr. secretary was to seek for another. With better luck than ordinary, in two years more, another was found; envoy at the same court. Two or three great men's recommendations procured me his excellency's favour; and my little boat was set afloat again. The gale was prosperous, the weather fine for a whole twelvemonth, (an age, I can assure you, for human affairs.)—What's the matter? Why a mighty ordinary matter;—the envoy died. These changes astonished me. I was a young man, and did not think that people were to die or be turned out; but my father was older, and might have heard that such strange things do sometimes happen. What was to be done now? No money, and my former patron in disgrace! Friends that were in favour not able to serve me, or not willing to do it;—cold, timid, careful of themselves, and indifferent to many, whose disappointments had made them less agreeable; (for want of success, you must know, is a fault in the eyes of most men, though it be owing to accidents ever so foreign to your own merit.) In this condition, i. e. in want of every thing but a fine coat and laced shirt, (the remains of former luxury), I languished on for three long melancholy years; sometimes a little elated; a smile, a kind hint, a downright promise, dealt out to me from those in whom I placed some silly hopes, now and then brought some little refreshment, but that never lasted; and to say nothing of the agony of being reduced to talk of one's misfortunes and one's wants, and the basest, lowest of all conditions, the slavery of borrowing to support an idle, useless being; my time for those three years was unhappy beyond description. In this wretched situation, retired eighteen miles from London, into an obscure village, in debt to taylors, butchers, bakers, and chandler's shops—one fine morning I received a letter from a school-fellow, that he had the day before kissed the king's hand, for a very great employment, and offering me the best place in his gift. Guess at my joy and gratitude; I cannot express it any more than my grief, except by the tears, which are now in my eyes, because that friend is now no more. He overlooked my unfitness in the law;—he gave me the best place in his disposal. Once again I forgot that men were mortal. His youth, and my own, I imagined, promised us riches and pleasures for many years to come:

it was permitted that he should die too. You and your son too well know the sequel of my history. I mean only to make him sensible, that, without the knowledge of something which mankind cannot be without, no wit, no parts, no friends, nor patrons, can secure him from want, and the terrible consequence of it, contempt. He cannot easily set out in life with more hopes of success than I did. He may be more fortunate, but it is ten thousand to one that he is not.—And what led me into this particular way of thinking at present is, that, supposing the law should not please him, I was imagining, if Sir R——— lived, he might possibly become secretary to some minister at a foreign court. But even this cannot be obtained without the necessary knowledge I have been speaking of; as troublesome, as disagreeable, to the full, as the law of England, and as remote and different from wit, poetry, and those pursuits with which he has too long amused, or rather abused, his good parts. Now my intent was to shew him that, supposing all this, he would not be in half so easy, so comfortable a condition to a man of sense, who knows what this world is, as if he was in a three pair of stairs chamber at the Temple, in a way of getting 200*l.* a year.———If he thinks my case particular, he does not know, (as how should he?) what passes about the court: where, besides the changeableness of things, there is not one place of any kind, for which there are not five hundred competitors; many of whom are as well or better qualified than he can be these two years, let him study never so hard. In short, all places are, from the accidents which I have related, so extremely precarious; the attendance about them so mean and unmanly; refusals and delays are so insupportable; and the loss of them, when obtained, so dreadful to one who has not a good foundation in his own fortune, that he must be weak who would propose such a pursuit to a friend. It is for this reason that I have troubled you and him with this account of my mistakes, that I may deter him from falling into them; that I may use this one effort more to convince him that any profession is infinitely better than a thousand patrons. God knows how zealous I am for his success in the world, and how grieved I am when I recollect, that he is now near twenty-two, and has not read one book since he left Eton, for which he, or his family, will ever be the better as long as he lives. I love him, dearly love him, and therefore these pains and this plainness help me to do him good. Desire him to add my years, my experience, to his own good parts, and I will, with my life, answer for his success. But tell him that his parts will be his ruin, if he will not submit them to the conduct of those who

have gone through a good part of the road of life, to him utterly unknown,—and therefore dangerous.

See how far my love has carried me.——I will not be so full of words again soon. God knows they come from a heart most sincerely, most anxiously disposed to do all sort of good in my power to you and your children.

OBSERVATIONS ON
BURGER'S CELEBRATED POEM OF LEONORA.

BY SAMUEL WHYTE, ESQ. OF DUBLIN.

THE tale of Leonora has been translated into English by four several hands. One of those writers, in the preface to his own version of that popular poem, expatiating on the peculiar character and taste of the Germans, says, "their minds vigorously conceive, and their language nobly expresses, the terrible and majestic; and it must be allowed, that, in this species of writing, they would force from us the palm of excellence, were it not secured by the impregnable towers of OTRANTO. Of all their productions of this kind, LEONORA is, perhaps, the most perfect. The story, in a narrow compass, unites tragic event, poetical surprise, and epic regularity. The admonitions of the mother are just, although ill-timed; the despair of the daughter at once natural and criminal; her punishment dreadful and equitable. Few objections can be made to a subject new, simple, and striking; and none to a moral which cannot be too frequently and awfully enforced."

This is the common language of translators, in humble imitation of their great predecessor Dryden, obliquely recommending their own performances; and yet, admitting the translator spoke his real sentiments, concerning that popular and celebrated production, his decision appears liable to many cogent exceptions. Without reference to religious principles, considered in a moral light, it will appear defective; to a philosophic eye absurd. The scope and tendency of it are of a mischievous nature. It may make the hair of the weak and credulous stand on end; the infidel, who with rapture contemplates the wanton extravagances of Jupiter, attends ancient cut-throats to the regions of Tartarus, and listens with avidity to the legend of Proserpine, of which Leonora's is a tolerable fac simile,* feels shocked

* So Pluto seized of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid!
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with his beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sunshine and his skies.
Addison's Cato, Act III. Scene 7th.
Vide Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 5, v. 391, De Proserp.

at the gloomy reveries of the cloisters, and, in his fancied triumphs over ignorance and superstition, with his usual airs of self-sufficiency, will be tempted to treat the machinery of our modern with a sneer.—In truth, the fiction is too violent; it out-herods Herod, and seems merely calculated to keep alive and propagate the exploded notions of ghosts and hobgoblins, to the great annoyance of poor children, whose ductile minds are liable to fearful impressions, which, by the strongest exertions of reason and good sense, are scarcely ever afterwards to be wholly obliterated.

The argument in favour of the poem, from the lesson of patience it is said to contain, is by no means conclusive; for, being wholly founded in imposture, it necessarily loses its effect. There are also objections to it as a composition, arising from the conduct of the machinery itself. The terrible graces to which the poem of Leonora owes so much of its popularity, though bodied forth by the exquisite designs of the lady Diana Beauclerc, in our humble apprehension, are not supported with a due degree of consistency. It is not easy to determine the precise characteristics, and prescribe limits for the conduct of beings, with which no mortal has ever yet been personally in habits of familiarity; but, according to the received ritual of apparitions, the ghost in question, is not only forced ungraciously into the service, but is made to assume powers to which, as a ghost, he was utterly incompetent. If this position be tenable, we must beg leave to dissent from the authority—the poem is not perfect.

The initiated in the mysteries of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," of which Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare are the acknowledged poetical high priests, by no means admit such "fatal visions, sensible to feeling as to sight;" neither has the notion, as yet, prevailed among the superstitious and the vulgar. The author of Leonora, by an inexcusable error, we may say, in the costume, has proceeded directly against the canon laws of their foundation, for the sake, it should seem, of a moral, not clearly deducible, and probably but a secondary consideration.—Cause and effect should reciprocally correspond. Ghosts are serious subjects, and should not be roused from their everlasting mansions on trivial errands; to point out where a pot of money lies interred, or cheek the frenzy of a love-sick girl; but their imputed attributes are specifically essential, and not to be dispensed with. Here the ghost of a dead warrior, armed cap-a-pee, in mail of the same temper, mounted on the ghost of a dead charger, makes a progress of five hundred German miles, and, under the shape of an affianced lover, cajoles a fond credulous female, good and lawful flesh and blood, to quit her aged weeping mother, and get up behind him: off he

carries her, hurry-scurry, over hill, over dale, wood, waste, bog, and briar, the same journey back again, all in the space of one short night, every now and then soothing and encouraging her to sit still, with an equivocal assurance, beneath the dignity of a ghost, of accommodating her in his camp-bed, six boards and a sheet, which, in the upshot, proves to be—his grave. And that is the poor creature's punishment for uttering a rash, a wicked expression, if you will, (exaggerated we may suppose) in the paroxysms of insanity, the effect of her fidelity and constancy; virtues which the men, though little they have to brag of, will seldom allow the sex, and surely this is a sad way of inculcating. Thus the order of nature is subverted, the secrets of the grave profaned, and a tremendous apparatus, as if the fate of nations depended on it, exhibited, for what? To frighten an innocent young maniac, and send her, a little before her time, to "Heaven:" But the pious and disconsolate mother, without crime, bereft of her child, the staff of her age, is the sufferer: and the ghost, not, as we are taught to believe, a mere visionary essence; but, contrary to all known principles of orthodoxy, a firm, corporeal, tangible substance, vested with human powers, and retaining, as in life, the old spirit of gallantry, with the usual accompaniments prevarication and deceit.

ANECDOTE, FROM Mr. PARK's TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

'THE Moors,' says Mr. P. 'have singular ideas of feminine perfection. The gracefulness of figure and motion, and a countenance enlivened by expression, are by no means essential points in their standard: with them corpulence and beauty appear to be terms nearly synonymous. A woman of even moderate pretensions must be one who cannot walk without a slave under each arm, to support her; and a perfect beauty is a load for a camel. In consequence of this prevalent taste for unwieldiness of bulk, the Moorish ladies take great pains to acquire it early in life; and, for this purpose, many of the young girls are compelled, by their mothers, to devour a great quantity of kouskous, and drink a large bowl of camel's milk every morning. It is of no importance whether the girl has an appetite or not; the kouskous and milk must be swallowed; and obedience is frequently enforced by blows. I have seen a poor girl sit crying, with the bowl at her lips, for more than an hour; and her mother, with a stick in her hand, watching her all the while, and using the stick without mercy, whenever she observed that her daughter was not swallowing. This singular practice, instead of producing indigestion and disease, soon covers the young lady with that degree of plumpness, which, in the eye of a Moor, is perfection itself.'

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Asiatic Researches, Vol. 3, *continued from Page* 155.

JOSEPHUS, vindicating the antiquity of his nation, and the veracity of their historians, against the calumnies of Apion, affirms, that the whole of what is related concerning the Greeks, the building of their cities, their arts, their laws, and their histories, happened not long ago, and may be said to be the events of yesterday. It was also late before they came to know the alphabet then in use; that they learned it from the Phœnicians, and from Cadmus; from whose time it was doubtful whether they had preserved any writings in their temples, or other public monuments. The most ancient writings received among them, as genuine, are Homer's poems, who certainly lived after the war of Troy; nay, the report is, that even he did not leave his poems in writing. The first historians were Cadmus of Miletus, and Acusilaus, the Argive, and their immediate successors lived but a short while before the expedition of Xerxes. Pherecydes, Pythagoras, Thales, and other philosophers, derived their learning from the Egyptians and Chaldees, and some of these writings are supposed to be not genuine. The Athenians themselves admitted, that they had no *public* records prior to the laws of Draco, who flourished a little before Pisistratus, about the beginning of the Persian empire.

Cyrus, on his accession, made a proclamation, and put it in *writing*, for the restoration of the captive Jews. In the subsequent reigns, the archives of the empire were searched, for decrees enacted by Cyrus, Darius Hystaspis, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes Longimanus, for and against that people; and the original deeds being found, shewed, that public registers had been kept, from the first of Cyrus. Except the books of the Hebrew judges, kings, and priests, these appear to have been the most ancient of any national records. It is by no means probable, that the art of writing had become general, in the distant regions of the east, before the first of Cyrus, 531 years before our era.

"It may seem strange, that the ancient history of so distinguished an empire," as Persia, "should yet be so imperfectly known. But very satisfactory reasons may be assigned for our ignorance of it: the principal of them are the superficial knowledge of the Greeks and Jews, and the loss of the Persian archives, or other historical compositions." Sir W. Jones, vith Discourse, 19th February, 1789.

The very existence of prior archives, and historical compositions, in Persia, is uncertain, and in India exceedingly improbable. It is incongruous to postulate the loss of records, not specified in collateral writings, by quotation, reference, or titles. Sir W. Jones agrees with the other members of the Asiatic society, in taking for granted the immemorial use of written records, in the regions on the banks of the Indus and the Ganges. From the foregoing remarks, it is presumed, that the superior antiquity of the Mosaical scriptures, to those of the Hindus, is incontrovertibly established, on the principle, that, from Arabia, where letters are recognised in their origin, they diverged, as from a centre, in every direction, and gradually reached the remotest parts of the globe.

[To be continued.]

The Governess; or Evening Amusements at a Boarding-School. 12mo. 2s. Newbery. 1800.

THE useful and the agreeable are ingeniously blended in this little work. If every instructress had power to conciliate opposite tempers and dispositions, like this governess, and to render the acquirement of knowledge a recreation, schools would be respected, and teachers revered. We have the pleasure of knowing some seminaries where these mild methods are uniformly pursued, and we have found such consequences to be the prevailing result.

A new Essay on Punctuation: being an Attempt to reduce the Practice of Pointing to the Government of distinct and explicit Rules, by which every Point may be accounted for after the Manner of Parsing. By Thomas Stackhouse. 12mo. pp. 92. West and Hughes. 1800.

THOUGH punctuation be an important branch of grammar, such is the ignorance, or the caprice, of writers in general, that very few of them attend to it at all, and, of those who do, each has his favourite and peculiar system of pointing. The present is an attempt to settle all differences in this respect, by reducing the practice to certain rules, by which it is to be governed, in the same manner as the other parts of grammar are now regulated.

While we admit and commend the author's ingenuity, we think he has rendered the system more intricate and difficult, than appears to us to have been necessary; and, indeed, we are of opinion, that "Punctuation, on this plan, will demand more time and attention" than any person will be inclined to appropriate to it. The subject, however, is treated in a masterly manner, and the author is entitled to the best thanks of the public, for presenting them with so clever a

treatise, upon an art which, however neglected and despised by many, "is not only *generally useful*, but, in some particular cases, *indispensibly necessary*."

Memoirs of the Medical Society of London, instituted in the Year 1773. Vol. V. 8vo. 9s. Johnson. 1799.

THAT medical science has been essentially promoted, in almost every department, by the institution of the London Society, is evident from the proceedings contained in the four first volumes of the memoirs, to which this fifth is a valuable addition. The articles are forty-two in number, and many of them, especially those furnished by Dr. Sims, Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Hooper, Mr. Blair, and Mr. Wood, are particularly interesting.

The names of the authors, whose communications have gained the society's medals, and the subjects proposed for the Fothergilian gold medals, for the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, are prefixed to the memoirs.

Romance of the Castle. 12mo. 2 Vols. 8s. Lane. 1800.

THE contents of this novel, as well as its title, will remind the reader of Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*; and that will necessarily oblige him to draw a comparison extremely unfavourable to the literary pretensions of the author of the *Romance of the Castle.*

A second Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hawker. By the Rev. R. Polwhele. 8vo. Cadell and Davies.

NOT having seen the preceding parts of this controversy, we cannot form a correct judgment of the circumstances on which it is founded. Mr. P. seems, in very strong language, to charge Dr. Hawker with preaching irregular doctrines, in unseemly places, and at uncanonical hours. In what manner Mr. Polwhele can be personally interested in, or affected by, the public conduct of Dr. Hawker, we do not know; but, for Christian charity, and brotherly love, we think the style of reproof which he has adopted by far too severe. This remark, however, our readers are apprised, is made without our being fully acquainted with the extent of the provocation.

St. Godwin; a Tale of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth Centuries. By Count Reginald de St. Leon. 2d Edition corrected. 12mo. Wright. 1800.

THIS admirable satire upon Mr. Godwin's romance of *St. Leon*, from which we made a few extracts in a former number, has been read with the avidity we expected. We resume our notice of the work, merely to state, that the errors occasioned by the unavoidable

haste which attended the original publication, are, in the present impression, corrected, and several additions are made to the Travels of *St. Godwin*, which throw new light upon the character and attainments of the redoubted philosopher, and still further expose the paradoxical system of morals and politics, which he has foolishly endeavoured to obtrude upon the world.

An Answer to Lord Somerville's Address to the Board of Agriculture, on the Subject of Sheep and Wool, of the 14th of May 1796; or to such Part of it as relates to the Substitution of English for Spanish Wools, in the Manufacture of Superfine Cloths. 4*to. Cadell and Davies.* 1799.

LORD Somerville having declared, in his address, that the political situation of Spain might be such as to shut out, or, at least, materially increase, the present difficulty of importing her wool into this country; and that, as it became therefore a matter of the utmost national importance that the fine woollen trade of Great Britain should suffer nothing in reputation, he was resolved never again to wear superfine cloth, or kerseymere, any part of which should be of foreign growth—the writer of the present answer, who states himself to be engaged in a woollen manufactory of considerable extent, undertakes to combat a resolution which he thinks may lead to dangerous consequences, if sanctioned by popular opinion. The patriotism of Lord Somerville's declaration cannot be questioned, but the theory from which it originated, appears to be completely destroyed by the following observations of the author:—"That the growth of English wool is now barely sufficient for the consumption of the manufactures of the country; that no stock of English wool remains on hand, from one year to the other; consequently, that every pound of Spanish wool, brought into this country, and worked up in it, is so much additional employment and profit to the country."

Thoughts on Marriage, and criminal Conversation, with some Hints of appropriate Means to check the Progress of the latter, &c. By a Friend to social Order. 12*mo.* 2*s. Rivingtons.* 1799.

THE object of this little tract is to prevent, or at least to render less frequent, the crimes of seduction and adultery, by changing the legal punishment from *pecuniary fine*, to *imprisonment in Newgate, or some other public jail*, with the addition of the *pillory*, in certain cases; and the arguments used in support of this measure are just and cogent. The author considers *vanity* to be an inducement to the commission of these crimes, as much or more than the hope of gratifying a guilty passion, and if this be so, which assuredly in a

great measure it is, he is of opinion that pecuniary fines are rather calculated to promote than to suppress the practice.

"The hero, who has raised himself to fame by the seduction of an innocent and beautiful woman, might, perhaps, stand a chance of being forgotten, if he had not the opportunity of daily commemorating the grievous fine he has, on that account, had to pay. Perhaps he was scarcely able to pay it, and it serves as a fashionable excuse for his creditors remaining unsatisfied; perhaps he has contrived to cast the burthen on the shoulders of a father, or other respectable relation, who thence becomes the subject of his merriment and raillery. In whatever predicament he be, it is always a boast to have enjoyed a pleasure estimated at so high a value; and, though his finances are drained by his sentence, the source of his crime is still unchecked;---the principle, which gave birth to it, remains unassailed and unrepressed."

The frequency of adultery our 'friend to social order,' not unfoundedly, attributes to the pernicious theories of some late writers, and, among others, of the late Mrs. Wollstonecraft Godwin, whose opinions, upon the subject of marriage, he successfully combats; and, after tracing the effect of those opinions upon her own life, he proceeds to consider the possible influence of her example upon the conduct of others. Though a woman of uncommon vigour and firmness of mind, "she was twice led to attempt the desperate act of suicide,—what then (the writer enquires) must be the hope of those who, without an equal provision of strength or resolution, should attempt to follow her steps!"

Such is the principle and such the reasoning of this pamphlet, which does its author no inconsiderable credit; and we are happy to find, from some late proceedings in the *House of Lords*, that the legislature is equally sensible with the writer of the expediency of some more formidable and degrading punishment than that which the law at presents inflicts upon the adulterer.

Proceedings of the Town of Charlestown, in the County of Middlesex, and Common-wealth of Massachusetts; in respectful Testimony of the distinguished Talents and pre-eminent Virtues of the late George Washington. 8*vo. pp.* 82. *Stockdale.* 1800.

At one o'clock, on Thursday the 31st. of December, the stores and shops of Charlestown were shut, and there was a general suspension of business. The inhabitants put on mourning, and funeral ceremonies were performed with great solemnity. The freemasons attended, in a body, and a procession, consisting of 620 persons, moved from Warren Hall to the Meeting House, where Dr. Jedidiah Morse preached a suitable discourse, and, afterwards, read General

Washington's celebrated *valedictory address*, as president of the citizens of the United States.

The Doctor chose for his text Deut. xxxiv. 5, 7, 8. and drew a parallel between Moses and Washington, whose characters and fortunes are, in several leading points, strikingly coincident. The sermon, which is here published, is followed by a biographical sketch of the general, with notes, and an account of the last illness, death, and funeral of the illustrious saviour of America; to which are subjoined, a Letter from Mr. President Adams to Mrs. Washington, and the widow's answer thereto, relative to the mode of interring the remains of the departed hero.

The following are the particulars of the death of this great man.

"His last sickness was short and painful. On Thursday the 12th he was abroad on one of his plantations. The day was rainy, and he took cold; which, on Friday, produced a violent inflammation in the throat. The following night his disease became very alarming, and he was urged to send to Alexandria for his physician. His humanity for his servants prevented it till the next morning. At eleven o'clock on Saturday his physician arrived. It was too late. The hand of death was already upon him. Though his distress was extreme, he was calm and resigned. 'He informed his attendants that his affairs were in good order; that he had made his will, and that his public business was but two days behind hand.' A very short time before he died, he said to his physician, '*Doctor, what is the clock? How long am I to remain in this situation?*' The Doctor replied, '*Not long, Sir.*' He then rejoined, with the firmest countenance, '*I have no fear, doctor, to die.*' His breathing soon grew shorter, and presently after he died without a sigh or a groan.

"He was fully impressed, at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal; submitting to the several exertions made for his recovery, rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system as coeval with the disease; and, several hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without further interruption.

"During the short period of his illness, he economized his time, in the arrangement of such few concerns as required his attention, with the utmost serenity; and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his whole life has been so uniformly and singularly conspicuous."

Poems, on various Subjects. By S. Pearson. 12mo. *pp.* 82. *Rivington.* 1800.

THE author of this small collection of poems discovers a correct ear and a cultivated taste; and, if we may judge from the respectable list of subscribers prefixed, she is not destitute of friends, who are able both to discern and to reward her merit. The following, as one of the shortest articles in the volume, we select as a specimen.

"*On reading, in several Publications, many invidious allusions to Mrs. Radcliffe's elegant Novel, 'The Mysteries of Udolpho.'*

"THO' Envy strive to rend the well-earn'd Wreath
That decks enchanting RADCLIFFE'S modest brow,
Yet while the Lovers of Great Nature breathe,
Her laurels with unfading green shall glow.

Her moon-light mountains, her tempestuous skies,
The deep-wrought mystery of the pathless wood;
The solemn strain that on the night-wind dies,
Firing the fancy as it chills the blood;

Her gloomy castles of chivalric days,
Where giant Murder stalks thro' ruin'd bowers;
And all the lucid scenery she displays
Round vast Udolpho's dark, imperious towers;

Genius with eagle-eye has mark'd his own—
While orphan-daughters love her filial tear,
And Virtue bending from her radiant throne,
Hails scenes to love, and truth, and fancy dear."

The Farmer's Boy; a Rural Poem. By Robert Bloomfield.

"A shepherd's boy—he seeks no better name."

8vo. 5s. Small 4to. Vellum, 10s. 6d. Royal 4to. Whatman's Vellum, 18s. Vernor and Hood, 1800.

[Continued from Page 116.]

THE particulars of the author of this work (abridged from the interesting narrative given in the preface) which appeared in our last number, will naturally excite the curiosity of our readers towards the POEM itself; and here we must not neglect to transcribe the judicious observations of Mr. Lofft, to whose fine taste and critical discernment the *Farmer's Boy* is indebted for his appearance before the public.

When the manuscript was put into the hands of this gentleman, for his perusal and opinion, after having been treated with indifference by some persons in London, to whom it had previously been shewn, he was "determined to judge, in the only just and reasonable way, of the work, by the work itself."

"At first," observes Mr. L. "I confess, seeing it divided into the four Seasons, I had to encounter a prepossession not very advantageous to any writer, that the author was treading in a path already so admirably trod by THOMSON; and might be adding one more to an attempt already so often, and so injudiciously and unhappily made, of transmuting that noble poem out of blank verse into rhyme;—from its own pure native gold into an alloyed metal of incomparably less splendour, permanence and worth.

"I had soon, however, the pleasure of finding myself relieved from that apprehension, and of discovering that, although the description of RURAL SCENERY naturally branches itself into these divisions, there was little else except the general qualities of a musical ear; flowing numbers, feeling, piety, poetic imagery, and animation, a taste for the picturesque, a true sense of the natural and pathetic, force of thought, and liveliness of imagination, which were in common between Thomson and this author. And these are qualities which, whoever has the eye, the heart, the awakened and surrounding intellect, and the diviner sense of the poet, which alone can deserve the name, must possess.

"But, with these general characters of true poetry, '*The Farmers Boy*' has, as I have said, a character of its own. It is discriminated as much as the circumstances and habits, and situation, and ideas consequently associated, which are so widely diverse in the two authors, could make it different. Simplicity, sweetness, a natural tenderness, that *molle atque facetum* which HORACE celebrates in the Eclogues of VIRGIL, will be found to belong to it."

THOMSON has described the various operations of the four seasons, and their influence upon mankind in general. His subject was vast and unlimited; the living volume of nature was before him, in all its comprehensive grandeur, and minute varieties, and he had to select, without restriction, whatever pleased his imagination, or interested his heart. Mr. Bloomfield, with poetical powers that seem not to stand in need of "circumscription or confine," has contented himself with tracing the occupation of the *Farmer's Boy*, through the vicissitudes of the year, and with describing the more homely, but not less picturesque and tranquillizing scenery, which falls within the survey of the humble rustic.

> No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse,
> No *Alpine* wonders thunder through my verse,
> The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
> Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still:
> Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine eyes,
> Nor Science led me through the boundless skies;
> From meaner objects far my raptures flow:

It was the good fortune of Mr. Bloomfield, when he sustained the character he has here drawn, and distinguished by the fictitious appellation of *Giles*, to be employed in the service of a master,*

> Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd;
> By deeds of hospitality endear'd,
> Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd:

* The late Mr. Austin, of Sapiston.

He was, consequently, not rendered, by ill usage, unsusceptible of the beauties of nature which were ever before his eye, nor inattentive to the various duties attached to his condition: the edge of sensibility was never blunted; and he was thus enabled to derive intellectual improvement from his daily labours, and to look *through nature, up to nature's* GOD. He had, likewise, been early taught to see and to feel the gracious regard of Providence, exercised as well toward himself as to that part of the feathered and animal creation which he had an opportunity of observing:—hence the vein of genuine piety, the amiable and unfeigned humility, the moral application, the feeling, truth, and engaging simplicity, which are every where discoverable in this delightful poem.

The following passage, intended, it should seem, by the author, as a specimen of the manner in which Mr. Austin combined salutary moral advice with his ordinary instructions, is sweetly simple and natural, and admirably calculated to impress the mind with that sense of humanity, contentedness, and pure devotion, which we have stated to be characteristical of the *Farmer's Boy*.

'Left ye your bleating charge, when daylight fled,
'Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy head?
'Whose fence of bushy furze, so close and warm,
'May stop the slanting bullets of the storm.
'For, hark! it blows; a dark and dismal night;
'Heaven guide the traveller's fearful steps aright!
'Now from the woods, mistrustful, and sharp-ey'd,
'The *fox* in silent darkness seems to glide,
'Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,
'If chance the cock or stamm'ring capon crows,
'Or goose, or nodding duck, should darkling cry,
'As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh:
'Destruction waits them, *Giles*, if e'er you fail
'To bolt their doors against the driving gale.
'Strew'd you (still mindful of the unsheltered head)
'Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome bed?
'Thy heart should feel, what thou may'st hourly see,
'*That duty's basis is humanity.*
'Of pain's unsavoury cup though thou may'st taste,
'(The wrath of winter from the bleak north-east,)
'Thine utmost sufferings in the coldest day
'A period terminates, and joys repay.
'Perhaps e'en now, whilst here those joys we boast,
'Full many a bark rides down the neighb'ring coast,
'Where the high northern waves tremendous roar,
'Drove down by blasts from *Norway's* icy shore.
'The *Sea-boy* there less fortunate than thou,
'Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that blow;

'His freezing hands now dreneh'd, now dry, by turns;
'Now lost, now seen, the distant light that burns,
'On some tall cliff uprais'd, a flaming guide,
'That throws its friendly radiance o'er the tide.
'His labours cease not with declining day,
'But toils and perils mark his watry way;
'And whilst in peaceful dreams secure *we* lie,
'The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the sky,
'Round his head whistling;—and shalt thou repine,
'Whilst this protecting roof still shelters thine?'
Mild, as the vernal show'r his words prevail,
And aid the moral precept of his tale:
His wond'ring hearers learn, and ever keep
These first ideas of the restless deep;
And, as the opening mind a circuit tries,
Present felicities in value rise.
Increasing pleasures every hour they find,
The warmth more precious, and the shelter kind;
Warmth that long reigning bids the eyelids close,
As through the blood its balmy influence goes,
When the cheer'd heart forgets fatigues and cares,
And drowsiness alone dominion bears.

In consideration of the extraordinary merits of this poem, and the peculiar circumstances of its author, we shall resume this article in our next number.

DRAMATIC.

No I. of the German Theatre; inscribed, by Permission, to Her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire. The Stranger, a Drama, in five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. Translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebüe, by Benjamin Thompson, Esq. 12mo. 1s. 6d. *large* 8vo. 3s. *Vernor and Hood,* 1800.

THE German Theatre very properly commences with a play which first attracted the notice of the British public; but, were this not the fact, the intrinsic merit of the drama would fully entitle it to the priority with which it has been honoured in the present collection.

Having given an account of the plot, and pointed out the leading excellencies of the *Stranger* in a former number, it will be unnecessary to repeat our sentiments here, more especially as the beauties and defects of the piece have been so amply discussed by some of the most able and intelligent critics in the country. It is universally

allowed to be the most affecting drama that has been produced since the days of Southerne:—it never fails to excite the most heartfelt emotion; and tears, convulsive shrieks, and faintings, have frequently attended the representation. The interest commences with the appearance of the *Stranger*, and is gradually heightened till the dropping of the curtain. The action of the drama is simple and uniform, and the distress, exquisite as it is, arises from events of the most probable kind, "occurrences that happen every day, and are heard of in every street." But, though we hear of connubial infidelity, and divorces, we know little of the husband's acute sense of injury, and the deep remorse of the penitent transgressor. The grave has received many an unhappy victim to the artifices of seduction, who, nourishing a *silent sorrow*, has made her last and only atonement in this life, without leaving the benefit of her example to the world. Kotzebüe has represented, in the most lively colours, the dreadful consequences which may result to husband, wife, and children, from the crime; and though Rowe has told a similar story in his *Jane Shore*, we think the domestic nature of the German play is more immediately calculated to awaken the sympathy of the audience in behalf of the suffering parties. *Mrs. Haller* is, also, less culpable than *Shore*, who elopes from her husband even without any *imaginary* grievance, and remains with her seducer from a principle of real attachment. Rowe's tragedy, however, has certainly the advantage of the Stranger in point of moral; for, though the penitence of Mrs. Haller be sincere, and though

> Who by repentance is not satisfied,
> Is nor of heaven nor earth,

Yet we fear the happy termination of the drama may tend to lessen, in the minds of the weak and undiscriminating, the enormity of an offence which is fraught with such incalculable mischief to society.

It is needless to expatiate upon the ability of Mr. Thompson, the translator, whose performances have been sanctioned by the approbation of Kotzebue himself; but it may not be amiss to observe, that this is the only publication of the play of the STRANGER, *as it is performed at Drury-Lane.*

The number is decorated with a handsome engraving by Rainback, from the design of Mr. Thurston.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS.

SHAKSPERE.

FROM THE WREATH, BY EDWARD DU BOIS.

——— *Give me to drink* MANDRAGORA,
That I may sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

This word occurs three times in Shakespere, always with the right quantity and accent. The soporific qualities ascribed to this plant, the mandrake, μανδραγορας, furnish an allusion both to Plato and Demosthenes. The latter reproaches his countrymen, almost in the terms of Shakespere, that they were plunged in such apathy, as if they *had drank Mandragoras*, "or some sleepy drug that takes the senses prisoner," "οιονεὶ τοις μανδραγοραν πεπωκοσι." "*My Antony is away*," seems to have given the hint of the English words to a Canzonette, beautifully set by Haydn, which has a similar close.

There appears to be some similarity between *Homer's* monster *Polyphemus*, and *Shakespere's* monster *Caliban*.

TEMPEST.

SCENE II. ACT II.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

ODYSSEY.

BOOK IX.

POLYPHEMUS *enters, bearing a great burden of dried wood.*

——— φερε δ' εὐριμον αχθος
Ὑλης αζαλεης ———

The former is joined by *Trinculo* and *Stephano*; the latter by *Ulysses* and his companions.

Ulysses gives *Polyhemus* some wine.

——— ὁ δ' εδεκτο και εκπιεν· ἡσατε δ' αινως
Ἡδυ ποτην πινων· και μ' ητεε δευτερον αυτις,
Δος μοι ετι προφρων ———
——— τεὸν' αμβροσιης και νεκταρος εστιν απορρωξ.

—— He took and drank, and hugely pleas'd
With that delicious bev'rage, thus inquired,
Give me again, and spare not. ———

—— Oh this is from above—a stream
Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine.
Cowper's Trans. v. 510, &c.

Stephano gives *Caliban* some wine, who, having drank twice, and being pleased with it, says,

" *That's a brave god, and bears* celestial liquor."

And again:

CAL. *The liquor is not* earthly.(a)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT V.

MRS. FORD. *Mrs. Page is come with me, sweet heart.*
FALSTAFF. *Divide me like a bribe-buck—*(b)

EPIGRAM.

INCERT. AUCT. BRUNCK. ANALECT. III. p. 153.

Δισσοὶ μὲ τρυχυσι καταιγίζοντες ἐρωτες
Ευμαχε, και δισσαις ενδιδεμαι μανιαις.
Ἡ μεν επ' Ασανδρῳ κλινω δεμας, ἠδε παλιν μοι
Οφθαλμος νευει Τηλεφῳ οξυτερος.
ΤΜΗΞΑΤ', εμοι τυτ' ἠδυ, και ες πλαστιγγα δικαιην
Νειμαμενοι, κληρῳ ταμα φερισθε ΜΕΛΗ.

Within my heart two rival flames prevail,
And double tempests on my bosom hail.

(a) It may be said, by the way, that this book of the Odyssey, from which we have just had occasion to quote, is liable to many objections. Ulysses having told Polyphemus that his name is ουτις, (a proper name, perhaps, but signifying NOBODY), the monster, on his eye being burnt out, informs his brethren, who are alarmed by his cries, that *Nobody kills him with pain*, which induces them to leave him without assistance. This is unworthy of Homer: and it is not with his usual adherence to nature that he permits Polyphemus to make the kind speech he does to his ram, at the time he must have been suffering under the smart of an eye bored out with a red hot spike; or that, being sightless, he should allow him to throw a *mountain-top*, and *a stone far more enormous*, with so good an aim as to be such

" ——— nigh sweeping in its fall
The rudder's head"

of Ulysses' ship.

(b) Falstaff afterwards says, dividing himself like a buck, " *I will keep---my shoulders for the fellow of this walk.*" On which passage Dr. Johnson observes, " who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his shoulders for him, I do not understand." The *shoulders* we know are part of the *keeper's* perquisite almost every where. Now, " the fellow of this walk" is *Herne* the hunter, " *sometime a keeper in Windsor Forest*," as the Poet, by *Mrs. Page*, informs us. *Herne's Oak*, a very venerable and picturesque tree, both by the size, age, shape, and scite, was standing, within these few years, on the brow of a steep and rude declivity, leading from the upper to the lower little park. It has been the subject of some beautiful verses.

This side to fair *Chryseis* I incline;
On that *Melania*'s sparkling eyes catch mine.
Take me, ye charmers, in just balance shar'd;
Take each your side—I'm for my lot prepar'd.(c)

MACBETH.

MACBETH. *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.*

MACEDON.

ANALECT. III. III.

(a) Αυριον αδρησω σε. *(b)* Τοδ' υποτε γινεται ἡμιν·
ηδαδος αμβολιης αιεν αεξομενης.
Ταυτα μοι ἱμειροντι χαριζεαι. αλλαδ' ες αλλυς
δωρα φερεις, εμεδεν πιστιν απειπαμενη.
(a) Οψομαι ἐσπερην σε. *(b)* Τιδ' ἐσπερος εστι γυναικων;
γηρας, αμετρητω πληδομενων ρυτιδι.

To a Lady who gave hopes of To-morrow.

"TO-MORROW."—This *to-morrow* ne'er is seen,
Habitual plea of dilatory spleen.
To me, be kind to-day:—nor others give
What I, *to-morrow's fool*, shall ne'er receive.
"This evening."—What's a woman's evening? Years!
Evening that comes too late when beauty disappears.

ADDISON'S CATO,

MR. EDITOR,

THE soliloquy of Cato, in Addison's *dramatic poem*, as Johnson calls it, is well known; some of your readers, who delight in the discovery of literary coincidence, will not be displeased at my noticing the close correspondence in thought between that amiable writer and Sir John Davis, in his "Nosce Teipsum." As the book from which I quote is scarce, I will cite a few lines, for those who have not an opportunity of comparing them.

Doubtless all souls have a surviving thought;
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But, if we think of being turn'd to nought,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.

Hence springs that universal strong desire
Which all men have of immortality;
Not some few spirits to this thought aspire,
But all men's minds in this united be.

(c) The Translator has taken the liberty in the second distich of this epigram, which Gresset has taken in his second Eclogue, Iris, charmingly imitated from the Alexis of Virgil.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,
She covets not impossibilities;
Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
But one assent of all is ever wise.

From hence that general care and study springs,
That launching and progression of the mind
Which all men have so much of future things
As they no joy do in the present find.——&c.

Capel's Prolusions, 3d Part. P. 62 & 64.

Many thoughts in this fine old didactic poem, are such as might have been suggested by studying the sublime dialogue of the heathen philosophy. I am, Sir, &c.

Stamford. OCTAVIUS.

GARRICK
AND HIS DOUBLE.

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT me to correct a mistake in your account of, '*Garrick and his Double,*' under the article of the Parisian theatre:—it is in my *Wandering Patentee*, vol. I. p. 197, and not my *Memoirs*, that the circumstance which the French writer wrongly supposes to have happened to Garrick, is recorded. The story was *first* related by Mrs. Bellamy, which accounts for your uncertainty as to which work it appeared in. *I sent it* to that lady, with many little anecdotes, for her sixth volume. The actor whose name you do not recollect was your humble servant, and the person who assumed my name was Mr. Chalmers, so celebrated at Norwich for his performance of *Midas**, father to the Mr. Chalmers who acted with me some seasons at *York, Hull, &c.* who was afterwards the *Harlequin* of Covent-Garden theatre, who went next to America, and is now returned to England.

York, April 5, 1800. I am,
Sir, &c.
TATE WILKINSON.

* There is a humorous print of this gentleman in the character of *Midas*. ED.

THEATRICAL POLICE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following are said to be among the new arrangements of the theatres of Vienna.

"Children under four years of age never to be admitted; it is forbidden to call for a repetition of any song or dance, that the stage hours may not be protracted beyond the usual time; no one is justified in behaving with rudeness, and therefore whistling, knocking, stamping with the feet, hissing, or any other mode of noisy disapprobation, is not permitted; persons taken ill will find immediate physical attendance through the inspector of the house; servants are made to extinguish their flambeaux from without the theatre, in order to prevent the infection of the air with disagreeable odours."

Are not some regulations of this kind necessary in the theatres of our metropolis? How often are the public disturbed, by the squalling of children, in the midst of some of the finest scenes of Kemble and Siddons? to what inconveniences are the spectators exposed, from 'the shot of the galleries,' the occupants of which exalted station employ the interval between the acts in assailing the orchestra, (from their inveterate enmity to poor inoffensive *Nosey*) with nuts, rotten apples, half devoured oranges, fragments of gingerbread, &c. but which, seldom reaching their destination, fall upon the heads of persons situated in the pit, to the utter spoliation of wigs, bonnets, and cloaks; the annoyance of the company; the stoppage of the performance; and sometimes the loss of eye-sight. The hideous noise of the catcall, the disgusting monotony of "*want any apples, want any beer,*" the banging of box doors, the tiresome officiousness of the fruit-women, the incessant babbling and unblushing effrontery of *ladies of pleasure*, and the licentious conversation of drunken apprentices and journeymen, are all nuisances, *within* the playhouse, which call loudly for a *theatrical police*: and, upon *quitting* the theatre, the rush of company that is admitted to sport in the lobbies, the herd of link-boys, hackney-coachmen, livery-servants, pick-pockets, ticket-hawkers, &c. &c. who surround the doors, prove the absolute necessity of a speedy reform in the avenues.

If you coincide with my opinion, Mr. Editor, you will, perhaps, give this letter a corner in your useful publication.

A FRIEND TO GOOD ORDER.

☞ *The Criticism on* Mr. KEMBLE's Rolla *proved too long for the space we had reserved for it.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of the Farmer's Boy.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again,
Companion of the lonely hour;
Spring, thirty times, hath fed with rain,
And cloath'd with leaves, my humble bow'r,
Since thou hast stood,
In frame of wood,
On chest, or window, by my side:
At every birth, still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear,
And when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise;
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak, in Wisdom's eyes;
Its conic crown,
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again:
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filtering through,
And mingling joy and pain.

When thus I spin, and sometimes sing;
For now and then my heart will glow,
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing;
By thee the noontide hour I know;
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou bow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When Earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st a holliday.

Steady as Truth, on either end,
Thy daily task performing well;
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell;

Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild, once more, my native plain:
Curl inward her sweet woodbine flow'r!
"Companion of the lonely hour,
"I'll turn thee up again."

SONNET.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S BOY.

By THOMAS DERMODY.

CHILD of the MUSE! whom FANCY did not scorn,
Stooping, delighted, from her starry sphere,
What time, reclin'd beneath the blossom'd thorn,
Thy native song, first woo'd her partial ear;
Chill'd by oblivious clouds, that from thine eye
Once far remov'd fair HOPE's celestial hues,
That clos'd all converse with a purer sky,—
Hard was thy fortune then, CHILD of the MUSE!
But now be every humbler scene forgot,
Forgot thy menial toil, thy sleepless care,
No more let Memory paint the wint'ry cot,
But kindling FAVOUR lighten thy despair,
Let nobler tasks thy future zeal employ,
Tho' FEELING can't forget—THE FARMER'S BOY!

ON VISITING THE PLACE OF INTERMENT.

OF A

MUSICAL FRIEND.

FAINT though this humble stone record his name,
'Tis 'grav'd irradiant on the scroll of Fame;
Whether to distant climes the goddess flies,
Or rests where Albion's sea-girt fences rise:
Whether o'er Alpine hills she bend her way,
Or vales, where lucid Arno loves to stray!
High pois'd in air, by no false pencil gloss'd—
Virtue and Genius mourn their CRAMER lost!

Mourn worth departed, great as verse can boast,
A man in science "in himself an host:"

Whose pleasing talent myriads have confest,
Felt its vast powers, and hail'd the welcome guest:
When in yon mouldring pile* the splendid throng,
Their HANDEL weeping, heard his seraph song,
To CRAMER Harmony decreed the throne,
His lyre's sweet note celestial as her own!

His wond'rous efforts fill'd the cloister's dome,
And spread fresh laurels o'er the master's tomb;
Nor was his merit to his art confin'd,
A feeling heart was his—a liberal mind;
Frequent his ready hand that aid supplied,
Which cold and callous apathy denied:—
Here rests his pallid corse, in full repose,
From human cares releas'd, from human woes!

Yet sure the public, to his memory true,
Will yield that memory ev'ry honour due,
Will not, regardless, see his infants bend, †
But prove each hapless orphan's guardian friend—
And as it feels the luxury to give,
Cheer them with hopes in brighter days to live;
By sweet example, teach the youthful breast
This sacred truth—TO BLESS *is to* BE BLEST.

PORTA.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

APRIL 14.—*George Barnwell*—*Lodoiska*.—We are sorry to state that the exertions of Mr. Charles Kemble, in *Barnwell* and *Kera Khan*, (which latter character he repeated on the following evening) have affected his voice in so alarming a degree, that he is, at present, entirely incapacitated for theatrical duty.

17.—*Jane Shore*—*Lodoiska*.—In consequence of Mr. Aickin's indisposition, the part of *Gloster* was assigned to Mr. Raymond, who fully entered into the author's design, and certainly excelled his predecessor in the character, whose powers were never calculated for what are called the *villains* of the stage. The Shore of Siddons is perfection itself, and admiration was never carried higher than on this evening. Mr. Trueman, who is gradually advancing in the good opinion of the town, proved himself a most respectable substitute for Mr. Kelly, in the arduous part of *Floreski*.

* The commemoration of Handel, in the Abbey, on which occasion Cramer was leader of the most numerous band that ever assembled in England.

† A Concert, at the King's theatre, in the Haymarket, is fixed for their benefit, on the 12th May, the emolumeuts arising therefrom to be vested by proper trustees in the funds.

19.—*Pizarro.*—Alonzo (first time) by Mr. Holland, who acquitted himself to the perfect satisfaction of the audience.

COVENT-GARDEN.

APRIL 4.—Mr. LEWIS's Night.—The *Hermione Frigate.*—A temporary *bagatelle*, by Mr. T. Dibdin, which serves as a vehicle for a few loyal songs and sentiments, well enough adapted to the occasion.

17.—Mr. HOLMAN's Night.—Mr. Holman performed, for the first time, the character of *Drooply*, in his own interesting and much admired comedy of the *Votary of Wealth.*

22.—Mr. MUNDEN's Night.—The *Good-natured Man.*—Munden's *Croaker* is inimitable, and several of the other characters were admirably supported. Sheridan's farce of the *Camp* succeeded, but, from the imperfect manner in which it had been studied, some disapprobation was expressed at the conclusion of the performance.

23. Miss MURRAY's Night.—This promising young actress undertook, on this evening, the characters of *Yarico* and *Amanthis.* They are both well suited to her style of acting, and she performed them in a very chaste, simple, and affecting manner. The *Child of Nature* was, on this occasion, compressed, by Mrs. Inchbald, into *two* acts.

26.—Mr. FAWCETT's Night.—*Heir at Law—Castle of Sorrento.*—A very crowded house bore testimony to the merits of this excellent comedian. Mrs. Gibbs came forward in the artless *Cicely*, which she played with her usual feeling and delicacy.

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

If SCENERY, which displays, in picturesque variety, the grand conception of the artist, and the true and striking effect produced by his execution——If MUSIC, replete with all that can entrance the mind of the hero it is supposed to subdue, and lead it, in rapid whirl, through all the variety of opposing passions: the while the composer, with a master's hand, and, as if gifted by a magic power, attracts the fixed attention of every auditor in a vast theatre, where assembled thousands are wrapped in expressive silence——If GRACEFUL ACTION, directed by mind, and contrasted by situation, where, at every turn, the painter is presented with a striking theme:——If all these qualities deserve a warm and marked encomium, such are combined in the serious opera of *Alessandro e Timoteo*, and that encomium must not be withheld.

The story of this opera is taken from the *Alexander's Feast* of Dryden, and the author has shewn much judgment in adaptiug the subject to the stage. The music is by SARTI, and may be considered as the most successful effort of that master. Benelli, Rosselli, and BANTI did perfect justice to the characters they respectively sustained.

We were happy to find the stage clear of a race of locusts, with which it has been too long infested, and we sincerely hope their flight is final.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THE new musical bagatelle called *Old Fools, or Love's Stratagem*, creates half an hour's laugh: the plot is simple, but neat, and the music, by Moorhead, does

that composer great credit. Gouriet's Pastoral Ballet, of *Filial Love, or the Double Marriage*, for invention, situation, and story, gives general satisfaction. The Ballet of *Boadicea, or the British Amazon*, presents a display of scenery and silent action, varied, impressive, and interesting. The Pantomime of *Peter Wilkins, or Harlequin in the Flying World*, is rich in trick and change, which are rapid, striking, and well conducted. The ballet and the pantomime are both the fabrication of C. Dibdin.

Richer is returned to the rope, as elegant and surprising as ever. The absence of the ingenious Lonsdale is much to be regretted.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

Not satisfied with what they have already done, for the accomodation and sight of the audience, the house has, this season, undergone fresh changes, both behind and before the curtain. The decorative part, by Greenwood, reflects the highest credit on that artist's talents, for design and appropriate embellishment. Transformation, a new dance, by Byrne, who is returned to this kingdom, and who is certainly the first English dancer we have, and in which both he and Mrs. Byrne (late Rossi) made their appearance, richly merited the general encomium it received. *The Mine, or the Black Forest of Istria*, founded on the same story which has been treated by Mr. Sargent, in *his* MINE, and by Jones in his *Cave of Idra*, is, with great truth, termed a splendid spectacle. The scenery, by Greenwood, is equal, for design, point of view, and finishing, to any produced by that very ingenious young man, who, to all his father's merit, adds still more of his own. The machinery is surprising, and well conceived: the inventor, Mr. Branscomb, has aimed at rapid contrast, and he has proved himself an excellent mechanic.

Harlequin's Banquet, or the Magic Feast, partly compiled, partly original, forms a pleasing close to the evening's amusement.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Although no novelty, such is the strong interest attached to the Romance of *The Black Castle*, or *The Spirit of Ravia*, excited by the exquisite acting of Young Astley and Miss Smith, that crowded houses sufficiently testify the manager would be an enemy to himself were he to lay it aside. The same may be said of *The Dæmon's Tribunal*, or *Harlequin's Enterprizes*. The horsemanship, with the aid of the unparalleled Smith and Crossman, presents a *chef d'œuvre* in the art. Johannet's song of *All the World turn'd Grinders* was loudly applauded, and very deservedly encored. Laurent, recently engaged from the Circus, is the *neatest* clown we ever witnessed.

RANELAGH MASQUERADE.

Thursday, 17th *April*.

Entrance 10s. 6d.—Port Wine 4s. 6d. per Bottle.—When these sort of entertainments are conducted upon this mean and narrow plan, the result is a vulgar and motley association. There was, on this occasion, neither spirit nor animation in the characters, if we except a very humorous and witty *Quack Doctor*, whom we suspect to be *a limb of the law*.

PANTHEON MASQUERADE.

Tuesday, 22nd *April*.

Entrance One Guinea—for which was given a splendid supper, consisting of every delicacy in season, together with wines of the first quality. Here, of course, were assembled many admirable characters, intermixed with a very crowded and fashionable company, and where "*wit*, *music*, and *wine*" kept them together until a late hour.

CARTWRIGHT'S MUSICAL GLASSES AND PHILOSOPHICAL FIRE-WORKS.

The united skill of Mr. Cartwright and his fair daughter, displayed on the musical glasses, forms a pleasing variety—melody cannot go further. The sounds created by their magic touch seem to float in air, and every mind, in the least degree allied to sensibility, must acknowledge their soothing and fascinating powers.

The changes occasionally made in the fire works, are such as to induce spectators to make frequent visits.

SANS SOUCI—LEICESTER FIELDS.

To what cause we are to attribute the meagre appearance of the audience part of this place we know not. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, the grand provider of song and rhetoric appears, at all times, a true disciple of the *laughing philosopher*—at all times pleased with *himself*.

NAUMACHIA, FLEET-STREET.

The *New System of Music*, the *Storm and Shipwreck*, and the other attractions of this greatly improved museum of mechanism, entitle the conductors to every encouragement. We are happy to find their exertions are so liberally rewarded.

THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM——LYCEUM.

THE great historical painting of the STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM, *by the British troops and their allies*, now exhibiting at the Lyceum, does immortal honour to the artist, Mr. Robert Ker Porter, who, at an age scarcely exceeding one and twenty, has produced a picture which, for grandeur, expression, harmony, grouping, and effect, would reflect credit on the most distinguished veteran of the ARTS. The subject is highly interesting to Britons, and Mr. Porter has availed himself of every information that could be deemed authentic relative to the *scenery* of the PLACE, the *costume* of the SOLDIERY, and the various circumstances of the ATTACK. The painting is executed upon a scale which comprehends 2550 square feet of canvas, and contains several hundred figures, with portraits of the British officers who distinguished themselves on that occasion.

We have seldom witnessed an exhibition that, on every account, so completely deserved the encouragement of the public, and the attraction will doubtless prove as general as the merits of the painting are striking and incontestible.

MAILLARDET'S EXHIBITION—SPRING GARDENS.

The brilliant company at all times to be seen in this elegant and spacious room, presents a sufficient proof that real pretension will ever create patrons. The polite attention of Mr. and Mrs. M. to their company, is such as demands our particular notice.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from Page 123.]

DRURY LANE.

Season of 1759-60.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.—(a) *R. Officer.*—I. Balance, Havard; 2d. Recruit, Clough. *Int. Chambermaid.* 25.—*Rom. and Jul. M. Doctor.*—Dorcas, Mrs. ABINGTON (b). 27.—*Stratagem.*—Cherry, Mrs. Abington; Mrs. Sullen, Mrs. Pritehard. *Damon and Phillida.*—Mopsus, MOODY (c). 29.—*Hamlet.*—Garrick. *Anatomist.*

(a) "*We have engaged Mr. King and Miss Baker from Ireland; one Mr. Moody, a stroller; Mr. Beard is gone to Covent-Garden, 'tis said to be manager; Mr. Mossop to Ireland.*" Mr. Cross's MS. Diary, No. 1.

The reason of Mr. Mossop's relinquishing his engagement at Drury-Lane, has never been satisfactorily explained. "It was partly occasioned," says Mr. Wilkinson, "by an affront he took from Mr. Garrick's appointing Mr. Mossop to act Richard, as we will suppose this night, and his first and best character, which stood well against Mr. Garrick's, though not so artfully and finely discriminated, while at the same time the manager secured a command from the Prince of Wales for the night following; so that when Mossop had finished Richard with remarkable credit, in February 1759, to his astonishment, the Mr. Palmer of that age stepped forward and said, 'To-morrow night, by command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (his present Majesty) King Richard III. King Richard by Mr. Garrick.' It gave a great damp to what Mr. Mossop had just finished; it certainly was galling, and proved duplicity and ill-nature, as well as envy." This is not perfectly correct, for it has appeared, from our register, that there was an interval of seven days between the two performances, Mossop having played the character on the 27th of February, and Garrick on the 8th of March, 1759. It was very probable, however, that Mossop considered this command as an infringement upon his theatrical rights, and, receiving an advantageous offer from Barry and Woodward, he went over to Dublin, where he incurred that series of disappointments and misfortunes, which brought him at length to the grave.

(b) Late Miss Barton, who, since the close of the last season, had united herself to Mr. James Abington. The period of her marriage is thus ascertained within three months.

(c) In the room of Mr. Beard, gone over to Covent-Garden, where the declining health of his father-in-law, Mr. Rich, required his assistance.

Oct. 2.—*C. Lovers.*—Y. Bevil *(1st time)*, Fleetwood; Tom, King (d), *(from the theatre in Dublin)*; Indiana, Mrs. Cibber. *Eng. in Paris.* 4.—*M. Bride.*—Osmyn *(1st time)*, Holland. *Harl. Ranger.* 5.—*S. Husband. Mock Doctor.* 6.—*C. Lovers. Shepherd's Holliday*, a dance, by Miss Baker, *from Dublin. V. Unmask'd.*

9.—*Alchymist.*—Sir E. Mammon, Bransby; Tribulation, Clough; Lovewit, Packer; *Harl. Ranger.*

11.—*(1st time for nine years) Double Gallant.*—Atall, King; Careless, Havard; Clerimont, Holland; Sir Wilful, Burton; Sir Harry Atall, Philips; Sir Solomon Sadlife, Yates; Finder, Blakes; Capt. Strut, Austin; Ly. Sadlife, (*1st time*) Mrs. Cibber; Clarinda, Miss Macklin; Olivia, Miss Pritchard; Wishwell, Mrs. Abington; Ly. Dainty, Mrs. Pritchard. *Dancing.*

12.—*Macbeth.*—Garrick; Duncan, Bransby; Seyward, Moody; Ly. Macduff, Mrs. Bennet. *D. and Phillida.* 13.—*D. Gallant. H. Ranger.* 16.—*W. of the World.*—Mrs. Fainall, Mrs. Davies. *Fortunatus.* 17.—*Isabella.*—Count Baldwin, Burton. *Male Coquette.* 18.—*D. Gallant. Fortunatus.*—19.—*Rich. III.*—K. Henry, Havard. *L. Valet.* 20.—*D. Gallant. Fortunatus.*

22. (e)—*K. Henry VIII.*—Wolsey, Havard; Cranmer, Burton; Anna Bullen, Mrs. Bennet. *H. Ranger.*

23.—*M. Ado.*—Balthazar, Atkins; Beatrice, Miss Pritchard. *Fortunatus.* 20.—Romeo, Garrick; Juliet, Mrs. Cibber. *Int. Chambermaid.* 24.—*Orphan. Lethe.* 26.—*P. Wife.*—Col. Bully, (*with songs*) Atkins; Belinda, Mrs. Davies; Ly. Brute, Mrs. Cibber. *Fortunatus.*

27.—(*not acted for eight years*) *Confederacy.*—Dick, Palmer; Brass, King; Moneytrap, Yates; Gripe, Philips; Clip, Ackman; Jessamy, Vaughan; Clarissa, Mrs. Pritchard; Araminta, Mrs. Davies; Flippanta, Mrs. Clive; Mrs. Claggit, Mrs. Cross; Corinna, (*1st time*) a Young Gentw. (g); and Mrs.

(d) "*King did Tom well; Mrs. Clive being taken ill, Mrs. Abington did Phillis, and I borrowed Mrs. Baker from Rich to do Lucinda.*" Cross's D.

Mr. King made his first appearance on this stage in 1748, but not meeting with the encouragement from the managers which he deserved, he left the theatre, in the course of two or three seasons, and engaged with Mr. Sheridan, in Dublin, where such was his extraordinary success, that Garrick now found it his interest to invite him back to supply the loss of Mr. Woodward.

(e) For the entertainment of the Tripoline ambassador.

(f) It is to be noted that, when Garrick performed Romeo, Mrs. Cibber was the Juliet, but when Mr. Fleetwood was the hero of the evening, the heroine was Miss Pritchard.

(g) The present Miss Pope, who had often acted, as a child, in Miss in her Teens, Lethe, the Oracle, Lilliput, &c. She was received, on this evening, with universal applause, and gave a promise of the excellence at which she, in a very few seasons after, arrived.

"I well remember," observes Mr. Wilkinson, "on the second night of the Confederacy, Mrs. Clive called Miss Pope into the green room, before her going on the stage, as Corinna, and said to her, 'My dear Pope,' (a sweet appellation

Amlet, *to be attempted by Mr.* WILKINSON. (h) *Harl. Ranger.*

29.—*Confederacy. Fortunatus.* 30.—*Rehearsal. H. Ranger.* 31.—*M. Bride.* (1*st. time*) HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS (i).—Palmer, [*Duke's Servant*] King, [*Sir Harry's Servant*] O'Brien [*Lovel*] Yates, [*Philip*] Packer, [*Freeman*] Moody, [*Kingston, the Black*] Mrs. Abington, [*L. Bab*] Mrs. Bennet, [*L. Charlotte*] Mrs. Clive, [*Kitty*].

OCT. 1.—*Merope.*—Narbas, Packer. *High Life.* 2.—*C. Husband.*—Ld. Morelove, Palmer; Ly. Graveairs, Mrs. Bennet; Edging, Mrs. Clive. *High Life.* 3.—*Zara.*—Osman, (1*st time*) HOLLAND. *High Life.*

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indeed for Clive) 'you played particularly well, on Saturday night, as a young actress,—now take from me a piece of advice, which I would have every performer attend to; you acted with great and deserved approbation, but to night you must endeavour to act better, and expect to receive less applause; for if you let your young heart be too sanguine, and rest on the caprice of public commendation or praise, and find yourself disappointed, you will foolishly let it damp your spirits, and you will sink beneath yourself; therefore take my advice for your proceeding on the stage. The violent thunder of applause, last Saturday, on your first appearance, was not all deserved; it was only benevolently bestowed to give you the pleasing information that they were well delighted, and had their warmest wishes that you would, hereafter, merit the kindness they bestowed on you.'—— Young performers should remember this lesson, for they are too apt to construe kindness and cherishing into a tribute due to their deserts."

(h) Mr. Wilkinson performed Mrs. Amlet, at the particular request of Garrick.

(i) *High Life below Stairs, hissed.* Cross's D.

This trifling disapprobation proceeded from a few footmen, who felt sore at the satire which was so happily levelled at their abuses. When the farce was produced in Edinburgh, the party-coloured fraternity opposed it with all their force, and occasioned a riot in the theatre on several nights of performance; threatening even the lives of some of the principal actors. "This insolence, however, in some degree, brought about the very reformation it meant to oppose; and in part the intention of the farce, being the occasion of an association immediately entered into by almost all the nobility and gentry of Scotland, and publicly subscribed to in the periodical papers, whereby they bound themselves mutually to each other, to put a stop to the absurd and scandalous custom of giving vails, prevalent no where but in these kingdoms. This piece has been often ascribed to Mr. Townley, master of Merchant-Taylor's school; but we are assured he only allowed his name to be used as the reputed parent of it, the real author being Mr. Garrick."

On this opinion of Mr. Baker, we must remark, that it is very improbable that Garrick, if he were the author of this farce, should never have publicly acknowledged it; for it does not appear that that gentleman was ever apt to forego his literary pretensions. If the farce were Mr. Townley's, the situation he held, as master of a public seminary, and his clerical character, will easily account for his disinclination to avow it. Victor tells us that this farce did not make its appearance till the year 1761. The play bills shew that he was mistaken.

5.—*Tamerlane.*—Bajazet, *(1st time)* WILKINSON (k). *High Life* (l).—6.—*Alchymist.*—Sir Epicure, Bransby. *H. Life.*—Mrs. Hippesley instead of Mrs. A. 7.—*Confederacy. High Hife.* 8.—*C. Lovers.*—Tom, O'Brien; Phillis, Mrs. Clive. *H. Life.*

(k) Owing to the absence of Mossop, the theatre was at a loss for a *Bajazet*; and as the play of Tamerlane was always expected on the 5th of November, Mr. Wilkinson was fixed upon as the representative of the tyrant.—The following is a relation of what occurred in the interview which that gentleman had with Garrick upon the occasion. It is a characteristical anecdote, and we hope, therefore, to be pardoned the insertion of it.

"The play of Tamerlane was still rehearsing, and being then in favour at Court, I was summoned, by Mr. Holland, into Mr. Garrick's dressing room. Mr. Garrick said he wished to hear me repeat some of Bajazet's speeches, in order to rectify my mistakes, which would be easier to me there, than if corrected at rehearsal. Mr. Cross, the prompter, was ordered to attend with the play. Mr. Holland, whose part was Moneses, undertook to act the first scene as Tamerlane. Mr. Garrick was in high humour, saying, "Well now, Cross, hey! Why now, this will be too much for my exotic! Hey, Cross, I must do it myself; what say you? Hey now! Cross!" Cross replied, "I am afraid not this year, Sir, as the time is drawing near, and Bajazet is long, and the play must be done next Monday." "Well now, hey Cross! why that is true; but don't you think my brow and eye in Bajazet! How do you think I should play it?" "O! Sir," said Cross, "like every thing else you do—your Bajazet would be incomparable!" to which we all bowed and assented. He then acted a speech or two in my first scene, and his look was truly inimitable: "I never shall see his like again." Now my turn came, as he said, for a private docking of luxurious branches; and here follows the proof of Mr. Garrick's favourite wit, which I formerly mentioned. I went on rehearsing with Holland, my master saying "Very well! vastly well indeed, upon my word! Now, now this"—till the middle of the scene, where, repeating the long speech of "O glorious thought!"—"Vastly well, bravo!"—till I came to the difficult finishing line—"So now you know my mind, and question me no further,"———*Why hey now, Wilkinson! why this is all shittle-come-sh—te, and my a—e in a bandbox.*———*Here now was I in eager expectation of a t---d as thick as my wrist, and as long as my arm, and d---n it it is all squitter, S : : : : r**."

(l) Mrs. Abington's name was, this evening, left out of the bill, and no actress mentioned as her successor, in the character she sustained in the farce, till the following day, when Mrs. Hippesley performed the part. Mrs. A's retreat was, therefore, sudden and unexpected. Garrick, indeed, had not manifested any intention of promoting her interest, and her salary, at this time, did not exceed 30 shillings a week. Mr. Brown, with whom she had played a few years before, at Bath, where he was manager, had now hired the theatre in Smock-Alley, and offered her a choice of parts, if she would join him in Dublin, whither she immediately resorted, and acquired at once the reputation of being the first comic actress of the day. She performed Kitty in the same farce, in which, at D. Lane, she represented L. Bab; and her style of dress in that character

* Mr. King was there.

9.—*(1st time for 25 years)* WOMAN IS A RIDDLE (m).—Courtwell, Palmer; Sir Amorous Vainwit, King; Col. Manly, Holland; Vulture, Philips; Aspin, Yates; Butler, Bransby; Miranda, Mrs. Yates; Clarinda, Mrs. Bennet; Ly. Outside, Mrs. Pritchard. *H. Life.*

10.—*K. Lear.*—Gloster, Davies; Steward, Perry. *Anatomist.* 12.—*Woman's a Riddle. H. Life* 13.—*E. M. in his Humour. H. Life.* 14.—*Woman's a Riddle. H. Life.* 15.—*K. Lear. M. Doctor.* 16.—*Stratagem. H. Life.*

17.—*(1st time for two years) Amphitryon, or the two Sosias.*—Jupiter, Holland; Amphitryon, Havard; Sosia, *(1st Time)* KING; Mercury, Palmer; Judge Gripus, Philips; Phœbus, Scrase; Night, Miss Hippisley; Phædra, Mrs. Clive; Bromia, Mrs. Bradshaw; Alcmena, Mrs. Yates. *H. Life.*

19.—*W. a Riddle. Fortunatus.* 20.—*S. Husband.*—Lucetta, Mrs. Bennet. *Fortunatus.* 21.—*Isabella. H. Life.* 22.—*Wonder.*—Col. Briton, Palmer; Frederick, Packer; Inis, Mrs. Bradshaw. *Chaplet.*—Damon and Laura *(1st time)* Mrs. Vernon and Miss Young. 23.—*Rehearsal. Fortunatus.* 24.—*Comus.*—*(1st time)* FLEETWOOD; 1st Bacchannal, a GENT. (n) *(his first appearance)* Euphrosyne, a LADY (n) *(her first appearance)* the Lady, Mrs. Cibber. *Apprentice.*—Dick, KING. 26.—*Comus. Harlequin Ranger.* 27.—*Hamlet.*—FLEETWOOD; Ostrick, Perry; Ophelia, Mrs. Cibber. *H. Life.* 28.—*K. Lear. M. Doctor.*

30 (o).—*Tancred and Sigis. Guardian.*

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was so much admired, that the *Abington Cap* was soon exposed in all the milliner's shops in Duhlin.

(m) A comedy by Christopher* Bullock, the actor, altered from a Spanish comedy, called *La Dama Duende*, or, Woman's the Devil. Savage, the poet, laid claim to this piece, and had a dispute with Bullock about the property of it. Mrs. Price, wife of one of the Baron's of the Exchequer, had translated the Spanish play, and, having inadvertently given copies of her performance to both the persons abovementioned, each of whom thought himself exclusively favoured with the translation, the contention very naturally arose. The comedy has considerable merit. It was first acted in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in the year 1716. Baker, in his 1st vol. of the *Biog. Dram.* fixes the date of its publication in 1718. In vol. 2 he places it a year later.

(n) The names of these candidates, though they succeeded well enough to repeat their performances, are no where recorded.

(o) The 29th being a *Thanksgiving Day*, the theatre was not opened; an example of decorum which it would have been no discredit to have followed on similar occasions of a more recent date. See Vol. V. of this work p. 39.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

COPENHAGEN.—On the anniversary of the birth of the King of Denmark, *Herman of Unna*, a drama in five acts, with chorusses and dances, the composition of the Abbé Vogler, was performed at Copenhagen, at the Theatre of the Opera. The applause with which this piece was received is beyond example, and

* Victor erroneously gives him the christian name of Charles.

with every representation the crowd of people wishing to obtain admission increases. On the day of the second representation, three persons were crushed to death. At seven in the morning all the doors of the opera-house are beseiged, though they are not opened before twelve at noon. Even on the night of the seventh representation, some lives were lost. The music is highly spoken of. Connoisseurs value Vogler's chorusses as high as those of Handel.

The play, we suppose, is taken from the German novel of the same title, upon which Mr. Boaden founded his tragedy of the *Secret Tribunal.*

THE MANCHESTER DISPUTE.—'I take the liberty of sending you a copy of the first edition of "The Peep into the Manchester Theatre," which your correspondent of last month has well characterised by the epithets "vulgar and scurrilous." It is forwarded to you for the purpose of enabling you to judge of it in its uncorrected state. Whether the author is not as impudent and regardless of truth as ever, in saying that Candid has pointed out *none but typographical errors* in his production, a very slight inspection of it is sufficient to determine. Are any of those errors corrected in a subsequent edition? (for, alas! such a publication reached a *second edition*); This question may be answered in the negative. Where then can the deficiency rest but with the writer? I am not so willing to admit, with your correspondent, that Mr. Cross's letter is *exceedingly* well written, even though *it is generally ascribed* to the person who printed it; nor can I allow that any thing he adduces, in his own favour, comes properly within the consideration of the public. That the profession he has chosen is attended with many difficulties is true, but why then did he run into them? If the public had drawn him to such an extremity, he might certainly have urged them in extenuation; but the *fact* is, that he could get *more money* in a *printer's* employment than in a manager's. What he says about the injustice of expecting in a lame man the agility of youth, and of blaming a blind man for the defect of his visual organs, may be very pretty, but nothing more; for the most humane persons would reflect upon a lame man's defects if he offered to run a race, or a blind man's if he offered to paint a portrait;—and yet this is exactly Mr. Cross's case, for he is not forced upon the stage, and yet he *is there*, without the requisite qualifications. A man must have a beginning to become an actor, but if his first attempts are bad (and I am sorry to say that this town is unanimous in thinking so of Mr. Cross's) important characters in the theatre of such a town as Manchester are not exactly what an actor should be allowed to appear in. He has been repeatedly obtruded upon us, in Captain Belville, Hassan, Sir Edward Dashaway, &c. and, lastly, in Adelbert, the hero of Prince Hoare's Sighs. This last impropriety is to be attributed to Mr. Ward, who, we should imagine, was not ill then, for he performed, in a day or two afterwards, seemingly in perfect health; in consequence of whose defection, upon that occasion, the whole cast of the play was turned topsy-turvy, to the great *amusement* of the audience. We differ with Mr. Cross; likewise, in what he insinuates about the propriety of a longer trial; for we conceive that he has had a very long and patient hearing, from the middle of December to the middle of February, when his pamphlet appeared; during which time, in addition to the characters already mentioned, he was suffered to perform Alonzo, in Pizarro, no less than *ten* times. To cut the matter short: the public had only to consider him as an actor, and they have deemed him a bad one; which, independent of a little impertinence

when public disapprobation of his appearance was expressed, ought to be a sufficient warning to the managers. The inhabitants of Manchester will never suffer Mr. C. much upon the stage, at present. An appeal to their humanity may levy a tax upon their pockets, but can never induce them to tolerate or applaud imperfection. The author of a "Peep" is certainly not a *barber*;—it was hatched at a tavern, kept by one Ralph Barber, originally a shoemaker, who *attempted* several characters himself, a few years ago, without success, and who has been favoured with a benefit, by the present managers, more than once, since he ceased to have any positive claim upon their notice. It is supposed that the company might have avoided all the abuse of that pamphlet, by taking their glasses there as they did two or three years ago.'

Another pamphlet has been published, in addition to those enumerated in the last Mirror, in consequence of an advertisement from Mr. Ward, wherein he accuses the author of *Impartial Reflections* of malignity and falshood, and reflects upon Mr. Raymond (now of Drury-Lane) for quitting the company. The pamphlet in question is entitled *A Letter to Mr. Ward*, &c. and is written by the author of the *Reflections*, who produces some facts in support of the charges exhibited against him of parsimony and illiberality as a manager, and of inactivity as a performer, to which cause he, in part, attributes the weak state of the company, and the consequent dissatisfaction of the public. There is a talk of Mr. Banks retiring from the management.

Theatre EDINBURGH.—'I am one of those mortals, Mr. Editor, who, like *Dangle*, hate all politics but those of the theatre, which has long been my favourite amusement:—of course I have been an admirer of your Monthly Mirror, to which I have been a subscriber since its establishment: nor do I think it any flattery, when I assert it to be the most entertaining work of the kind now published.

'I often feel highly gratified by your dramatic intelligence, which, in general, seems written by those who are well versed in the subject of which they treat; their observations being the effect of sound discernment and impartiality. But, *all these perfections notwithstanding*, you, as well as any other editor of a work of this nature, *may* be imposed upon; especially respecting what is said to have happened at the distance of four hundred miles from your residence. What I allude to is, the account of the Edinburgh comedians, in your last Mirror; and particularly that part of it which relates to Mr. M'Cready, Manager of the Birmingham and Sheffield Theatres; of whom it is said, "that his manner is easy," that he make "a conspicuous figure" in Marplot and Tangent, that he "appears to great advantage" in Tinsel and Clodio: and yet this dramatic logician adds that this gentleman is wanting in "variety of action and deportment," as well as in "those little elegancies and graces of manner necessary for genteel comedy," which are glaring in his young Mirabel, Archer, and young Marlow. Now to me these are inexplicable paradoxes. And I will thank either the gentleman, whose description I now find fault with, or any other person, to point out *what* graces of manner, and variety in action is required for young Marlow, Archer, and young Mirabel, that are not as necessary in Tangent, Marplot, Tinsel, and Clodio. I know they are different characters; that some of them are gentlemen, and others of them are denominated fops. But I should like to

see those qualifications pourtrayed, which are proper for the one cast, and not for the other. I am afraid such distinctions in writing, are

——————— "Like wit,
Much talk'd of, not to be defin'd."

'Is not Mr. Lewis the best Ranger and Archer now on the Stage? And will any man say he is not fit for Tangent, Tinsel, and Clodio? Was not Woodward the best fop of his time; and where was a better Ranger? But I think more illustrations on the point unnecessary. To conclude, I consider this performer as the best genteel comedian we have had (for a season) these many years. The public here are displeased if he is left out of any play that is presented.

'Nature seems to have fitted him for the sprightly, the airy, the agreeable sons of Thalia. In proof of which, I refer you to all the strictures on those plays in which he has appeared in this city. In particular to the criticisms of "Timothy Plain," whose judgment and impartiality, now for four years that he has favoured the public with his remarks, has never been questioned—to the observations of Crito also—and to your old friend, and justly admired comedian, Mr. Quick, at present, I believe, in the capital; who was lately an eye witness to the reception Mr. M'Cready met in this place, and the estimation in which his performances were held. These, Sir, are my sentiments, and the offspring of truth only; nor have I any purpose to serve, but to give sterling merit its due reward.

'I am, yours, &c.

'*Edinbro'* 16th *April*, 1800. 'LEWSON.'

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—'Having, last month, given some account of the strength of our theatrical company, I return, according to my promise, to offer you a few remarks on the performances of the season. The comedies which were acted during Quick's engagements were, in general, tolerably well suited to the cast of the company. Among those which were best performed may be noticed "Every one has his Fault," "Love makes a Man," and "The Way to keep him." The former of these, in particular, was very ably supported by the Irwin and Lady Eleanor of Woods and Mrs. Kemble, by the spirit and vivacity of M'Cready, in Sir Robert Ramble, and by the mixture of sentiment and humour, which were happily blended in the harmony of Swendall. I cannot omit, likewise, to mention the very happy and masterly performance of Woods and Mrs. Kemble in the Lovemores of Murphy's comedy: the former pourtrayed, with much art, the insidious meanness of the character, particularly in the scene where he receives the confidence of Sir Bashful, and that where he is detected at the Widow Belmour's; and the latter rallied her husband, in the last act, with inimitable archness. Many of the other plays, however, such as the Drummer, the Rivals, and the Busy Body, were got up in a most disgraceful manner.—Quick had the Duenna for his benefit, which was cast with the whole strength of the company, and was, on the whole, better represented than it has been for many years. Quick's exquisite performance of Isaac Mendoza was hardly less successfully seconded by Rock, in Don Jerome. Making allowance for the deficiency of her vocal powers, Mrs. Kemble was every thing that could be wished in the part of Louisa; and Clara found an adequate representative in Mrs. Bramwell. From the deficiency of our male singers, (for Cooke is the only performer who can utter a note, and he personated Anthonio) Miss Perry was obliged to

assume the breeches, and to perform Carlos: she looked uncommonly well, and sung with so much taste, that we had no reason to regret the want of a male representative. Miss Biggs was the Duenna, and, had she not indulged rather too much in caricature, she would have been very successful. Since Quick's departure, Pizarro has been the chief source of attraction. The scenery was, in general, very well painted, but was not so liberally bestowed as it ought to have been; our old battered landscape-scenes more than once intruded themselves, and one very fine view of the Peruvian country was spoiled by the want of new side-scenes. The dresses were, in general, rich and appropriate. The character of Pizarro could not well have found a representative more happily suited to it than Mr. Woods. The saturnine cast of his countenance, the formality of his demeanour, and the malice of his sneer, are well adapted to exhibit, in chaste and vivid colours, the cool, subtle, and inflexible tyrant. His expression of joy, at Alonzo's captivity, and his ironical pity for Alonzo's child, conveyed, with indescribable force, the idea of deep and cruel malignity. The part is completely within his powers; and those who think he performed it tamely, only proclaim their ignorance of the just laws of dramatic representation. Siddons's performance of Rolla has gained him much deserved reputation. It is a curious mixture of beauties and defects; but, to his credit be it said, the latter have diminished nightly since his first performance of that character, and he has neither spared pains nor despised advice, where they could be useful in improving his representation. He is not endowed with that mellifluent eloquence, which is required to give the adequate effect to Rolla's celebrated address to his soldiers; and, instead of varied intonation, he was forced to substitute abrupt transitions of voice, more suited to passionate than rhetorical declamation. In the scene where he is accused by Cora, he exhibited the rending anguish of his mind with truth and feeling. In the prison scene he was peculiarly happy; his expression of joy, when the centinel consents to admit him to Alonzo, was admirably conceived and executed; and the only blemish in the whole was the violence with which he recited a simple reflection on the attachment of all animals to their offspring, after the centinel's departure. In the subsequent scene, in Pizarro's tent, though he was not so successful in painting the struggle of his feelings when deliberating on Pizarro's murder, he displayed the proud generosity of the character in the dialogue with Pizarro, with the animation and energy of a master. In the rescue of Cora's child, his acting was unexceptionable. The part of Cora is well suited to Mrs. Kemble's talents, and she displayed the warm affections of the character with all the judgment, feeling, and simplicity, for which she is so much distinguished. In the scene where she accuses Rolla of treachery, she was peculiarly excellent. The tempest scene was so much curtailed, and is, in itself, so much detached from the previous course of the plot, that I cannot well conceive how any actress could make it interesting. M'Cready personated Alonzo. I have formerly mentioned that this gentleman appears to much more advantage in comedy than in tragedy, and he was peculiarly unfortunate in having this character cast to his lot, for which neither his figure, countenance, nor style of acting are adapted. The long speeches in the scene with Pizarro were but ill graced by his monotonous voice and broken sentences: he was more successful, however, in the prison scene, and as he was every where attentive to propriety, he went through the part decently. It would be unfair to enter into a minute

criticism of Miss Perry's Elvira, as it is a character confessedly above her powers. In point of figure, indeed, she is well adapted to it; but her voice is much too feeble for impassioned declamation. Swendall was respectable in the part of Las Casas. The effect of the play was much injured by the wretched manner in which the secondary characters, were represented, such as Valverde, the blind Peruvian &c. It would be unreasonable and absurd to expect good actors for the representation of such characters, but they ought at least to have been filled by men who could speak English decently. As to the other novelties of the season I cannot say much in their favour. The Birth Day has been among the best performed of them; Swendall's Jack Junk was a correct and characteristic performance; Rock, though out of his usual line, was very happy in the old Captain; and I seldom recollect to have seen Miss Biggs to such advantage as in the part of Mrs. Moral. Laugh when you can was, also, for the first time, brought forward this season; but it was so miserably performed, with the exception of M'Cready in Gossamer, Siddons in Sambo, and Miss Perry in Mrs. Mortimer, that it did no credit either to the manager or his company. The Wise Man of the East has been performed, however, with the whole strength of the company, though I have not seen it; and Speed the Plough is in preparation. Hardly one old play has been acted since Quick's departure; the blanks between the novelties have been filled up with other modern comedies, and German Dramas, and with a singular succession of first appearances of young Thespians, who have been uniformly damned. Our farces have been chiefly supported by the excellence with which some one character has been performed in them. The principal of those characters have been Mrs. Kemble's Nell, Cowslip, and Margaretta; Rock's Murdock Delany, and Nipperkin; Miss Perry's Poor Soldier; Wood's Petruchio; and Noble's Robin Roughhead, the only character which is performed decently by that actor. I am, Sir,

"Edinburgh, April 14th, 1800. "Yours, with respect,

"A LOUNGER."

PHENOMENON AND CELESTIAL NOTICES.

ON the 5th *April*, from about noon for near an hour ½ an HALO, very distinctly colour'd, was seen to surround the SUN: forming a very even circle, the *radius* of which, taken by an instrument, was 22°, and consequently its whole diameter 44 degrees. It was, as usual, about half a degree in breadth; and, throughout, well defin'd. The dark vapour, which was bounded by this circle of refracted light, had itself a very striking appearance.

On the 13th, about eleven at night, the *Herschelian* planet, then very near *β Virginis*, was remarkably well defin'd and brilliant, and might have been seen with ease with a common opera glass; or even with the naked eye, if previously well acquainted with its position, and a little habituated to its appearance. Its bluish light and distinctly round planetary form well ascertain'd it. But it is certainly much brighter than, considering its moderate size, and its amazing distance of about nineteen hundred millions of miles, could have been well expected. A power from about 100 to 250, or 300, shew'd it best; though, as has been said already, a very small magnifying power indeed was sufficient to distinguish it.

Troston Hall, April 1800. C. L.

INTERESTING SELECTIONS.

As the editor admits, very properly, selections valuable in themselves, and which have not been "vulgar-hackney'd in the eyes of men," he will here receive Rousseau's celebrated Riddle (as it is commonly called—though it certainly belongs to a much higher class) of "A Portrait,"—with an elegant translation: not sent as original.

Enfant de l'art, enfant de la nature,
Sans prolonger les jours, J'empeche de mourir;
Plus je suis vrai, plus je fais d'imposture,
Et deviens trop jeune a force de vieillir.

Offspring of Nature, though the child of art,
I, without lengthening life, from death withhold:
When faithful, most I act th' impostor's part,
And grow too young by living to be old.

CARLOS.

The following lines, first published in 1647, have some *intrinsic* merit. But if they were, as a learned commentator suggests, the occasion of the Il Penseroso of Milton, as "being the *plan*, which is there drawn out into larger dimensions," they have a merit beyond their own, in the opinion of every lover of English poetry.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly.
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't
But only melancholy;
Oh! sweetest Melancholy!
Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies:
A look that's fastened to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up—without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell—a parting groan—
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones, in a still, gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.

Q. Z.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

The great commercial house of Boyd, Benfield, and Co. has at length been declared bankrupts, in the Gazette, previous to which government issued an extent against all the property that could be found. The amount of the debt is £ 150,000 It is believed that Mr. Benfield's effects in India will be equal to answer this deficiency.

The improvements in the vicinity of the bank are renewed, on an extensive scale. A spacious street has been marked out, and will soon be begun, to lead to Finsbury-square, through Great and Little Bell-Alley, and, in the course of five years, the whole of Bartholomew-Lane is to come down, and the street widened as far as Prescott's, the banker.

On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, to the Irish parliament, on the question of the Union, a clause was introduced to limit the prerogative of the crown in the creation of Irish peers: That, for every three that shall become extinct, his Majesty shall create one, until the whole number shall be reduced to 100, at which number it should be stationary.

The publication of tales of ghosts and witches, and novels treating of robbers, impostors, &c. has been prohibited in the Austrian Dominions.

General Washington has written a history of the origin, progress, and completion of the American revolution, which has been found amongst his papers.

Redbraes Villa, near Edinburgh, is about to be converted into a public garden, upon the plan and in imitation of the commanding and unequalled beauties of our Vauxhall.

Two thousand one hundred and twenty oak trees, in Dean forest, are about to be cut down for the use of the navy;—650 of these are of superior quality.

Miss Ives, of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, spun 300 hanks from one pound of wool, which, if extended, would reach 95 miles.

In the course of last year there died 21 inhabitants of Swaffham, in Norfolk, whose united ages amounted to 1,589.

The valuable copper mine, which has been worked since the year 268, in the mountain of Rammelsberg, near Goslar, has been, with its contiguous works, entirely destroyed by fire, which, on the 16th ult. had spread to the depth of 750 feet below the surface.

The national institute at Paris recently received a letter from Brogsonet, at Mogodore, stating that the plague continued to make dreadful ravages in Barbary, where several large towns were entirely depopulated. "At Morocco, 1800 persons have died in one day. The dead bodies fill the streets. The consternation is general, and no precaution whatever is taken. Morocco is literally a desart, where dogs and birds of prey dispute their right to the putrifying and putrified carcases."

Cow-Pox.—Inoculation for this disorder is become very prevalent with the faculty throughout the kingdom, and seems to answer the most sanguine expectations that have been entertained of it. Mr. HASTINGS, surgeon of the *North Gloucester* militia, has lately inoculated, in *Sussex*, upwards of 300 persons, of all ages, with the most complete success.

CHELMSFORD.—Some eveoings since an infirm old man, a schoolmaster, at Donyland, returning home, attended hy a young girl, the night being dark, he fell over a bridge, which, much to the shaoie of the county, has for many months been without railing, a short distance from Old Hythe Bell. The girl, with singular constancy, for some honrs laboured to save him; frequently, when in the act of raising him from the water, the bank on which she kneeled gave way, and they would fall together, hut, by perseverance, she at length succeeded to preserve his life.—This is the seventh time of his being rescued from impending death by means comparatively trivial.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—A short time back, on the arrival of the baggage-waggon belonging to the 4th dragoons at an Inn in this town, the wife of one of the privates was takeo in travail, and on being carried into the house, was delivered; hut the landlady, the mother of several children, with inhumanity almost incredible, compelled her instantly to quit the house; and she was accordingly, with her infant, not an hour old, carried, during one of the coldest days in the year, to other lodgings. The act, we are of opinion, is cognizable in law; and we trust the hrutal perpetrator will be subjected to its severest penalties.

A man named Cocker lately died at Rattery, in Devon, aged 105: till within two days of his death he retained the use of his limbs and faculties; he was carried to the grave hy his grandsons, and followed hy one hundred and thirty-nine of his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren.

The East-India Company have resolved that the Cadets educated at Woolwich, who, hy their progress in their different studies, are first reported qualified to proceed to India, shall have precedence in the Artillery and Engineer Corps, without any reference to the dates of their original appointments. This regulation must be attended with the best effects, in promoting emulatioo at the Academy.

Our Government in India has granted pensions for life to the following principal surviving Sirdars of the late Tippoo Sultaun, to the amount specified after the name of each, viz.—Meer Gholum Ali Meer, Suddoor, 3000 Star Pagodas per annum; Gholum Ali Khan, Vakeel, 3000; Ali Reza Khan, ditto, 3000; Badruz Zemaun Khan, 3000, Syed, Mahomed Khan, 2400; and to persons who held inferior offices under the late Government of Mysore, stipends or allowances equal to half their salaries granted by the Sultaun; such stipends to be continued to them during good behaviour, or so long as they should remain unemployed, either by the Company or its Allies.

On a review of the last campaign in Italy, there were fought 16 battles, and 120 engagements; there were taken hy the Allies 19 strong places, 4,301 pieces of cannon, 14 howitzers, 38 mortars, 129 waggons of ammunition, 80,759 muskets, 500,000 cartridges, and upwards of 13,000 quintals of powder. The enemy had 73,274 killed and wounded, and lost 78,401 prisoners. They had one General in Chief killed, and another wounded; and, amongst the prisoners, we reckoned 18 Generals of Division, and several others of inferior rank.

When the measure of the Union with the sister Kingdom is completed, one of the first advantages to result from it to the Empire at large, will, we understand, be the establishment of Dock-yards at the principal Ports of Ireland, with additional divisions of Marines to protect them. The wisdom of this system is equally conspicuous in each of its parts; nor can a Corps that has, on such various occasions, distinguished itself for its utility and gallantry, be too largely augmented.

A new dock-yard is about to be formed on the Isle of Grain, near the Salt-pans; there is great depth of water, and the situation is convenient. Sheerness yard is, in this case, to be reserved for the victualling and ordnance departments.

Amongst the abuses which call loudest for investigation, is the power at present possessed by notorious culprits, of *transferring*, or *making over* their property, previous to conviction, by which, in cases short of death, they set the law at total defiance.

The King has caused an over-shot Mill to be erected, and worked by the waste water which falls from the lake below the Lodge in Windsor Park. Here a sufficient quantity of corn, two-thirds wheat and one-third rye, is ground and dressed, and delivered to the labourers at 14d. per stone of 14 lb, in quantities suitable to the extent of their families.

It is said to be the intention of Government, that the Imperial Parliament, on meeting, shall vote its competence to sit for seven years; notwithstanding which a dissolution shall take place so soon as the term of seven years, for which the present House of Commons was elected, shall have expired, provided the country is at that time in a state to render a new election eligible.

The *Ami des Lois* asserts, that there are in London 150,000 persons liable to be taken up by the Police, including 50,000 Prostitutes, 3000 Black Legs, 1500 street Musicians, and 2000 Jews, dealing in the streets in old cloaths and counterfeit money.

The long-deferred election of a Pope is at length terminated. A Cardinal Chiaramonte (whose pretensions were hitherto not generally known) has been elevated to the Chair of St. Peter, by a great majority of votes. The Vienna letters state, that his Holiness had taken the title of Pius VII. He is of the order of the Benedictines, hitherto Bishop of Imola, a native of Cesena, and 58 years of age.

The ice on the Lake of Lubalin lately changed its colour, externally into sea-green, and internally into sky-blue. The water below is quite clear, and without any colour, but the water produced by the melted ice is green, and, when held from the light, is of a reddish hue.

The great loss of Lambs by the turning sickness is attributed to their heads being shorn. In the county of Schouburg that disease has entirely ceased during the last fourteen years which the practice has been discontinued.

A machine is said to be constructing at Amsterdam, by which the entrance of the Texel, it is added, may be easily and effectually interrupted in the event of renewed invasion.

A small plant, producing silk wool, similar to that of Syria, and equal in quality, has lately been discovered on some mountains in South Prussia.

A letter from Berne, of the 28th ult. on the authority of a French Officer, states, that the French armies, during the last campaign, lost, in killed alone, 116,400 men, exclusive of the Neapolitan war, and the wounded he estimates at an equal number.

An ash tree was lately cut down at Broughton-Hall near Skipton, which contained upwards of 500 feet of sound wood. The bole was 13 feet long, squared 3 feet 9 inches, and contains 182 feet of wood.

A Botanist has made the following curious statement relative to the number of grasses on which various animals feed, and the number they reject:—"Cows will

feed on 276 kinds of grass, and reject 218; goats will feed on 449 kinds, and reject 126; sheep will feed on 387 kinds, and reject 141; a horse will feed on 262 kinds, and reject 212; swine are contented with 72 kinds of vegetables, but there are 171 which they will not make use of."

The Society for the relief of persons imprisoned for small debts have restored to society 17,053 persons, at an average, including every expence, of 2l. 11s. 5d. each.

Tippoo, who was ever a slave to bigotry and superstition, on his accession to the Throne of Mysore, banished from Senanda and Badnon upwards of 70,000 of their Christian inhabitants. The immediate consequence was, a reduction of the revenues of those districts from 18 to 10 lacks of pagodas.

The wife of a farmer at Wavenden, in Buckinghamshire, was lately delivered of three children. What is singular a day intervened between the birth of each.

Letters from all parts of the country communicate the most gratifying accounts of vegetation of all descriptions. So promising a spring has not been known for many years.

A living worth 500l. a year, in the gift of one of the Oxford Colleges, is now vacant, having, it is stated, been refused by the eight senior Fellows.

Upwards of one hundred of the principal inhabitants of Leeds have agreed not to suffer lamb to be used in their families for three months, with a view to increase the stock of mutton, and consequently to lower its price.

An ewe, belonging to T. Reed, Esq. of Mardon Woole, in Northumberland, yeaned five lambs, four of which are still living; the other appeared to be something of an embryo fœtus, though nearly perfect. What adds to the surprise is, that the same ewe had an equal number at each time for the two preceding years.

A letter from Leghorn, March 28, relates, that there were 837 persons on board the Queen Charlotte at the time of the calamitous fire, only 158 of whom were saved. The persevering exertions of the Captain, Officers, and crew, during four hours, is beyond all precedent.

J. Smith, cook of H. M. S. Brilliant, has been sentenced by a Court-martial, held at Portsmouth, to 12 months imprisonment, for seditious expressions; W. Bold, *accused of having heard, and not reported this offence*, was aquitted on account of being *deaf*.

A Lieutenant of H. M. S. Reliance passed through a passage recently discovered between Van Diemon's Land and New South Wales, and returned round the South Cape.

Coals of excellent quality have been found at Port Jackson, from whence a ship load has been conveyed to Bengal.

Wednesday April 9th, just after a shower of rain, the inhabitants of Stoke by Clare, Suffolk, were much alarmed at the sudden appearance of a numerous swarm of animals on the village green, much of the shape and meagre frame of the grub grasshopper, so called, with long black legs, black heads, and gogling eyes. They remained there for some hours, and the herbage on which they preyed was found soon after to have lost much of its verdure. They were seen the next day, in the neighbourhood, grubbing a young hedge-row on the road-side, and are considered as locusts of a very destructive species, and their presence much dreaded, as no attempts that have as yet been used to destroy them have succeeded. About

nine years ago, an insect, well known to naturalists to be a species of locust, but larger, and of a more terrific appearance, was found on the College grounds at Stoke, and other places, from which, it is conjectured, the present destructive swarm owe their birth.

BIRTHS.

Of sons: Lady Georgina Buckley. The Lady of Sir William Ramsay, Bart, in Edinburgh. Mrs. H. Crawford, Upper Seymour-Street.——Of daughters: At Berlin, Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess of Orange. The Ladies of Sir H. Harpur, and of Sir John Scott, Barts. at Ancram. The Lady of Col. Calvert, Grosvenor-place.

MARRIED,

The Marquis of Abercorn, to Lady A. Hatton, whose settlement is 4000l. per annum. Lord F. Osborne, brother to the Duke of Leeds, to Miss Charlotte Eden, daughter of Lord Auckland. Col. Lindsay, of the Guards, to Lady C. North, daughter of the late Lord Guildford. Sir W. B. Burdett, Bart. to Miss Maria, fourth daughter, of the Rev. D. H. Reynell. At Mr. Dundas's, Wimbledon, the Earl of Westmorland, to Miss Saunders. Mr. Glover, of Birmingham, to Miss Betterton, of Covent-Garden Theatre. Sir. G. B. Brograve, Bart. to Miss E. Whitwell. W. G. Lambton, M. P. for the county of Somerset, to the daughter of the late J. Browne, Esq. of Salperton. A. Pitcairn, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn-fields, to Miss E. Daughter of D. Campbell, Esq. of the Adelphi. Lieut. Col. J. Pringle, to Miss C. daughter of the late Sir J. Halkett, Bart. of Pitfirrin. J. Richards, Esq. of the Temple, to Miss E. Russel, of Hatton-garden. T. D. Boughton, Esq. third son of the Bart. to the only daughter of the late J. R. Leigh, Esq. of Adlington. Dr. Arnold, of Doctors Commons, to Miss G. Audry, of Chippenham.

DIED,

At Triest, Madame Adelaide, aunt to Louis XVI. aged 68. Of a putrid fever, the Hon. Col. Wawdon, brother to the Earl of Moira, and member for the city of Lincoln. At Rome, aged 57, the once Cardinal Altiera, who, when the French were possessed of that city, relinquished his dignity, for which he afterwards endeavoured to make public atonement. At Berlin, aged 81, the Prussian Minister Count Blumenthal. At Quebeck, General S. L. Morris, Colonel of the 61st. Reg. of Foot. Miss Ann Frederick, niece to the Admiral. Miss L. daughter of A. Goddard, M. P. for Wiltshire. Aged 58, Philip Viscount Wenman. At Vienna, aged 6 years, the Hereditary Prince of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Sir J. Menzies, Bart. Lady Mary Howe, whose purposed wedding with the Earl of Morton was to have been celebrated on the morrow. At Petersham, the Right Hon. J. S. Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland. The Rev. Dr. F. M. West, Rector of Draycot and Dauntsey. H. Cranke, Esq. Ad. Gen. of Bridewell and Bethlem. In Spain, Marquis Del Campo, late Ambassador to London. At Bath, Ladies Mary and Juliana Colyear, daughters of the Earl of Portmore; and J. de Lancy, Esq. Miss H. eldest daughter of Brig-General Provost. At Liverpool, J. P. Ricketts, Esq. Governor of Barbadoes.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

FOR

MAY, 1800.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. KING, THE COMEDIAN, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A PAINTING BY MR. POPE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

We must still adhere to the objection we made to the communications from I. T.---but even if the verses were original, their merit is not sufficient to entitle them to a place in our poetical department. The latter observation will apply to the *Impromptu* and the *Verses on a Friend.*

Lines on a rustic Cottage, by C. M. are equally deficient in originality and poetical spirit. We refer C. M. to the song in the *Lord of the Manor* of "When first this humble roof I knew," where he will find his ideas completely anticipated, and some of the expressions are precisely the same.

OCTAVIUS is requested to accept our thanks for his last criticism on the late Mr. Cowper's poetry.

Lines to the Honourable Mrs. Carrotherne, by Mr. B. WALLER, are excluded this month, merely for want of room. They shall certainly appear in No. LVI.

The *Lines written in a church yard*, by W. H. T. will remind our readers of *Gray's Elegy*, and induce a comparison little advantageous to the writer.

The *Devil's thoughts* and the *Flitch of Bacon*, by C. W. B*****, are both possessed of much humour, but they are too long for our very confined poetical corner, and it falls not within our plan to publish any article of that nature, of which so considerable a portion has already appeared before the public.

The *Anacreontic*, by F. is neither new nor striking.

The Sonnet, by S. K. and another to *Mary*, by W. F. shall have a place.

We cannot say too much to H. F. P. W. H. though we are sorry to find that "those delicious hopes which wantonly play, and afford some delight to modify the *Terrors* of life, will be depressed and expunged" in consequence of our decision.

Mr. KING

Pubd. by Vernor & Hood Poultry. May 31. 1806.

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THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MAY, 1800.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

THOMAS KING, ESQ.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THIS excellent performer, who has so long and so deservedly been caressed and applauded, was born in the month of August, and in the year 1730, in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square: he is descended, on the father's side, from a respectable family in Hampshire; and from the mother's side, as we believe, from the Blisses in Gloucestershire. Mr. King was educated at Westminster school, and, being intended for the law, was, at the request and by the means of a partial uncle, articled to an eminent attorney, with whom he made no very long stay: he attended more to the theatre than the writing-desk, and applied more to the study of the drama than the statutes. Having frequently performed, in what was called private plays, he set out, accompanied by one of them, who had been his school-fellow, to join an itinerant company of players, then (in May 1737) acting at Tunbridge in Kent. They remained with the troop but a few weeks, and then travelled different ways. Mr. King played afterwards in two other companies of no very great note, till the spring of 1748; during which time, like many itinerants, he studied and played tragedy, comedy, pastoral, and farce, with great attention and little profit. In this short trip, it seems, he encountered distresses of various descriptions, some serious, some comic; all of which, when among those likely to relish adventures of that sort, he cheerfully relates, and comments on them with great point and humour. Indeed, he is remarkably happy in all kind of whimsical narrative, and has ever enjoyed a great share of animal spirits.

In the month of June, 1748, he was introduced to Mr. Yates, as a young performer likely to merit his notice. Mr. Yates gave him great encouragement, and being then about to open a theatre, or rather booth, at Windsor, engaged, and took him with him. From this era, then, we are to date the commencement of Mr.

King's theatrical good fortune. His opening abilities were made known to Mr. Garrick, who, at the request of Mr. Yates, repaired to Windsor, heard him rehearse, and engaged him at Drury-lane for two seasons. Early in the first he performed Allworth, in Massinger's play of "A New Way to pay Old Debts;" a character well suited to his then youthful figure, and in which he was much noticed. In the following summer, 1749, Mrs. Pritchard went with the company to the theatre of Jacob's Well, near Briſtol, of which Mr. King was engaged as a member. This very eminent comic actress, though very large in figure, made it a point that Mr. King, of whose abilites ſhe seemed convinced, ſhould, maugre his juvenile appearance, perform Benedick to her Beatrice, Ranger to her Clarinda, &c. &c. This, indeed, ſeemed to be the line which nature and habit had marked out for him; but, in the preceding winter, Romeo and Juliet had been produced at Drury-Lane, and it was necessary the Briſtol audience ſhould be presented with it. Mr. K. was the only figure for Romeo in the whole company, and so much did his performance please, that the late Laureat, W. Whitehead, Esq. author of the Roman Father, who was present at the representation, thought proper, the following winter, when his play was to be produced, to appoint young King as the representative of Valenour, wherein he gained great reputation; he, also, during the same season, performed George Barnwell many times, and with great applause. But his wiſhes, and, indeed, his genius, as time has given proof, were more directed to the sock than the buskin: and finding himself seldom or never employed in the service of Thalia, but in the illness or absence of some more eminent comedian, he determined to quit the English for the Irish stage, and appeared in September, 1750, in Dublin, in the character of Ranger.

From this time his fame and profit increased. He continued some seasons the great favourite of Dublin, and the support of comedy on that stage. The late Mr. Sheridan, the then manager, being obliged to quit the theatre, on some particular dispute, Mr. King remained one season after his departure with his successors Messrs. Victor and Sowden; and then, at the request of Mrs. Woffingtou, who had frequently performed with him, and had recommended him strongly to Mr. Rich, he repaired to London. Mr. Rich and he, however, could not agree upon terms; and in an application from the proprietors of one of the theatres at Bath, Mr. King undertook to be manager and principal performer there: both which stations he filled greatly to the satisfaction and profit of the proprietor, and much to his own reputation. His commencement at Bath was in September,

1755, and then it was that the public, in that part of the world, were regaled with the joint efforts of Mr. King and that excellent actress Mrs. Abington, then Miss Barton, in Ranger and Clarinda, Benedick and Beatrice, Tom and Phillis, &c. &c. In the year following, September, 1756, Mr. Sheridan, whose absence had been much regretted, returned to Dublin, and Mr. K. once more enlisted under his banner, and remained with him until Mr. Sheridan again thought fit to retire, which was in May, 1758; Messrs. Barry and Woodward were then building the Crow-street theatre, which was finished by September, and they were happy to retain Mr. King, who played Trappanti, in She Would and She Would Not, on the night of opening. Not liking, however, his situation under his new employers so well as he had done under the former manager, he remained but one season.

In September, or October, 1759, he came again to England, and made his appearance in Tom, in the Conscious Lovers, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, where he remained for many years with increasing reputation. In the season of his return, he was fortunate in being the first representation of 'Squire Groom, in Macklin's Love-a-la-Mode, in which he was much noticed: but he did not arrive at the summit of theatrical excellence until he appeared in the character of Lord Ogleby, in the comedy of the Clandestine Marriage, which was brought out in 1766; from which time he was not only the favoured object of the public, but considered, on all trying occasions, as the true and confidential friend of Mr. Garrick, his then manager. On the appearance of every new piece he was constant prologue speaker, to solicit favour with the audience, and, in all disputes between the public and manager, was deputed a negociator and moderator. Indeed the prefatory advertisements which Mr. Garrick published to his admirable *petite* piece of Bon Ton, is the strongest proof that can be offered of the confidence of the manager, and the propriety of the actor. When Mr. Garrick sold his share in Drury-Lane theatre and patent, and was about to retire, Mr. King also wished to take his leave of the public; but, by the advice of the seller, and at the request of the buyer, he remained at Drury-Lane, where he has, among many new characters, less advantageously drawn, acquired unbounded reputation by his performances of Sir Peter Teazle, in the School for Scandal, and Puff, in the Critic. In the summer season of 1770 and 1771, he was partly proprietor and sole manager of the Theatre-Royal in Bristol. He then sold his share, as we believe, to the late Mr. Dodd; and in October, 1771, purchased three-fourths of that well-known place of amuse-

ment, Sadlers' Wells, which he extended and beautified; and having, by the expence and respectability of the entertainments, brought the spot into great estimation, he afterwards disposed of his share of it to Mr. Wroughton: to the which he was induced by having taken on himself the conduct of Drury-Lane theatre.

[To be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1800.

THE professors of an art, gradually rising to maturity, in this country, have too frequently had reason to complain that, while the public eagerness to contemplate their works, and inspect their progress, was every day filling the apartments of Somerset House with the most splendid crowds, a busy, wilful race, more resembling spies than critics, were, by different modes of publication, attempting to decry their industry, and rob it of its hard-earned reward; to pillage its meal, and poison its repose. What was called *Criticism*, was, unfortunately, confined to indiscriminate censure, and the investigation of faults alone—the effusion of spleen rather than of judgment. All that had really been effected in painting or sculpture, whatever difficulty might have attended its achievement, was passed over in silence; nay, from the galling animadversions sometimes cast on the artist as well as his works, one would have been led to suppose that, instead of the refined and domestic cultivators of arts, whose peculiar province it is to soften the manners and expand the mind, he was nothing more than one of a savage and rapacious hoard of banditti, from whose inroads it required the combined strength and knowledge of society to guard a suffering public.

To the honour of the present day, as the public mind is become more enlightened, with respect to the essential properties of painting, a greater candour has appeared in the examination of its pretensions to interest and favor; and it will no longer be a matter of surprise, that, in the review which we propose to take of the EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY, there will be found the greatest readiness to allow and commend the merit of its various departments; to bestow appropriate praise on the labours of the artist, to weigh his efforts, and calculate his attainments. It is our intention to point out the distinctive qualities of the most eminent performances, to describe the various tracks in which our artists press forward to excellence, and, by investigating their feelings and designs in their respective attempts, to shew how far each is on his road, or how far he has unfortunately mistaken his path, or wandered from his goal.

The exhibitions of latter years have offered a pleasing sensation to every one interested in the honour of this country, by their gradual recovery from the torpid state into which the academy appeared to sink, after the loss of its late extraordinary president; a man so splendid in his labours, so attractive in his manners, and so admirable in his conduct, that his chair will scarcely ever again be filled by one so variously calculated to assist in raising a public institution to its highest point of celebrity.

The exhibitions of the last and present year form another and a very different epoch in the arts of England. The influence of that great professor, whom we have mentioned, begins to subside, and the various energies of talent are no longer confounded in the desire of attaining a superficial resemblance of his mode of practice. Whatever be the general scale of merit in the exhibition of 1800, it certainly is not deficient in original and unbiassed attempts at the imitation of Nature and her living hues.

[To be continued.]

GIBBONIANA.

No. I.

LOVE FOR ANCESTRY.

A LIVELY desire of knowing and recording our ancestors, so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers. It is the *labour* and *reward* of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or an hundred years may be allotted to an individual; but we *step forwards beyond death*, with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the *silent* vacancy that precedes our birth by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence.

SELF BIOGRAPHY.

WE seldom complain of the minuteness and prolixity of personal memoirs. The lives of the Younger Pliny, of Petrarch, and of Erasmus, are expressed in the epistles which they, themselves, have given to the world. The essays of Montaigne, and Sir William Temple bring us home to the houses and bosoms of the authors. We smile, *without contempt*, at the headstrong passions of Benevenuto Cellini, and the gay follies of Colley Cibber. The confessions of Saint Austin, and Rousseau, disclose the secrets of the human

heart. The commentaries of the learned Huet have survived his evangelical demonstration; and the memoirs of Goldoni are more truly dramatic than his Italian comedies. The heretic and the churchman are strongly marked in the characters and fortunes of Whiston and Bishop Newton; and even the dulness of Michael de Marolles, and Anthony Wood, acquires some value from the faithful representation of men and manners.

PLATONIC AFFECTION.

FROM my childhood to the present hour I have deeply and sincerely regretted my sister. The relation of a brother and sister, especially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship, with a female much about our own age: an affection, perhaps, softened by the difference of sex; but pure, and the *sole* species of platonic love, that can be indulged with truth, and without danger.

FIRST PRODUCTIONS OF GENIUS.

THE design of my first work, the "Essay on the Study of Literature," was suggested by a refinement of vanity; the desire of justifying and praising the object of a favourite pursuit. Upon the whole, I may apply to the first labour of my pen, the speech of a far superior artist, when he surveyed the first productions of his pencil. After viewing some portraits he had painted in his youth, my friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, acknowledged to me, that he was rather *humbled* than *flattered* by the comparison with his present works; and that, after so much time and study, he had conceived his improvement to be much greater than he found it to have been.

LATIN LANGUAGE.

THE Latin tongue has been consecrated by the service of the church. It was refined by the imitation of the ancients; and, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the scholars of Europe enjoyed the advantage, which they have gradually resigned, of conversing and writing in a common and learned idiom. As that idiom was no longer in any country the vulgar speech, they all stood on a level with each other. Yet a citizen of *old* Rome might have smiled at the best latinity of the Germans and Britons; and we may learn from the *Ciceronianus* of Erasmus, how difficult it was found to steer a middle course between pedantry and barbarism.

[To be continued.]

CASTLE OF LLANGARRAN.

A WELCH STORY.

From the MSS. of the late James Petit Andrews, Esq. F. S. A.

[Continued from Page 206.]

Enclosed in Lord Glenham's last Letter to Sir George Sinclair.

In spite of the friendship with which you have always honoured your cousin, I feel myself, my Lord, in an awkward situation. Bound, as I am, to Admiral Williams, by a thousand obligations, conferred on Mr. Walden and myself, I cannot refuse to obey his commands; yet how can I expect to obtain your Lordship's excuse for interfering in such delicate family concerns? I must trust to your goodness, and proceed to execute my task. The admiral yesterday began a letter to Amiens: could he have proceeded in it, I had been spared this painful service; but a few lines convinced him of the impossibility: he flung down his pen, and dictated to me the narrative which follows; telling me, at the same time, of his hearty belief that you knew little or nothing of the affair, nearly as it concerns you. Your father, my Lord, having taken vehement offence at your relation Sir Robert Fitz-Hammond, on account of a contested election, several years ago, began a suit against him, laying claim to his whole Welch estate. He founded his pretensions on the supposed illegitimacy of Maurice, the father of Sir Robert, who, he pretended to prove, was born of an illicit union, contracted in France during the troubles of England, which had obliged Sir Robert, the grandfather of the present baronet, to leave his country for some years, and reside abroad. As Lord Glenham was both active and resolute, he pushed on the business with all the celerity which money, and a thorough knowledge of the great world, could adduce; while Sir Robert, trusting to the justice of his cause, defended himself with such blameable indolence, that, after sentence had been given against him in more than one court, he had only an appeal to the house of peers left, to stand between him and that worst of calamities, the being deprived of name and fortune, and driven, in his declining years, from his home, with two lovely daughters, to encounter penury and wretchedness.

Thus stood the matter at the death of your father. Your lawyers are mad to proceed: success, they say, is inevitable; the peers must give sentence against Sir Robert, and Llangarran Castle, with its domains, (ample, indeed, but not very productive) must, within

six weeks, be assured to you and yours for ever. If you, my Lord, participate of the vindictive spirit which animated your deceased parent, if you can enjoy the thought of oppressing and treading to the ground a worthy man, a near relation, one who has honourably and independently represented an opulent county in parliament, one who is beloved by his neighbours, and adored by the poor :—but sure I wrong you ; the gentleness of your disposition promises no such rigour. Respectful as we know you ever were to your father's will, you would not have wished him success in such a cause. It were unpardonable to suppose that you need my feeble arguments to bend your heart towards gentlemanlike and honourable compassion ; especially when you are told that your father declared to many persons, particularly to the admiral, that he very well knew that the marriage was a thoroughly good one, and that the Lady Augusta de Roche Maure was of high rank, and had brought a large fortune into the family ; " But," he exultingly added, " thanks to Cardinal Mazarin, not a trace can be found of the wedding in any record throughout Languedoc."

And now, my Lord, without injuring you so much as to doubt, for a moment, of your intention, as to this unfortunate but highly respectable relation, I must go a step farther, and tell you, that you will have a difficult task even to bring about happiness to Sir Robert, by the relinquishing of this cruel lawsuit.

The spirit of that high-minded baronet is, perhaps, more lofty than can easily be found among his lofty countrymen. His design, the Admiral thinks, was to have blown up himself and family in Llangarran Castle, sooner than to have delivered it to your father ; and should you humanely drop the suit, the anguish of receiving a favour from one whom he thinks his hereditary foe, will either end his life, or tempt him to refuse the gift, and even to resent the offer, as the bitterest of insults. But (remember, my Lord, it is the admiral who dictates, and accuse me not of meddling impertinence) there *is* a way open, by which the property of Sir Robert, and his honour, may be assured to him, by steps consistent with the nicest delicacy.

He has two daughters, Augusta and Alicia, both beautiful in their persons, and perfectly amiable in their tempers. Augusta is tall, showy, and majestic, in her presence : Alicia is small, fair, and gentle : the one demands your admiration, the other entreats you to approve of her. Augusta has been my friend and correspondent ever since sixteen (she is now twenty-two), and her letters are my delight when in health, my cordial when sick or melancholy. Alicia

has chiefly resided with me, and will, I hope, accompany me to the East, when the Colonel takes shipping, which will be, I fancy, in November next. Alicia is mild, and what our neighbours call 'caressante;' but, tho' pleasing, she boasts not the abilities of her sister Augusta. It is Augusta, my Lord, that the Admiral wishes to call his niece. Ever since his leaving the sea, a period of sixteen years, he has cultivated the most intimate friendship with her very near neighbours at Llangarran Castle, and has interested himself so much in Sir Robert's favour, that, for some years before my Lord your father died, he avoided his company, although his Lordship had married his own sister, and earnestly avoided any breach with so valuable a relation. The wish of your good uncle's heart is, at this moment, that you should see and admire his favourite Augusta Fitz-Hammond; and if, by marrying her, you could save his friend from disgrace and distress, he will present you with twenty thousand pounds on your wedding day, and settle, irrevocably, the rest of his vast fortune upon you; only reserving ten thousand pounds, which his goodness has made him allot to a person who has no other merit than a sincere esteem for his worth and virtues.

From a generous spirit like yours, I will hide the reverse of the medal; but the admiral is as violent on the supposition of a negative on your part, as he is eager to load you with benefits if you comply. Indeed, and indeed, my dear Lord, you must go down to Glamorganshire,—to which place he has just set out—and, at least, *see* the lady. Take a better reason than any I have yet given you; should you disappoint your uncle, the gout will very probably seize his brain, and end the life of one who loves you as a parent. I can say nothing stronger, and will therefore conclude myself,

Your Lordship's, &c. &c.

SOPHIA WALDEN.

Written by Lord Glenham, under this Letter.

Now George, was ever man in so confounded a scrape? What the devil had my cross old papa to do to hunt the good old Baronet out of his native mountains? I wish to heaven he had let him enjoy his leeks, and his goat's-flesh, and his toasted cheese, in peace and quiet. Yet, though I am ready, with joy, to drop all proceeding against him, and leave his castle, with its d—d Welch name, to him and his heirs for ever; yet, I must say, it is hard that I must have a wife crammed down my throat, whether I like her or no! That's too much, I think, to expect in reason. I must, however, act with some caution, because of my poor odd uncle's health. Adieu.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Number III.

A man of spirit should learn *prudence* from his very *pride*, and consider every unnecessary debt he contracts as a wanton diminution of his character. The moment he makes *another* his creditor, he makes *himself* a slave. He runs the hazard of insults which he can never resent; and of disgraces which are seldom to be mitigated. He incurs the danger of being dragged, like the vilest felon, into a felon's prison; and, such is the depravity of the world, that *guilt* is more likely to meet with advocates than *misfortune*.

An engagement to meet an antagonist to fight a duel is the *only* one in which, *now-a-days*, people pretend to any punctuality. A man is allowed half an hour's law to dinner; but a thrust through the body must be given within a second of the clock.

It may be *as* dangerous to *despise* rumour, as it would be *foolish* to *act* upon it. There are few cases in which a *patient* and *polite* attention may not be necessary and useful.

I should prefer a tyrant to a democrat, and a bigot to an infidel; for, in the severity of a tyrant there is a *chance* for perfection: and we know we are not in greater danger from the oppression of the one than from the licentiousness of the other; and we also know that a bigot is not more intolerant than an infidel.

An amiable mind wishes for power and riches, that it may be able to bring into action its gratitude and liberality. These are virtues a *poor* man cannot practice, though his heart is fraught with them in an eminent degree: and gratitude, which consists only in the inclination, may be compared to faith without good works—questionable and useless.

If you are to judge of a *watch*, which you find does not *go well*, you will certainly examine whether the movement is hindered by any *accidental* obstruction, *before you condemn it as a bad piece of work*. Should not the *same* rule be observed where it seems to be often neglected? I mean in our judgment of each other.

Swift tells us, "if a great man keeps me at a distance from *him*, he must also keep himself at a distance from *me*." He means he will admit no person's familiarity upon unequal terms. Yet there is a disagreeable circumstance attending this case. This sorry great man

will, *infallibly*, consider the distance between you and him as altogether the *effect* of his *own act*, and that if you are not about him, it is because he will not let you.

How beautiful is the best side of the world!—How shocking the worst!

Have you never seen a strange, unconnected, deformed representation of a figure, which, seen in *another point of view*, became proportioned and agreeable? It is the picture of human nature.

You may fail to shine, in the *opinion of others*, both in your conversation and actions, from being *superior*, as well as from being *inferior* to them.

How many *amusing* and ridiculous scenes should we witness in the world, if each pair of men that *secretly* laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other *aloud!*

Pope says——"For forms of government let fools contest,
"That which is best administered is best."
But are *all* equally calculated to *be* well administered? or, if all were well administered, would *all* be *equally good?*

Extremities meet. It is difficult to say whether the statesman, at the top of the world, or the ploughman, at the bottom, labours hardest.

Disagreeing in little things, and agreeing in great ones, is what forms, and *keeps up*, a commerce of society and friendship among *reasonable* men, and, among *unreasonable* men, *breaks* it.

When men, for whom we have a well-grounded contempt at the same time contemn us (no uncommon case) it becomes *humour*, and makes us laugh.

Many men would have more wisdom if they had less wit.

Have you any thing to say to the world, or to any part of it? Be quick, then, for perhaps you will be *too late*, and *never* say it.

We judge of others from ourselves! Source of knowledge, source of error!

In this country every criminal has *a right* to be tried by his peers, —except *an author*.

Q. Z.

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

Number XII.

DIANA PRIMROSE.

MR. EDITOR,

FOR any biographical account of the above lady, I shall deem myself indebted to your intelligent correspondents. All I am enabled to transmit are a few fragments of antiquated poesy, for which she once was termed "the *Prime-Rose* of the Muses' nine." They are taken from a quarto tract, consisting of ten leaves, entitled "A CHAINE of PEARLE; or, a Memoriall of the peerles Graces and heroick Vertues of Queene *Elizabeth*, of glorious memory. Composed by the Noble Lady *Diana Primrose*." London—Printed in 1630; but written, probably, about 1603.

THE FIRST PEARLE.

RELIGION.

THE goodliest pearl in fair *Eliza's* chain
Is true religion, which did chiefly gain
A royal lustre to the rest, and tied
The hearts of all to her when *Mary* died:
And though she found the realm infected much
With superstition and abuses, such
As, in all human judgment, could not be
Reform'd, without domestic mutiny,
And great hostility from Spain and France;
Yet *she*, undaunted, bravely did advance
Christ's glorious ensign, maugre all the fears
Or dangers which appear'd: and for ten years
She sway'd the sceptre with a lady's hand,
Not urging any romist in the land
By sharp edicts the temple to frequent,
Or to partake the holy sacrament.
But factious romanists, not thus content,
Their agents to their holy father sent,
Desiring him, by solemn bull, proclaim
Elizabeth an heretick, and name
Some other sovereign, which might erect
Their masking mass, and hence forthwith eject
The evangelical profession
Which flourish'd under her protection.

The pope to this petition condescends,
And soon his leaden bull to England sends;
Which, by one Felton, on the bishop's gate
Of London was affixed; but the state
For that high treason punish'd him with death,
That would dethrone his queen *Elizabeth.*
Yet was this ball of wild-fire working still
In many romanists, which had a will
The present state and government to change,
That they in all idolatry might range.
And hence it came that great Northumberland,
Associate with Earl of Westmoreland,
And many more their banners did display
In open field; hoping to win the day.
Against these rebels noble Sussex went,
And soon their bloody purpose did prevent.'
Westmoreland fled, Northumberland did die
For that foul crime and deep disloyalty;
Having engaged thousands in that cause:
After which time the *queen* made stricter laws
Against recusants; and, with lion's heart,
She bang'd the pope, and took the gospel's part.
The pope perceiving that his bull was baited
In such rude sort, and all his hopes defeated,
Cries out to Spain for help; who takes occasion
Thereby t'attempt the conquest of this nation.
But such sage counsellors *Eliza* had,
As, tho' both Spain and Rome were almost mad
For grief and anger, yet they still did fail,
And against England never could prevail.

The Lady Diana's "Chain" consists of nine other poetical links or sections, arranged under the following heads: *Chastity*, *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Clemency*, *Justice*, *Fortitude*, *Science*, *Patience*, and *Bounty*.

I am,

Sir, &c.

S. K.

GLANCES AT LIFE.

[No. IX.]

Utrum horum.

BRILLUS has no great depth of understanding: but though *you* have, it will be your fault if he does not please you. Brillus is in his person extremely agreeable; in his behaviour proper; in his manners free; in his heart good-natured. There is a certain carelessness about him, not easily defined; but peculiar, and extremely becoming: and, though his conversation has nothing uncommon in it, yet it is never injudicious or displeasing. His nature is gay: yet soft. And, though he has often flights of fancy, yet he is never overbearing: for they are always natural, and often endearing. He never copies any man. He dresses well, but without study. And it rather seems as if he *could* not do otherwise, than if he *desired* to do it. All awkwardness is repugnant to his nature. He was born *polite*, and what the French so emphatically call *placé*.

He is governed by a natural, instinctive propriety; and this principle is not only *strong* but *universal*. He never speaks improperly. Every thing Brillus does, becomes him: and he proves how much the qualities of the heart are *preferable*, and even *assistant*, to those of the understanding. But, if you want to talk of books and sciences, you must not apply to Brillus; for he never reads. If you want to distinguish nicely, or reason profoundly, you must not apply to Brillus. He gives up speculation and theory, for pleasure and practice. But, if you possess extensive knowledge and deep penetration yourself, you will never be shocked with his pretensions to what he does *not* understand; or dogmatical decisions on what he *does*. You will be always at full liberty to exercise your good humour, your gaiety, your happiness, with Brillus.

PHOCION is a gentleman, and a man of letters. He has written several ingenious things, which have done him credit in the world. His *understanding*, then, deserves that credit, and you must approve it. Yet, if *your* character is a pleasing one, you will find Phocion insupportable. His person is unpleasing; his manners forward; his disposition impertinent. He is stiff and ungraceful. His conversation is ingenious, but always accompanied with conceit; so that it will not please a good head, if it belongs to a good heart. His nature is *falsely* gay: that is, pert and pragmatical; and, though he has often flights of fancy, in which there is real wit, yet there always appears so much desire to shew it, so much of what the French call *gauche*, that it loses its effect. Tell Phocion that wit, misplaced, becomes folly, how cheap he would hold you for your

nonsensical paradox! Phocion is a fine gentleman *marqué*. He takes himself to be an agreeable union of the scholar and the gentleman. *Dress* he does not regard. If you ask him why he does not powder his dark black hair, he will, with a smile, ask you, "the *use*, the *beauty*, the *naturalness* of powder." nay, possibly, endeavour to prove to you the absurdity of flinging white dust into a beautiful and natural black: and thus, as it were, with rules, and a pair of compasses, to measure, what is itself immeasureable, and reason on what is not cognizable by reason; what I had nearly said is *superior* to reason, TASTE. He is right—that is, he is *self-persuaded*. But his ideas are inelegant; he is *deplacé*. In a word, Phocion writes well—talks well—*but—he cannot please*.

COWPER, THE POET.

Et mea si quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars. HORACE.

IT is with the utmost sorrow and regret that the literary world has become acquainted with the death of Cowper; and although, in him, poetry has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and it is by his works that he must be known to posterity, his learning and abilities were not his greatest accomplishments.

Through all his writings there is a continued train of benevolent thoughts, and amiable reflections, which, even in the bitterest of his satires, prejudice us highly in favour of the man; his is not the satire of those who are desirous of reducing man to a level with brutes, the bite of whom is the bite of a viper, which *would be glad to leave inflammation and gangrene behind it*. The earlier part of Cowper's works were written in rhyme; a mode of writing, in my opinion, not so immediately suited to his genius as blank verse, the vehicle he afterwards chose, and in this opinion I have the concurrence of Mr. Headley*. The vigour of Cowper was little calculated for the trammels of rhyme, and when he used that method, he was frequently negligent of its rules. It has been observed, that, since the time of Pope, our vernacular poetry has been verging to mere sound, and that, in labouring to polish the verse, the strength and vigour of the thought is lost, and the boldness and animation of genius is overlooked in the fondness for meretricious ornaments. The inatten-

* This lively biographer, to whom the poets of Queen Elizabeth's reign are particularly indebted, died at the early age of 23, having published a volume of poems, and "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," with Biographical Sketches.

tion of Cowper is indirectly noticed by the author of the Pursuits of Literature, in the following line:

Correct as Giffard, and as *Cowper strong*.

Although the numbers of many of our old English poets are frequently harmonious, it does not appear that they thought it necessary to study musical echo, in the composition of poetry; and this may be proved by the following lines, from an old satyrist of considerable merit:

—— Alas, poor idle sound:
Since I first Phœbus knew, I never found
Thy interest in sacred poesie.
Thou to Invention add'st but surquedry,
A gaudy ornature: but hast no part,
In that soule-pleasing high-infused art.

MARSTON'S *Scourge of Villany*.

In the first book of the Task, there is but little that concerns his subject, and, considering that it was written at the request of a lady, as he informs us in the preface, we should not expect to find in it the severity of satire, with which great part of the book is occupied. "The Garden" was a subject, which, engaging his daily attention, and from which he received hourly delight, it may be conjectured he entered upon it with more than common pleasure, and with at least great knowledge of his subject; that the former was the case, may be inferred from the first lines of the book in question. It was observed by Johnson, that blank verse is never wholly free from pedantry; nor to this remark can the poetry of Cowper claim exception; the instructions how properly

To raise the prickly and green coated gourd,

are strongly tinctured; but it may be conjectured, that he thought it necessary to use uncommon phrases, in order to give an artificial dignity to a subject naturally humble. The pleasures which a calm, sequestered, country life, afford, appear to be congenial to the nature of the poet, and he has described them, in many parts, in a manner new and beautiful. The contrasted joys, which retirement from the heated world to the country, to a man of reflection, affords, no writer has more invitingly described than Cowper. An ardent and sincere admirer of the works of nature, he seems to have ranged mountains and deserts, for images and resemblances, and to have pictured upon his mind every tree of the forest, and flower of the valley. He observed, with equal care, the crags of the rock, and the pinnacles of the palace: in short, whatever was awfully great, or elegantly little, he appears to have viewed with a poetic eye, and has cloathed it in poetic numbers; and the beasts of the field,

from the most noble and rapacious, to the humble "Mole, the miner of the soil," helped to store his mind with inexhaustible variety. When, from the inferior works of the creation, he ascends to man, his imagination expands with his subject, and we kiss the rod of his satire, even while writhing under its effects. His reflections on the departure of Omai to his native country,

> After having seen our state,
> Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
> Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
> And heard our music—

display the hand of one intimately acquainted with the workings of the human heart. It will be no disadvantage to Cowper, to compare this passage with the description of a late traveller, (Mr. Park) on a similar subject. He is little to be envied, who is not affected by reading the tale of Crazy Kate; and the character of the Woodman, in a winter morning, going to his labour, accompanied with his faithful dog, is eminently descriptive. In the familiar scenes of domestic life, the genius of this amiable writer is displayed to particular advantage; in the third book of his Task, is the following animated address:

> Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
> Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
> Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,
> That reeling goddess with a zoneless waist.
> Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
> Of honour, dignity, and fair renown.*

It is from its abounding in familiar and well-known objects and sentiments, that "The Winter Evening" has had more readers and admirers than any other part of Cowper's works; the pleasures of social converse, and the other numberless delights which domestic life affords, are, or may be, in the power of all to enjoy, whose temper and inclinations do not disqualify them.

> Come, Ev'ning, once again, season of peace;
> Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long!
> Composure is thy gift:
> And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
> To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
> To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit:
> Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
> When they command whom man was born to please;
> I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

* This passage was lately quoted in the House of Lords, by Lord Auckland, in a speech upon the Divorce Bill.

But there is yet a merit in Cowper, far above his beautiful descriptions of nature, and more sublime than his views of life and manners: it is his praise and gratitude to the supreme Creator, which he has sung in numbers worthy the object of his admiration, and in strains which raise him to a level with the most sublime writers of any nation. One is at a loss, whether most to admire the easy flow of his numbers, the sincerity and purity of his precepts, the fervency of his adoration, or his amiable humility. The conclusion of the poet's work, (says an author, by no means lavish of his praise) is so sacred, so dignified, so unequalled in simplicity and unaffected piety, that I hope none will read it without those sensations, and without that improvement it seems designed to inspire.

> But all is in his hand whose praise I seek.
> In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
> If he regard not, though divine the theme.
> 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
> And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
> To charm his ear whose eye is on the heart;
> Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
> Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

Cowper's translation of Homer into blank verse, I have never seen; of his minor poems, many of which are neatly and feelingly written, the story of John Gilpin is most known; indeed few of any class are unacquainted with it.

From the easy flow of his numbers, one should be apt to conclude, that the poems of Cowper were written with rapidity, and that the fertility of his invention carried him from period to period, with ease and alacrity. But this apparent facility is only the art of a poet, who has succeeded better in this species of composition than any former writer, and to write in this style, with the ease of Cowper, is what few have in their power to attain, and to exceed which every attempt would be folly. As a conversational poem, "The Task" is, without dispute, the best example in the language.

It may serve to repress the pride of genius, and the arrogance of learning, to reflect, that many years of this amiable writer were passed in sickness and sorrow, but the hand of pain, that oppressed him here, is taken away, and he has received the reward of his labours.

> Enim remuneratio ejus altissimo.
> For his reward is with the Most High.

Stamford. OCTAVIUS.

THE FATE OF SARAH LLOYD.

MR. EDITOR, *Troston, 18 May, 1800.*

IF, as is naturally to be supposed, you insert an account of the fate of SARAH LLOYD, the best which I have yet seen printed is in the IPSWICH paper,* 26 *April*, which has been very defectively copied into several of the *London* papers, and even erroneously in some. This article, which I recommend as the least imperfect, was not sent by me: if it had, it would have been more particular, and would have differed in several respects.

With regard to her *age*, I believe the *Bury* paper is more correct, I have reason to think she was not quite 19.

A long and anxious imprisonment had probably altered her complexion. It seems to have been naturally fair: as the colour readily diffused itself over her pale, and very pleasing countenance. Her voice was exceedingly sweet; and her manner simple, ingenious, and highly interesting. I visited her several times after her conviction: and she was visited by a lady of a very superior understanding, and whose benevolence determined her to this painful exertion. I attended her last moments. I was close by her at her death. I attended her at her interment. More of sympathy, respect, esteem, and admiration, I believe could not be imagin'd, than was manifested by a multitude assembled on both occasions. Most affecting, indeed, was her behaviour at her death; modest, composed; with a sweet and grateful sensibility to the deep concern of the surrounding assembly; but with perfect and unaffected fortitude; and in her manner of giving the signal, there was a recollectedness, and even a sublime gracefulness, which struck every heart.

It is the too general effect of seeing life taken in this manner, that the heart is hardened, and the degrading circumstances of the death brought into cruel disregard (not to say more) of one of the most awful of events. It was far otherwise in this. Probably not a single heart, in such a multitude, was so thoughtless, or prejudiced, or hardened, as not to feel, and not to revere, such a manner of dying in a very young and wholly uneducated person, of a tender disposition, and who, from the goodness of her temper, had been accustomed, in the whole nearly of her short life, to affectionate treatment, and had known little of the hardships of a low situation. And after her sentence, though the unavailing exertions to save her life must have created hope, and a very distressing state of expecta-

* This account will be inserted in our next number.

tion, nothing like ingratitude or discontent appeared in her at any time. She was truly sensible of the crime of which she had been convicted, and which was committed under most singular circumstances, and such, (as to her part,) as seem'd to create a plea for mercy, strong indeed, and peculiar to this case. Of the *burglary* she was most justly acquitted by the jury: on the *house-firing* she was not even tried. And that such an horrid crime could not have had her concurrence, every thing convinces me, and others who have seen her, and have witness'd her behaviour.

Thus much I must say, when the Ipswich paper mentions an accomplice, whoever admits another person to have been concerned, must consider that person as far more than an accomplice.

To say this, and to say what I know of her behaviour, and of my full belief of her being guiltless of the atrocious part of the charge, is neither to arraign the verdict, nor in any respect the justice of the country. The verdict could not be other; but I believe the jury thought, when they acquitted her of the *burglary*, and on the clearest grounds of acquittal, that they had *sav'd* her life. And I must presume, that if they had known the character which I know of her, from the places in which she had longest lived, they would have recommended her to mercy. Why the petition never reached his majesty, it is for those to answer by whom it ought to have been presented. I should lament, indeed, if I had any such omission to impute to myself.

I remain yours,

CAPEL LOFFT.

HERALDRIC COMMUNICATIONS.

NUMBER III.

[List of Dukes, continued from page 141.]

DUKES CREATED DURING THE REIGNS OF THE TUDORS.

In the Reign of Henry the Seventh.

Ann. Reg. Ann. Dom.

1 Hen. 7—1485——Jasper of Hatfield, Earl of Pembroke, paternal uncle of K. Henry the Seventh, was created Duke of BEDFORD.

11 Hen. 7—1495——Henry, second son of K. Henry the Seventh, was summoned to parliament as D. of York. He afterwards succeeded his brother Arthur, as Duke of Cornwall, and at length became king, by the name of Henry the Eighth.

——————————Edmund, third son of K. Henry the Seventh, who was born in 1495, and died in 1500, was D. of SOMERSET.

In the Reign of Henry the Eighth.

1 Hen. 8—1509——Edward Stafford, eldest son of Henry D. of Buckingham, who was attainted and beheaded under Richard the Third, had first summons to parliament as D. of BUCKINGHAM.

5 Hen. 8—1513-14-Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, (eldest son of John Howard, D. of Norfolk, which John was attainted 1 Hen. 7) was restored D. of NORFOLK.

5 Hen. 8—1513-14-Charles Brandon, (afterwards husband of Mary Queen Dowager of France, sister of K. Henry the Eighth) was created D. of SUFFOLK.

17 Hen. 8—1525——Henry Fitzroy, illegitimate son of K. Henry the Eighth, was created D. of RICHMOND and SOMERSET, &c.

In the Reign of Edward the Sixth.

1 Edv. 6—1546-7—Edward Seymour, brother of Jane, mother of K. Edward 6th, was created D. of SOMERSET.

5 Edv. 6—1551——Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, Husband of Frances the daughter of Charles Brandon, D. of Suffolk, by Mary, daughter of K. Henry the Seventh, was created D. of SUFFOLK.

5 Edv. 6—1551——John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was created D. of NORTHUMBERLAND.

In the Reign of Queen Mary.

1 Mariæ—1553——Thomas Howard, (grandson of Thomas Howard D. of Norfolk, who was attainted in the 38th of Henry the Eighth, who was son of Thomas Howard who was restored D. of Norfolk 5th Henry the Eighth) was restored D. of NORFOLK, but was attainted and beheaded in the 15th of Elizabeth.

In the Reign of Elizabeth.

There was no Duke created, nor any restored, in the reign of Elizabeth, and, after the attainder of the D. of Norfolk, in the 15th of Elizabeth, three Marquises of Winchester, successively, were, during the remainder of her reign, premier peers of England.

DUKES CREATED DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS, INCLUDING THOSE CREATED BY WILLIAM THE THIRD.

In the Reign of James the First.

Ann. Reg. Ann. Dom.
—Jac. 1—1604——Charles, second son of K. James the First, was created D. of YORK, afterwards succeeded his brother Henry, as D. of CORNWALL, and at length became king, by the name of Charles the First.

21 Jac. 1—1623——Louis Stewart, Earl of Richmond, (Lord Darnley in Scotland) was created D. of RICHMOND.

21 Jac. 1—1623——George Villiers, Marquis of Buckingham, &c. was created D. of BUCKINGHAM.

In the Reign of Charles the First.

16 Car. 1—1641——James Stuart, Duke of Lenox, in Scotland, was created D. of RICHMOND.

19 Car. 1—1643-4—Rupert, Count Palatine and Duke of Bavaria, grandson of K. James the First, was created D. of CUMBERLAND.

19 Car. 1—1643-4—James, third son of K. Charles the First, was created D. of YORK, and afterwards became king, by the name of James the Second.

20 Car. 1—1644——Henry, fourth son of K. Charles the First, was created D. of GLOUCESTER.

20 Car. 1—1644——Alice, widuw of Sir Robert Dudley, Duke of the Empire, (who styled himself Duke of Northumberland, notwithstanding the attainder of his grandfather, John Duke of Northumberland) was declared and confirmed Duchess of DUDLEY.

In the Reign of Charles the Second.

12 Car. 2—1660——William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford, great grandson of Edward D. of Somerset, who was attainted in parliament in the time of Edward the Sixth, was restored D. of SOMERSET by act of parliament.

12 Car. 2—1660——Sir George Monck, of Potherige, in Devonshire, Knt. was created Duke of ALBEMARLE, &c.

——————————Charles, first-born son of James Duke of York, who was born 22d Oct. 1660, and died the 5th of May 1661, was created D. of CAMBRIDGE.

15 Car. 2—1662-3—James, surnamed Scot, illegitimate son of K. Charles the Second, by Lucy daughter of Richard Walters, Esq. was created D. of MONMOUTH.

——————————James, second-born son of James Duke of York, who was born 12th July 1663, and died the 20th of June 1667, was created Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

16 Car. 2—1663-4—William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, &c. was created D. of NEWCASTLE.

16 Car. 2—1664——Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, great-great-grandson of Thomas Howard D. of Norfolk, who was attainted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was restored D. of NORFOLK by act of parliament.

——————————Charles, third son of James D. of York, who was born 4th July 1666, and died 22 May 1667, was created D. of KENDALE.

——————————Edgar, fourth-born son of James D. of York, who was born 14th Sept. 1667, and died 8th June 1671, was created D. of CAMBRIDGE.

22 Car. 2—1670——Barbara Villiers, (daughter of William Villiers, Lord Viscount Grandison of Ireland) a favourite of Charles the Second, was created Duchess of CLEVELAND, &c. with remainder of the title of Duke of CLEVELAND, to Charles and George, her first and third illegitimate sons by K. Charles the Second, and their heirs male successively.

25 Car. 2—1673——Louisa Renee de Penencourt, a favourite of Charles the Second, was created Duchess of PORTSMOUTH for life.

27 Car. 2—1674——Charles Lenox, illegitimate son of K. Charles the Second, by the Duchess of Portsmouth, was created Duke of RICHMOND.

27 Car. 2—1674——Charles Fitzroy, illegitimate son of K. Charles the Second, by the Duchess of Cleveland, was created D. of SOUTHAMPTON, and afterwards became D. of CLEVELAND.

27 Car. 2—1674——Henry Fitzroy, illegitimate son of K. Charles the Second, by the Duchess of Cleveland, was created D. of GRAFTON.

————————Charles, fifth-born son of James D. of York, who was born 7th Nov. 1677, and died 12th Dec. 1677, was created D. of CAMBRIDGE.

34 Car. 2—1682——James Butler, D. of Ormond, &c. in Ireland, and Earl of Brecknock, &c. in England, was created D. of ORMOND.

34 Car. 2—1682——Henry Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, was created D. of BEAUFORT.

35 Car. 2—1682-3—George Fitzroy, illegitimate son of K. Charles the Second, by the Duchess of Cleveland, was created D. of NORTHUMBERLAND.

35 Car. 2—1683-4—Charles Beauclerk, illegitimate son of K. Charles the Second, by Eleanor Gwin, was created D. of ST. ALBANS.

ERRATA in the *List of Dukes* created during the reigns of the Plantagenets.

Page 139, line 7, for "K. *Henry* the Third," read K. *Edward* the Third.

Page 141, line 27, for "Thomas *Howard*, Duke of Norfolk," read Thomas *Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk.

[To be continued.]

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Duke of Lauzun was short and ugly, yet no man was ever more famous in gallantry, either by rank, or the number of his conquests. The queen of Portugal, and her sister, Mademoiselle D'Aumale, equally smitten with the duke, cast lots who should marry him. They agreed that, to give him a considerable fortune, she to whom the lot should be unfavourable, should take the veil, and give her whole property to the other. There is, perhaps, nothing more flattering in the annals of gallantry. Mademoiselle, sister to the King of France, wished to marry him publicly; and this passion, by its ardour, added to the subsequent coldness of her lover, rendered her life unhappy. It seems, upon first consideration, that wit, agreeableness of person, and other exterior advantages, are most likely to attract admiration and attachment. The Duke of Lauzun possessed none of these:—he was allowed even to *write inelegantly!!!* It is difficult to imagine what qualities are most proper to gain the favours and distinction of the fair. Q. Z.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Observations on a Tour through the Highlands, and Part of the Western Isles of Scotland; particularly Staffa and Icolmkill. To which are added, a Description of the Falls of the Clyde; of the Country round Moffat; and an Analysis of its Mineral Waters. In two Volumes. By T. Garnet, M. D. Member of the Royal, Medical, and Physical Societies of Edinburgh; the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; the Medical Society of London; the Royal Irish Academy; Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chymistry in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Illustrated by a Map and 52 Plates, in the Manner of Aquatinta, in Drawings taken on the Spot, by W. H. Watts, Miniature and Landscape Painter, who accompanied the Author in his Tour. Quarto. Boards. Price Two Guineas and a Half. Pages 636. Cadell and Davies. 18 00.

In this reign, disastrous, though brilliant, the peaceful arts have been cultivated with amazing success, amid the rumours and outrages of war. In no former period of our annals did so many institutions, for the extension of science, obtain a local habitation under royal patronage; or philanthrophy and patriotism establish so many voluntary associations, whose laudable ambition it has been to stimulate and reward genius, for improvements in those manual arts, which diminish labour, render industry lucrative, and promote national happiness. These societies, composed of members, some high in rank, others eminent in literary accomplishments, and all animated by public spirit, operating conformably to judicious regulations, have chosen some particular district for the centre of their immediate influence, whence the beneficial effects of their generous activity, like diverging rays, extend to a spacious circumference; and, by their periodical communications from the press, the useful discoveries of one society, which otherwise would be local, are expeditiously notified to all, that they may universally be adopted, in similar situations and circumstances. Genius, like other faculties, is prompted by example.

The more illustrious personages in all the learned professions discover a dignified unanimity and zeal, by inserting their names in the lists of all the patriot-associations lately established; and the

most elaborate papers in their transactions are generally of their composition. Among others, the sons of Esculapius, and the pupils of Hippocrates, have a fair claim to well earned applause. About the entrance of this century, Pitcairn, and, after him, Mead, discerned a natural alliance between experimental philosophy and the healing art. These great men first suggested the hint, and, in part, exemplified the happy union. Their successors, prosecuting the same views, have made the connexion indissoluble. Medicine is not, now, a distinct art, but a ramification of speculative and practical philosophy.

Dr. Garnett's singular merit, in the functions of a physician, which was his professional character, soon pushed him forward into private estimation and public notice, as a philosopher, and a seemingly casual incident set him on a conspicuous theatre.

"An academical institution, denominated ANDERSON'S UNIVERSITY, was founded by the late Mr. Anderson, professor of natural philosophy in the university of Glasgow, who left to the trustees, appointed to conduct it, the whole of his valuable apparatus, library, and museum, as well as his property of every other kind." Vol. II. p. 193.

"This institution was set on foot in 1796, in which year I was appointed professor of physics and natural philosophy. I began three courses of lectures in November, and have continued them for the three past winters." Ibid, p. 196.

But we return to specify some of the contents in their order.—The author, in a short preface, offers an apology for intruding on the world another tour through the same tract, after so many well-written journals, especially that of Mr. Pennant, which he took along with him, compared his descriptions with the objects, and found them remarkably accurate; though considerable employment had been left for a gleaner.

"These volumes contain a description of the country, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, natural curiosities, antiquities, mineralogy, botany, natural advantages, proposed improvements, and accounts of the state of manufactures, agriculture, and political economy, with local history and biography. My object has been to give as perfect an account as possible of every place and every thing I saw; to effect which, I have ventured not to rely on my own observation, but have freely levied contributions on my predecessors; not, however, without acknowledging my obligations.

"This work was composed at Glasgow, some time before I was offered the situation I now have the honour to hold, in the royal institution of Great Britain. This the reader will perceive, from the manner in which I have mentioned Anderson's institution. I have not, however, thought it necessary to alter what I there said, especially as the work was prepared for the press, and sent to London, before I had an idea of leaving Scotland."

To the preface is subjoined a beautiful sheet-map of Scotland, exhibiting the counties, with the names of the more remarkable islands, towns, and rivers; the scite of the wall, built by Adrian and Severus, between Newcastle and Carlisle; the tract of the canal from the Forth to the Clyde. The author's route is distinguished by red lines, terminating at Staffa on the west, Inverness on the north, Perth on the east, and Belcraig, near Moffat, on the south. We cannot help the remark, that, in our judgment, the want of a scale for miles, and of the usual notations for latitude and longitude, is a material imperfection.

"Having long wished to visit some of the most remarkable scenes in the Highlands and Hebrides, particularly the island Staffa, I set off from Glasgow on the 9th of July, 1798, in the morning, accompanied by Mr. Watts, a young gentleman, who had for some time made landscape and miniature painting his study, and who had likewise an ardent desire to view the sublime scenery of the north.—Besides the gratification which I promised myself from such a tour, I was in the hopes that my health would be benefited by it: the labours of the session, and close application to the subjects of my lectures, had induced some complaints, which frequently attend a sedentary life; I expected that exercise and a change of scenery would remove them. Mr. Watts had suffered no little from intense application to his profession; so that we had both similar objects in view. We took the road leading to Dumbarton, which is very good, the country flat, and ornamented, as might be expected, in the neighbourhood of so opulent and populous a city as Glasgow, with villas and country residences."

So numerous are the articles worthy of observation, so great their diversity, and, withal, so happily touched, with a conciseness almost inimitable, that selection is difficult, and abbreviation impracticable. We shall, therefore, confine our extracts and remarks chiefly to the subjects mentioned in the title-page; reserving, however, the liberty of occasional strictures on objects, singular in their nature, or not recorded in former journals.

[To be continued.]

The Armenian; or, the Ghost Seer. A History founded on Fact. Translated from the German of F. Schiller, Author of the Robbers, Don Carlos, &c. By the Rev. William Render. 12*mo.* 4 *vols.* 14*s.* *Symonds.* 1800.

THIS work abounds in adventures of the most marvellous and extraordinary nature, some of which are calculated to excite the strongest emotions of terror, while others seem to have been invented for the mere purpose of bewildering the imagination, or of creating an artificial suspense, which terminates either in disappointment or disgust. It is imagined, that the design of Schiller was to ridicule the sect of *Illuminati*, by exposing the tricks and devices they put

in practice, to achieve the objects of their association, and to render themselves formidable to the multitude. But the execution is not thoroughly answerable to this design: and, though the genius of Schiller displays itself in various portions of the work, and though the attention is constantly kept alive by a series of surprising incidents and mysterious events, yet the structure of the history is too exclusively *German*, for the approbation of English readers, to whom the work, in general, will, we fear, prove tedious and incomprehensible.

The Summer's Eve; a Poem. By John Bidlake, A B. Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and Master of the Grammar School, Plymouth. 4*s.* 8*vo. Murray and Highley.* 1800.

THE productions of Mr. Bidlake have frequently called forth our commendation; and we are happy to find that the author's poetical stores are not yet exhausted. In the *Summer's Eve*, as in the *Country Parson*, and the *Sea*, there are some fine descriptive passages, much new and beautiful imagery, and a vein of morality uncommonly animated and instructive. To this praise, indeed, there are several exceptions, but we have no inclination to point them out; and they are by no means such as to affect, in any considerable degree, the general merits of the poem.

The Sinfulness of withholding Corn. A Sermon, preached at Great Ouseborne, on Sunday, March 16, 1800. *By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Great Ouseborne, near Knaresbro'. Humbly recommended to the Nobility and Gentry, to distribute among their Tenants.* 12*mo.* 3*d. or* 12 *for Half a Crown. Rivingtons.* 1800.

IN reviewing a former sermon of Mr. Clapham's, we took occasion to reprobate the practice of blending politics with religion, and making the pulpit a vehicle for panegyric on the ministry. Mr. C. appears to have paid some attention to the remark, the justness of which he subscribes to; but while he admits, that "discourses, addressed from the pulpit, should either illustrate some interesting doctrine, or enforce some essential precept of the gospel:" he conceives that "circumstances may, sometimes, occur, which shall justify a deviation from this rule." Without giving up our opinion, we admit, that the very alarming price of bread, and other articles of provision, at this juncture, occasioned, no doubt, in a very considerable degree, by the avarice of farmers, and the rapacity of

monopolists, seems to render the interference of the Divine in some measure necessary. The text of the present discourse is taken from Proverbs xi. 29. *He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it:* which Mr. C. hath applied to the existing circumstances of the country. He expatiates on the wickedness of keeping back the produce of the earth, for the purposes of individual profit; and points out, in a very impressive manner, the evil consequences which result from an artificial scarcity of grain. The sermon is extremely suitable to the purpose intended, and, we have no doubt, but that the distribution of it would be productive of much benefit to the nation.

Mystery, a Novel. By Francis Lathom, Author of Men and Manners. 2 Vols. 12mo. Symonds, 1800.

If Mr. Lathom keeps his readers rather too long *in the dark*, it must be confessed that the *éclaircissement*, when it does come, very satisfactorily explains the motives of every one concerned in the *Mystery*. There is nothing new either in the incidents or characters of this novel; but it is agreeably written, and the tendency is favourable to the cause of virtue.

De Valcourt. 7s. 2 vols. Dutton. 1800.

An historical novel, which includes some of the events that took place at the restoration of the second Charles, and refers to others which happened in the time of his father. The narrative is conducted with spirit, and possesses considerable interest.

Cecco's Complaint; translated from Il Lamento Di Cecco du Varlugo of Francesco Baldovini. By John Hunter, Esq. 2s. 6d. 12mo. Cadell and Davies, 1800.

The miseries of a hopeless passion form the subject of this celebrated lamentation, the original of which is written in a dialect familiar, it seems, to the peasants of Tuscany. It is a rustic little poem, which, for simplicity of style, truth of description, originality of thought, and peculiarity of humour, has been much extolled by the *cognoscenti* of Italy: and the fidelity and spirit of Mr. Hunter's version, will, no doubt, be the means of extending the reputation of Francesco Baldovini beyond the limits of his own country, though the intention of the poet and the beauties of the Idyl can never be fully made known through the medium of translation.

The Family of Halden: a Novel. By Augustus La Fontaine. Translated from the German. 4 *Vols.* 12*mo. Bell.* 1799.

THIS novel, we are told in the advertisement, and the one lately published of the History of St. Julien, both translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine, form the whole of the original work comprehended under the general title of *The Histories of Families.* "The reputation of the author, in this style of writing, is so high, on the continent, that he is called the German Fielding. He is a Saxon clergyman, and was lately presented to a living by the king of Prussia, who, at the same time, sent him a handsome letter, informing him that he was indebted for his promotion to the pleasure which his Majesty and the Queen had received from perusing his works."

The family of Halden is a very interesting and original performance, and the moral it is intended to convey is finely kept in view throughout the work. The author's object is to point out the criminality and pernicious effects of parental partiality, and to hold up to contempt and abhorrence the character of a mother who, to gratify a foolish desire of aggrandizing her eldest son, Charles, at the expence of the rest of her family, instils bad principles into his mind, and encourages him to entertain an antipathy to his brother, who is persecuted, despised, and disinherited, to pave the way to the favourite's advancement in the world. The discarded youth, however, finds an asylum under the roof of his uncle, Major Halden, who regards the boy as his own son, and has the happiness to find a reward in the affection and engaging qualities of his nephew. Charles, having run his career of folly and dissipation, and impoverished the family estates, prevails on the mistaken mother to resign her possessions in his favour; for which, like *old Lear*, she is requited by ingratitude and insult; and she is at last indebted, for her subsistence, to the child whose interests it had been the study of the greatest part of her life to thwart and ruin.

There are several well-drawn characters in this novel. *Major Halden*, and his old soldier, *Hennig*, which will remind the reader of *Toby* and *Corporal Trim*, though there are no traces of direct imitation, are finely delineated, and the other principal personages are distinguished from each other by strong traits of character. On the whole, we have no hesitation in recommending this novel to our subscribers, as one of the best productions of the kind with which the German press has hitherto furnished us.

Asiatic Researches, Vol. 3, *continued from Page* 155.

IN the advertisement, page 4th, is a reference to Mr. Colebrooke's Dissertation on the religious ceremonies of the Hindus,

where the doctrine of the creation is mentioned. This is not the only passage in the researches, where that and other epochs, corresponding to those of the Hebrew bible, occur. To pave the the way for adjusting the pagan to the sacred chronology, it is requisite to bring the notifications of such epochs into juxta-position.

1. *The Creation.* It is the belief of the Hindus that the universe is the production of an eternal, self-existing, all-perceiving power; who framed all creatures, gave being to time, and the divisions of time; to the stars, planets, rivers, oceans, mountains, &c. The Creator is described as that divine light which illumines all, delights all, from whom all proceed, and to whom all must return.

2. In the time of the first Menu, the deity descended at a sacrifice, and by his wife, Menu, had two distinguished sons and three daughters, born for the multiplication of the human species.

3. In the reign of the seventh Menu, the whole earth was drowned, and the whole human race destroyed, except the pious prince himself, and seven holy persons, with their wives, who were preserved, in a capacious vessel, miracuously formed. To Menu, the deity, Vestina, foretold that inundation seven days before it happened; and, at the end of the seven days, the ocean began to overflow the coasts, the earth to be flooded with constant showers, &c. Vol. II. p. 117.

To Menu, otherwise called Satyavratah and Satyavarman, Sovereign of the whole earth, were born three sons, Shermah, Charma, and Jyapeti, all good men. The father, continually delighted with devout meditation, honouring the gods and priests, one day, by an act of destiny, having drank mead, became senseless, and lay asleep naked. He was seen by Charma, who called his two brothers. Satyavarman, having recovered his intellect, and perfectly knowing what had passed, cursed Charma, saying, "Thou shalt be the servant of servants." Vol. 3. p. 262.

4. In the Hindu scriptures are mentioned several Avatars, or descents of the Deity, for protecting the just, and confounding the proud.—The fourth of these was a god in the form of a man-lion, bursting from a marble column, to devour a blaspheming tyrant, who would otherwise have slain his religious son. This incident Sir W. Jones applies to the defeat of the presumptuous attempt at Babel, related in a symbolical style. "Whatever be the comparative antiquity of the Hindu scriptures, we may safely conclude that the Mosaic and Indian chronology are perfectly consistent; that Menu, the son of Brauna, was the Adoma, or first created mortal, and consequently our

Adam;" that the sacrifice, honoured with the presence of a God, was the oblation of righteous Abel; "that Menu, the child of the sun, was preserved, with seven Rishis, in a capacious ark, from the universal deluge, and must, therefore, be our Noah; that Hiranyacasipu, the giant with the golden axe, and Vali, or Bali, the impious and arrogant monarch, were most probably our Nimrod and Belus; and that the dawn of true Indian history, appears only three or four centuries before the Christian æra, the preceding ages being clouded by allegory or fable." Vol. II. p. 401. This last conclusion decisively awards the claim of superior antiquity to the Mosaical scriptures, which are obviously the ground-work of the Indian traditions, concerning the most memorable transactions of the primitive world.

Capt. Francis Wilford, in his Dissertation, vol. v. article 18, affirms, "that, long before the ninth century, the chronological system of the Hindus was as complete, or rather perfectly the same, *as* it is now." This term, indefinite as it is, does not induce the belief either of its antiquity or precision. The Purans, in particular, according to this writer, are certainly a modern compilation, from valuable materials, which he is afraid no longer exist; and, it is added, that an astronomical observation of Canopus rising heliacally, mentioned in two of the Puranas, puts this beyond doubt. Yet, on the authority of this recent compilation, from the Mosaical history of the deluge, is the tradition of that catastrophe propagated among the Hindus. Such are the records pretended to be more ancient than those of the Hebrew Lawgiver.

5. Even the historical facts, recorded by the evangelists, have been interwoven with the mythology of the Asiatics, widely distorted by the licentiousness of prophane fiction, and applied, by anticipation, to imaginary characters.

In the Bhagavat, for the antiquity of which Sir W. Jones does not contend, though he is unwilling to pronounce it a modern performance, the history of Jesus Christ is strangely burlesqued.

"One singular fact must not pass unnoticed. That the name of Crishna, and the general outline of his story, were long anterior to the birth of our Saviour, and probably to the time of Homer, we certainly know; yet the celebrated poem, Bhagavat, which contains a prolix account of his life, is filled with narratives of a most extraordinary kind, but strangely variegated, and intermixed with poetical decorations.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Neighbourhood, a Tale. 12mo. 2 *Vols. Black.* 1800.

THE acknowledged design of this work is to enforce the axiom, that neither riches, rank, nor the pursuit of pleasure, unattended and unsanctioned by virtue, can produce happiness. The *Neighbourhood* which the author has selected, as furnishing fit objects for the illustration of this fact, is, no doubt, possessed of 'a local habitation and a name;' for neither the characters nor the incidents are such as the writer of a narrative, merely fictitious, would have preferred, there is a want of regular interest, and of that *lucidus ordo*, in the construction, which are usually manifested in a work of simple invention; and, therefore, the volumes exhibit a variety of characteristic sketches and detached anecdotes, which sometimes appear to be without an object, rather than a connected series of adventures, involving the fortunes of any particular individuals, and exemplifying, in their termination, some useful and specific moral. The *novel-reader* will consequently derive little amusement from this work, and the looseness of its texture, and the confusion into which the personages and the events are thrown, by carelessness, or want of skill, will, no doubt, increase his disappointment.

Notwithstanding these defects, the author is entitled to considerable praise, for the ingenuity he has discovered in the delineation of character. The *Purslings*, the *Tonics*, the *Canvasses*, the *Selbys*, *Syllabus* and his lady, the *Rev. Mr. Spavin*, &c. have all their prototypes in real life, some of which are to be found in the *neighbourhood* of every man to whom *the world as it goes* is an object of common interest and inquiry.

The style is, in general, easy and correct, but the writer has indulged too frequently in quotation, which he has sometimes extended to a length not justified by the occasion. We are of opinion, upon the whole, that the author has capacity for a better work than the present, which, if it had been properly digested, would have ensured a more enlarged circulation.

DRAMATIC.

The Egyptian Festival; an Opera; in three Acts; as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. Written by Andrew Franklin. 2s. 8vo. *Ridgway*, 1800.

THE difficulties which the author of an opera is compelled to encounter, and the sacrifices he must necessarily make, in order to suit the convenience of the composer, and to furnish the machinist with opportunities for the display of scenery, are correctly enumerated, by Mr. Franklin, in the preface to this piece, which was distin-

guished for the excellence of its music, and the beauty and splendour of its *spectacle*. He, therefore, "claims the benefit of this plea, in its most unlimited sense;" and it is but reasonable that his claim should be admitted.

Having gone very fully into the subject of this opera, in our 53rd number, it is not necessary to trouble our readers with a criticism which would merely comprise a recapitulation of our former sentiments: but, as a specimen of the poetry, we have selected the following stanzas, in which the resemblance of a band of Arabs rushing into battle, and bearing down all before them, to the devastating columns of sand so frequent in the eastern deserts, is strictly appropriate and poetical.

"SONG *and* CHORUS.

"*Yezid.*—As when through deserts, desolate and wide,
In numbers strong, the hardy trav'lers go,
Sudden the sands on whirlwinds dreadful ride,
Rush o'er the host, and bury all below!

So when the field the troops of Muley gain,
Instant we'll rise, and soon, in proud array,
Move our firm columns o'er the martial plain,
O'erwhelming all that dare oppose our way.

Chorus.—We'll fight! we'll fight! we'll fight!
Till death or victory crown the day!"

The Birth-Day; a Comedy in three Acts; as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. Altered from the German of Kotzebüe, and adapted to the English Stage, by Thomas Dibdin. 8vo. 2s. *Longman and Rees.* 1800.

"If the value of this play," says Mr. Dibdin, "has been lessened by my interlineations or abridgments, that value has been amply restored by the decided and flattering acceptance of the most critical and enlightened audience in the universe."

This is laying more stress upon the applause of a theatre than, in strictness, it will bear. If Mr. Dibdin *have* mutilated the drama of Kotzebüe, and thence impaired its value, 'the most *critical* and *enlightened* audience in the universe' must surely be ashamed of having sanctioned the deterioration of a foreign drama. Mr. Dibdin's conclusion, therefore, is inconsequential from the premisses. Our opinion, however, is, that the alterations from the play of Kotzebüe are judicious and necessary, with a view to its representation in England, and we have assigned our reasons for this opinion in a former number.

The adapter passes a just and handsome encomium on the per-

formers concerned in this drama, to whose unrivalled talents and exertions its success must be, in a great measure, attributed.

Authentic Memoirs of the Green-Room, (for 1800*) containing Particulars of all the Performers of the Theatres Royal, Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, and the Hay-market. To which are now first added, Absentees and Provincial Performers. Small* 12*mo.* 1*s. Roach.* 1800.

THE little volume published last year, under this title, discovered as much ignorance as malignity: the present publication, on the contrary, seems to have been conducted by a gentleman of candour, liberality, and judgment. The memoirs are drawn up with care and perspicuity, and the information, for no inconsiderable portion of which the author acknowledges himself indebted to the pages of the Monthly Mirror, is much more full and satisfactory than we could have expected to meet with in a work of this limited nature.

The Jew and the Doctor: a Farce in two Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. By Thomas Dibdin. 8*vo.* 1*s. Longman and Rees.* 1800.

THIS entertaining farce, to the merits of which we have before paid our tribute of commendation, was first produced, it appears, at the Maidstone theatre, where the author was engaged as a performer. Mr. Bicknell, of Norfolk Street, happening to be present at one of the representations, was so much pleased with the farce, that, on his return to town, he recommended it, without solicitation, to Mr. Harris.

By way of apology for its resemblance, in some points, to the Jew of Mr. Cumberland [See vol. vi. of the Mirror, p. 366] the author states, that, at the time of writing his piece, he had not *read* the comedy of that gentleman; who, prior to the representation of Mr. Dibdin's farce, "honoured it with a perusal, and pointed out those passages which came too near his own production, and which were consequently omitted."

Notwithstanding these omissions, of which we were not aware when we delivered our former sentiments, there are still sufficient traces of imitation: so that it must be supposed that Mr. D. had *seen* the Jew upon the stage, though he might never have perused it in his closet. These observations are not made with a view to detract from the merit of the farce, which has met with great and deserved success in the theatre, and will, no doubt, continue to amuse many future audiences through many future seasons.

No. II. of the German Theatre. Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla; a Romantic Tragedy, in five Acts. Translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebüe, by Benjamin Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. 1s. 6d. large 8vo. 3s. Vernor and Hood, 1800.

To those who are desirous of comparing the play of Pizarro, as it is represented at Drury-Lane, with the original performance of Kotzebüe, the present translation will prove the most faithful guide that can be selected for that purpose. It forms the second number of the monthly work now publishing under the title of the *German Theatre*, which the proprietors seem to be anxious to conduct with every degree of elegance and spirit. As a specimen of the translation, we subjoin the celebrated remonstrance of *Las Casas*, against the cruelties exercised toward the Peruvians by Pizarro and his sanguinary followers.

"*Las Casas.* Is the bloody measure of your cruelties not yet full? When will these good children of innocence, who received you with hospitality, have endured enough? Oh, Almighty Power, whose thunder can cleave the rock, and whose sun melt mountains of ice, assist my words with thy strength, as thy goodness animates my will.—*(To the assembly.)*—Cast a look upon the millions of victims which your rapacious hands have murdered. As gods were you received—as devils have you acted. Willingly and cheerfully were you presented with fruits and gold—in return you defiled the wives and daughters of your benefactors. Human nature was roused, and the oppressed complained. To silence them you sent blood-hounds on the chase; and he who escaped this diabolical pursuit, was yoked to the plough, and forced to till his own land for you, or buried in the gold mines, to feed your insatiable avarice.**You have vied with each other in committing murder, in splitting the skulls of guiltless men, in tearing children from their mother's arms, and dashing them against the rocks. At a slow fire you have broiled the hostile leaders; and, if their groans disturbed you in your sleep, you pushed gags into their throats. On thirteen gibbets you have hung as many Indians—Heavens! dare I avow it—in honour of Christ and the twelve apostles! My eyes have witnessed this abomination, and I still exist.—** God, thou didst not appoint me thy servant to curse, but to bless; yet now my blessing would be blasphemy. My curse be upon you, fratricides, and upon your intentions! On you and your children rest the innocent blood which will to-day be shed! I leave you for ever, that I may no longer witness your infatuation. In caverns and in woods will I secrete myself; with tigers and with leopards will I associate; and when we hereafter stand in his presence, whose mild doctrine you have to-day denied, tremble, tremble at my accusation.

The frontispiece, engraved by Neagle, from the design of Mr. Thurston, represents the tent-scene between *Rolla* and *Pizarro*.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS.

SHAKSPERE.

FROM THE WREATH, BY EDWARD DU BOIS.

THE scene in *Hamlet* between the *Prince* and *Horatio*, at Ophelia's grave is very much like one of Lucian's, in the shades, between *Menippus* and *Mercury*; to which the reader is referred.

ΜΕ. Ὅμως την Ἑλενην μοι δειξον· ου γαρ αν διαγνοιην εγωγε.

ΕΡ. Τουτι το κρανιον ἡ Ἑλενη εστιν.

MENIP. But shew me *Helen* (so fam'd for her beauty,) for I cannot distinguish her.

MERCURY. See you this bare skull—this is *Helen.*

HAMLET *holding Yorick's skull in his hand.*

Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come!

FROM AGATHIAS.

ANALECTA BRUNCKII III. p. 63.

Ἕρπων εις Εφυρην ταφον εδρακον αμφικελευθον
Λαϊδος αρχαιης ὡς το χαραγμα λεγει.
Δακρυδ' επισπεισας, Χαιροις Γυναι, εκ γαρ ακμης
Οικτειρω σε, εφην ἡν παρος ουκ ιδομην.
Ἀ, ποσον ηιδεων νοον ηκαχες . . . αλλ' ἰδε, λῃθην
Ναιεις, αγλαϊην εν χθονι κατθεμενη.

Slowly to EPHYRE while I proceed,
I see neglected, by the public way,
The ancient tomb of LAIS: for thus say
The characters whose faint remains I read—
I weep —— Ah once too beautiful and gay,
Too lovely! though to me 'twas not decreed
To see thee, till for ages thou hadst slept
In darkness and in dust! but had I seen
When emulous youth gaz'd thee as beauty's queen,
At this sad change how should I then have wept.
Delusive joy of earth! Ah fruitless tears ——
Ah, sighs! for charms which now oblivion faintly hears!

SAPPHO.

Φαινεται μοι κηνος ισος θεοισιν
Εμμεν' ωνηρ, οστις εναντιον τοι
Ἱζανει, και πλασιον ἀδυ φωνε-
-σας ὑπακουει.

That man seems to be happy as the gods, who sits facing thee; and who, near thee, hears thy sweet discourse.

EPIGRAM IN ANTHOL.

Ευδαιμων ὁ βλεπων σε, τρισολβιος ὁστις ακουει,
Ἡμιθεος δ' ὁ φιλων, ἀθανατος δ' ὁ συνων.

Happy the man who sees thee, thrice happy he who hears thee, a demi-god who kisses thee, and a perfect god who has thee for his bedfellow.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CATH. *Happy the parents of so fair a child;*
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Γηρας ——————— *πασιν ενδει.*

Old age is sans every thing.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

JAQUES. ——————— *Last scene of all,*
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S *OPINION!!!*

WITH REGARD TO THE DISPUTE

BETWEEN THE

PROPRIETORS AND PERFORMERS OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,

With a Letter to the Complainants from Mr. Estcourt,

HIS LORDSHIP'S SOLICITOR.

"There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out." *Hamlet.*

I HAVE read the several papers submitted to my perusal by the proprietors of Covent-Garden theatre, and John Johnstone, Joseph George Holman, Alexander Pope, Charles Incledon, Joseph S. Munden, John Fawcett, Thomas Knight, and Henry E. Johnston, eight of the performers; and, at their request, I have taken into

consideration the matters in difference between them, upon which my opinion is as follows:—One of the principal matters of complaint, on the part of the performers, appears to arise from the charge on their benefits; this, I observe, has been usually settled by particular agreement between them and the proprietors; and by articles under which many of the performers are now engaged, such charge is fixed at 140l. But it appears, that, before the commencement of the present season, notice was given, that the charge in future would be 160l. Without doubt, therefore, the additional charge cannot vary any prior agreement; but, with respect to subsequent engagements, I do not think it unreasonable, on the part of the proprietors, to stipulate with performers for the payment of 160l. as a fixed charge on their benefits.—The other objections made to the regulations and conduct of the proprietors, on the subject of benefits, do not seem to me to be well founded; but I recommend it to the proprietors to give a month's notice of benefit nights, if that shall be considered by the performers as more for their advantage than a notice of three weeks. With respect to orders, which the performers claim for admission of their friends to the theatre, I think it must unquestionably be left to the proprietors to issue them at such times, and to such extent, and on such terms, as they shall think proper.—The fine for refusal of a character, and the forfeiture of salary during the illness of a performer, are very proper subjects of agreement between the parties. And I think the proprietors act prudently, in requiring that what is called the sick clause, in the articles, shall be continued, and in raising the fine to 30l. But such increased fine cannot affect prior engagements.—As to the right claimed by performers of keeping a cast of characters, and their objection to the proprietors right of dismissing them, it appears to me absolutely necessary, for the good management of the theatre, that the proprietors should have the power of dismissing performers at the expiration of particular engagements; and of employing them, whilst engaged, in such characters as the proprietors shall think proper. And I find that the proprietors disclaim all compact with Drury-Lane, for the purpose of precluding a performer, dismissed from one theatre, being engaged at the other.—The claim of gloves, ribbons, &c. ought to be stipulated for by the performers in their agreements, if they think it material to require a supply of these articles; but they cannot otherwise be expected from the proprietors.—It cannot be supposed that the proprietors will seek unnecessary occasions of closing the theatre on any nights during the season; but no doubt can be enter-

tained of their right to close the theatre at such times as they shall think necessary for their own advantage; and such part of the performer's salary as is made payable each night on which a theatrical performance shall be exhibited, must, of course, cease when the theatre is closed.—These are my sentiments on the several objects of complaint brought forward by the above-named performers against the proprietors; from which it appears, that, in my opinion, they are by no means well founded; but I cannot omit this opportunity of recommending to all parties an oblivion of what has passed in the course of these disputes; being desirous of restoring peace and harmony to a theatre which contributes so largely to the amusement of the public.

Arlington-Street, May 3, 1800. SALISBURY.

Mr. ESTCOURT's LETTER.

GENTLEMEN,

BY the direction of the Marquis of Salisbury, I send you his lordship's opinion on the matters submitted by you, and the proprietors of Covent-Garden theatre, to his judgment; and, as his lordship has been induced to take this trouble, in consequence of the express engagement of both proprietors and performers to acquiesce in his determination, I am directed to inform both parties that his lordship has the fullest reliance on their adhering to such engagements, and that their acquiescence will be most properly shewn by forbearing from all further appeals to the public on the subject of difference between them. I am, Gentlemen, your's, &c.

Lincoln's-Inn, 3d May 1800. EDM. ESTCOURT.

PIZARRO.

MR. KEMBLE'S ROLLA.

IT seems to be the fashion to decry the abilities of actors, and again to sink them to the level from which, by uncommon professional talents, gentlemanly conduct, and superior accomplishments, they have gradually risen to a state of enviable distinction in the world. It is a fashion, however, that derives its origin in ignorance, meanness, and prejudice, and therefore, as we should hope, will soon lose its influence; for the respectability of the stage must stand or fall, according as the professors of it are supported or depressed; and if

they are reduced, by insult and oppression, whether proceeding from managers and proprietors, or from the government of which they are subjects, to a state of abject servility, and positive dependence upon the caprice of individuals, the theatre will gradually relapse into its original insignificance and barbarity, and his majesty's company of comedians will become a band of beggars and drunkards, fit only for the 'revel rout' of a *bear-garden*, or the nonsense of a *puppet-show*.

Let us hope, however, that the blow with which the profession is threatened will not be struck, and that men of education and genius, like the eminent actor of whom we are about to speak, may not be deterred from the study of a science which constitutes the principal amusement of the British nation, and to which the wisest and most illustrious of men have attributed, in a great degree, the formation and preservation of its MORALS.

What Kotzebüe has done for our theatres, and what Sheridan has done for Kotzebüe, have both been amply considered, and commended, in former numbers of this work; but the merits of the tragedian who has illustrated the performance of both these celebrated writers, and whose exertions have been the theme of universal admiration, still remain to be investigated.

Rolla has all the great qualities of a hero—pious, brave, loyal, patriotic, inflexibly virtuous; generous, even to imprudence, to the enemy of his race; zealous in his friendship for a foreigner who had rivalled him in the affections of the only woman he ever loved, effecting his release from prison at the hazard of his existence, and perishing, at last, in a successful attempt to save the life of their infant son.

To play such a part, with applause, is no difficult matter; but to walk—to look—to feel a character of this heroic and engaging composition, and to make others feel all that the poet intended, and all that they can conceive, is a task of less easy accomplishment than may be imagined. *Rolla*, however, requires such a representative, and KEMBLE supplies what is required.

We shall not enter here into the discussion of the question, whether an uncultivated native of *Peru* can be supposed to exhibit the studied graces of action and the accomplished oratory which distinguish the performance of Mr. Kemble, no more than we will stop to enquire how *Rolla* became a moralist of the school of *Seneca*. The character, as drawn by the author, is susceptible of every aid

which a finished actor can afford: and such an actor, in its most unlimited sense, is Mr. KEMBLE.

Rolla's address to the soldiers, before the battle, is delivered with the energy with which it is written;—the speaker rises with his subject; and, to fine powers of *elocution*, adds the attractions of animated *gesture*, and of *action*, graceful, dignified, and impressive. Indeed, these are some of the characterestic merits of this great actor. His action and deportment are the best examples, as they are the most perfect illustrations, of every purpose that can be effected with regard to the management of person. Kemble *cannot* be ungraceful; his taste is too correct and classical to allow him to err in this respect; and his *attitudes*, which he has the good sense to use sparingly, and always on the right occasion, are highly elegant, expressive, and picturesque.

It is no libel on the rest of the performers, to assert, that he is the *only man*, now on the boards, who understands, with exact propriety, the use to which these advantages should be applied: and who, consequently, presents in his own person, upon the stage, any distinct representation of what we call a HERO; or who impresses the mind with any just idea of the *grandeur*, *majesty*, and *sublimity* of *tragedy*. These, we say, notwithstanding the senseless gabble about *study*, *artifice*, and *pre-arrangement*, are *peculiar* to KEMBLE: and that he stands ALONE in this particular excellence, we presume, is owing to the difficulty of the attainment, and the incapacity, rather than the disinclination, of other performers to follow his example.

To this union, then, of rare requisites, combining countenance, person, superior skill in declamation, action, and deportment, we owe much of the delight we have received from his *Rolla*; who may claim the epithet given by Homer to Agamemnon, *the king of men*, ανακ ανδρων, a character who rises, by his virtues and his achievements, almost above mortality, and who, to maintain his superiority in representation, must be figured by a man who looks and acts as if he had not been cast in a common mould.

Few persons who saw Mr. Kemble, on any of the early nights of *Pizarro*, before his strength was exhausted by the fatigue of uninterrupted nightly performances, and his spirits jaded by the constant repetition of the same words, and recurrence of the same situations, will lose the recollection of his admirable acting; nor will Mr. Sheridan easily forget his exertions on the first night, without which the

fancied dramatic mines of Peru would probable never have produced that *real* tangible treasure, 'as sensible to feeling as to sight,' which the public are not yet tired of pouring into the lap of Qeeen Drury.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. Kemble through the *prison-scene*, or even to notice, but in general terms, the energy of his appeal to the *centinel*, the earnestness of his entreaty with *Alonzo*, the exquisite discrimination in the rebuke, "*Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?*—and in various subsequent passages with *Elvira*, still "with the convulsive grasp of death I'd hold thee fast,"—"all are not men that bear the human form." &c. But the scene in which he displays "the glory of his art," is that with Pizarro, and particularly in the soliloquy before the awakening of the Spanish general.

"*Rolla.*—Now have I in my power the accurs'd destroyer of my country's peace: yet tranquilly he rests.—God! can this man sleep?

"*Piz.*—*(In his sleep)* Away! away!—Hideous fiends!—Tear not my bosom thus!

"*Rolla.*—No:—I was in error. The balm of sweet repose he never more can know. Look here, ambitious fools!—ye, by whose inhuman pride the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing—behold the rest of the guilty! He is at my mercy; and one blow!——No!—my heart and hand refuse the act: Rolla cannot be an assassin!—*(approaches the couch)* Pizarro! awake!"—

Of true and finished conception, appropriate disposition of feature, judicious pauses, and happy subjugation of voice, so as to command the silent attention of the audience, and convey the genuine spirit of the scene, Mr. Kemble here furnished an instance, which, brief as was the occasion, may be cherished in the memory of the amateur as one of the choicest illustrations of the art.

The succeeding points in the character, of any importance, are managed so as to leave no wish ungratified. Sympathy, admiration, and applause, attend him during the scene of the *rescue*; and his final appearance on the stage inspires that mournful regret and solemnity, which should necessarily accompany the contemplation of so interesting an object in the agonies of death.

Such are our sentiments of Kemble's Rolla, though imperfectly expressed, and inadequate to the excellence he has displayed in the part.

Mrs. SIDDONS's *Elvira* in our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY

EXPOSTULATORY LINES, TO A FRIEND.

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

WHAT !—have you, too, forgot the ties
That Friendship, still, delights to bind ?
And do you, too, with critic eyes
Scan the light foibles of the mind ?

I know thee open, gen'rous, free,
Nor have I thy try'd worth to learn,
I know thee good to a degree ;—
I thought thee not so sagely stern.

You've seen the wanton sun-beams play
On the deep river's frozen breast,
Yet sure not one, bright, transient ray
Beyond the glitt'ring surface prest ;

Just so, at times, my outward form,
Flush'd with intemp'rance you behold,
And wild desires may seem to warm,
But, trust me, all within is cold !

Go, to the tabernacled clan,
Who drone devotion thro' the nose,
Who hide with pray'r the inward man :—
I herd not with such imps as those.

If your pure palate is so nice,
That e'en in FROLIC'S festive hour,
You can't endure a little VICE,
To sweeten LIFE'S eternal sour,

When WIT'S wild flashes raise a smile,
Dimpling on BACCHUS' blushy cheek,
Or, when gaunt SORROW to beguile,
Outrageous peals of HUMOUR break,

When MIRTH, with jest, of pow'r to curl
The stubborn whiskers of MOROCCO,
Bids scowling CARE, that cross-grain'd Churl,
Joyous,—"*Desipere in loco!*"

If then, all furrow'd o'er by frown,
With madcap JOLLITY at odds,
You strike each gay chimæra down,
A dæmon mid the laughing gods,

'Fore heav'n, you'll find no saint in me,
From PASSION'S furnace glowing hot,
And, as for prim HYPOCRISY,
HYPOCRISY!—I know her not.

IMITATIONS OF MODERN POETRY.

NUMBER V.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM ENTITLED THUMB.

(A SPECIMEN OF THE EPIC.)

HIM, two-inch hero, and his deeds I sing,
Who, witch-protected, midst the dazzling blaze
Of war and glory, held his path secure,
And lopp'd the impious pride of that vile race
Gigantic, who, enwrapp'd in conscious strength,
Roar'd e'en their threats to heav'n; nor thou refuse
Immortal Bunch,* for thee with him I sing,
To smile, inspiring, on my theme: Thou gav'st
The pointed steel, with which thyself wert wont
Thy goodly hose to mend: bright gleam'd the steel,
Shook by the hand it arm'd. As, when the Spring
With firmer step amid the copses walks,
The feather'd habitant of air, whose mate,
Meanwhile, chirps soft affection from the spray,
Steals, instinct-tutor'd, the short varnish'd straw
To deck his nest; from the short varnish'd straw
Hyperion's *or* in full reflection bursts,
Flashing swift lightning on contiguous shades:
So flash'd the ensi-lance, and in the rays
Beam'd the red eye of Slaughter.——

ADDRESS TO A BEE,

THAT TOOK SHELTER IN MY CHAMBER

DURING THE WINTER.

LITTLE harmless friendly bee,
Come and freely dwell with me;
Hard, when thou hast toil'd so long,
And cheer'd the gardens with thy song,
At this season drear to be
Cast on charity and me:

* "Immortal Bunch," the patroness of story telling, here supposed, by a poetical licence, to be the protecting witch of Thumb. It may not be improper to observe here, that neither the diminutive stature, nor the low name, of our hero, detract from the dignity of the poem. Ancient critics might, indeed, have thought so, but these mists of prejudice are now effectu dispersed by the splendid genius of modern ones.

For all thy useful service past,
Driv'n to want a home at last.
Fortune's faithless,—heed her not,—
Thine is but a common lot.
E'en man, thy haughty lord, must feel
The various turnings of her wheel;
Happy were it too if *he*
Always bore the change like *thee*.
Come then, let this roof serene,
Guard thee from the wintry scene;
Here my little bee shall find
Honey'd food, and treatment kind:
Perhaps *thy labour* gave the sweet,
With which my welcome guest I treat.
When the genial warmth of spring
Wakes the little birds to sing,
Cowslips, primroses, we see,
Then adieu my charming bee—
For thy busy wings shall spread,
Visit ev'ry glowing bed;
Thro' the gardens gaily range,
Still pursuing rapt'rous change,
Then, amidst thy store of flow'rs,
Vernal skies, and verdant bow'rs,
Then—Oh then! my charming bee,
Think of winter, think of me.
And, if e'er again distrest,
Fearless seek my friendly breast;
Well assur'd I'll ready be,
Little friend, to succour thee.

UNA.

TO HERMIONE.

WHEN roving wild in fancy-blooming bowers,
How sweet the visions youth delights to form;
And, as he rambles midst ideal flowers,
Ne'er dreads the fury of the low'ring storm.

All then is lovely as the summer day,
Anticipation waves her golden wings;
Exulting Rapture pours his brightest ray,
Hope smiles around, and Pleasure gaily sings.

Friend of my soul, so speaks the voice of age—
Skill'd by experience in life's troubled ways;
So sings the poet—and the white-hair'd sage
Sighs, when reflecting on his youthful days!

But not to *all* the days of youth are dear;
All do not bask in fortune's golden beams;
To few, alas! the prospect is so fair,
To few so lovely are their early dreams.

Lynn. OMAR.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

☞ *We regret the positive necessity we are under of postponing our account of the novelties produced at the two theatres, during the past Month. A particular account of De Montford; Mr. Hoare's Comedy of Indiscretion; Liberal Opinions; Paul and Virginia, &c. &c. in our next.*

MASQUERADE PANTHEON. (*May* 20).

THE dearness of every article for the table considered, the appearance of the supper provided for the half guinea visitors at the masquerade, at this splendid and well adapted place, was really astonishing; nor was the plenty less attended to than the quality: profusion marked the one, excellence the other. The wines were equal to the viands. The company kept up the ball of wit, glee, and harmony, till a late, or rather an early hour, and all present were unanimous in passing a just encomium on the liberality of the conductors.

The unbiassed writer of this tribute of praise is sorry to add that he cannot bestow a similar one to a similar entertainment, given at Ranelagh the 22nd inst.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE horsemanship, under the direction of Mr. Davis, retains its original respectability, and the different riders, in their different departments, display a science and an elegance peculiar to this place, and highly creditable to themselves. The stage, by being rendered more lofty, presents the numerous and new scenery of the *Mine, or Black Forest of Istria*, to great advantage. The inventive powers of Mr. Greenwood were never more happily displayed than in the internal view of the robbers cavern; the transparent lake and temple of Charity; the quicksilver mine at Istria; and the chrystaline palace of the Queen of the Gnomes.—The piece itself is well conceived, very interesting, and equal to any former production of the ingenious Mr. Cross, to whose active mind and elegant fancy this stage is indebted for its powerful attraction.

The novelty entitled *Maids and Bachelors* is full of whim and merriment, and proves, on every repetition, a high treat for Johnny in the gallery. The dance, composed by Byrne, called *Jockey and Jenny, or part them who can*, may keep its ground, with the first on the list, for scenery, interest, situation, and variety.

ROYAL AMPITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

A grand spectacle, called THE SIEGE and STORMING of SERINGAPATAM, has been brought out at this theatre since our last The several delineations, both external and internal, of the splendid palace of Tippoo Saib, are well conceived, picturesque, and characteristic. The performer who represents the tyrant both looks and acts the character in a manner which adds greatly to the effect of the scene; indeed, considered generally, the representation could not well be better. We cannot, with any degree of justice, close our present notice without giving to the machinist the encomium he so richly is entitled to. A subject more interesting, or more honourable to this country, has not marked the century which a few months will now terminate, than the late important victory, and of which the piece under consideration is meant to give some idea. The scene ITSELF! must, surely, have been awful, terrific, and impressive. The attempt to picture it truly, would prove a vain one. But, it must be confessed, that those who have been engaged in the getting up of this animated exhibition, have paid every attention to their great original; and we doubt not but it will fully repay them for their spirited endeavours to gratify the public mind.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from page 245.]

COVENT GARDEN.

Season of 1759-60.

MONDAY, SEPT. 24.—*Miser. D. to pay.* 26,—*Merry Wives.*—Mrs. Page, Mrs. Barrington; Mrs. Quickly, Mrs. Copin. *M. of Mansfield.* 28.—*C. Couple.*—Y. Clincher, Bennet; Parley, Mrs. Green. *D. and no Duke.*

OCT. 1.—*P. Husband.*—Ld. Townley, Ross; Sq. Richard, Collins; Ly. Wronghead, Mrs. Ferguson. *Honest Yorkshireman.* 3.—*B. Body. Lethe.*—*F. Gent.* DYER.

5.—*Twin Rivals.*—Elder Wou'd-be, a GENT. (a) [first app. here]. *Contrivances.* 8.—*T. Rivals. L. Valet.*—Kitty Pry, Mrs. Green.

10.—B. OPERA (b).—Macheath, BEARD (1st app. for 12 years); Peachum,

(a) Mr. HULL, the present much-respected veteran of Covent-Garden theatre, to whom the profession are indebted for the institution of the Theatrical Fund, of which we shall give a particular history in some future number.

(b) The amazing success of this opera, on the present revival, which was performed 53 nights in the course of the season, was owing to the vocal talents of Miss BRENT, whose performance of Polly was most ably seconded by the Macheath of Mr. Beard.

Collins; Mrs. P. Mrs. Stephens; Polly (1st time), Miss Brent (c). *L. Valet.* 11 (d).—Ibid. *E. ret. from Paris.* 12 (e).—*C. of Scapin.* 13.—*C. and Petr.* 15, 16.—*Knights.* 17.—*D. and no D.* 18.—*L. Valet.* 19.—*C. and Petr.* 20.—*E. ret. from P.*—22.—*School-boy.*—Ly. Manlove, Mrs. Copin. 23.—*C. of*

(c) Miss Brent was a scholar of Dr. Arne, and, "in the spring of 1759, had appeared in an oratorio at *Drury-Lane*;" so says Mr. Davies, but we rather think he was mistaken; for we find that Miss Brent assisted in Alfred the great, performed for the benefit of the Musical Fund, on the 2nd of February, 1759, at *Covent-Garden* theatre. On the third of April she performed the part of *Venus*, in the *Judgment of Paris*, for the benefit of Mr. Lowe, and on the 4th of May, *at the same theatre*, she sang, in the *Concerto Spirituale*, for the benefit of a public charity. "Her voice," continues Mr. D. "had not then reached that full strength and melody, to which, by frequent practice, it afterwards attained.—However, it was then clear, pleasing, and harmonious, and gave a very fair promise of its arriving to great perfection: Arne made a tender of her abilities to Mr. Garrick, at a very moderate income. A taste for music, or even a tolerable ear for a song, was not amongst Mr. Garrick's endowments.

"Notwithstanding he was strongly pressed by several of his friends to employ Miss Brent, he persisted in refusing. It was one of his failings to reject, frequently, propositions from others, though apparently for his advantage. He would always seem, at least, to be the first mover himself of every undertaking; as if he thought listening to the advice of his friends implied a degradation of his understanding.

"He had soon after full leisure to repent his obstinacy; for Mr. Beard made Miss Brent his most powerful engine to demolish the success and humble the pride of Drury-lane.

"Of all the entertainments of the stage, none has been so perpetually serviceable to the players as Gay's Beggars Opera. A new Polly, or a new Macheath, has successively given such a spirit and lustre to that humorous dramatic satire, that the public have often run in crowds to see it for twenty or thirty nights following.

"Miss Brent was deficient in beauty, as well as form, to represent the amiable simplicity of Polly Peachum; but such were the powers of her voice, though in her singing she was absolutely wide of the author's original design, (who intended no more than the giving a common ballad tune, in the simplest manner) that London seemed to be more enamoured with the Beggars Opera, than when the principal parts were originally acted by Tom Walker and Miss Fenton, afterwards the Duchess of Bolton.

"In vain did Garrick oppose his prime characters, in comedy and tragedy, to Polly Peachum. That bewitching Syren charmed all the world; and, like another Orpheus, drew crowds perpetually after her."

(d) To save room, we have only mentioned the farce during the *uninterrupted* run of the Beggars Opera.

(e) On the third night of the *Beggars Opera*, the celebrated Nancy Dawson danced a *hornpipe*, to the tune which is now called after her name, and which added not a little to the attractions of the opera. Her first appearance in public, we believe, was at Sadlers Wells, where the beauty of her person and the elegance

Scapin. 24.—*E. ret. from P.* 25.—*D. and no D.* 26.—*Knights.* 27.—*C. and Petr.* 29.—*S. Boy.* 30, 31.—*M. in her Teens.* 1 Nov.—*L. Valet.* 2.—*D. and no D.* 3.—*E. ret. from P.*

5.—*Tamerlane.*—Dervise, Dunstall. *Harl. Skeleton.*

6.—B. OPERA. *C. and Petr.* 7.—*C. of Scapin.* 8.—*Knights.* 9.—*D. and no D.* 10.—*L. Valet.* 12.—*E. ret. from P.* 13.—*M. in her Teens.* 14.—*S. Boy.* 15.—*C. and Petr.* 16.—*Knights.* 17.—*D. and no D.* 19.—*E. ret. from P.* 20.—*L. Valet.* 21.—*C. of Scapin.* 22.—*M. in her Teens.* 23.—

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of her figure, together with the skilfulness and vivacity she discovered as a dancer, soon brought her into notice. At Covent-Garden theatre she was exceedingly admired and followed, and brought considerable sums ioto the treasury. It is said that her charms made a powerful impression on the heart of Shuter, and that the lady, who was no votary of Diana, listened to the comedian's proposals, and consented to cohabit with him. George Alexander Stevens, in the *Dramatic History of Master Edward and Miss Ann*, a work of more wit than decency, but of which the humour is almost as unintelligible as the narrative, has given a specimen of the *domestic felicity* with which this connexion was attended. After much mutual abuse, Miss Ann, says the wag, "pulled off her treble ruffles, with trembling fiogers, twitched from her waist the deep flounced apron, threw her garnet edged cap upon the floor, and, in amazonian attitude, flourishing her fists, with hornpipe step, she advaoced against her adversary, who stood in bear-garden position, with horrid grin, as Satan encountered the seraph Abdiel.

"The lady's locks, unfilleted, fell duwn her back; dangling like the dropping tresses of a sign-painted mermaid. He, bare-skulled, bruiser like. And now the belligerent pair advanced within finger's reach of each other. Nancy seized Ned by the cullar, with one hand; and, with the other, drew frum the top of his forehead four perpendicular lines along his face, blood following every scratch. But, as she passed her fingers down, two of them were caught between his teeth; she shrieked—he bit—his fist fell furious on her face—his other hand seized her hair—and, with head bent back, and swelled out throat, down on the floor she fell, pulling Ned upon her, aod, by the fall, her fingers were released."

It was for Shuter that G. A. Stevens composed the first sketch of his *Lecture on Heads*, and, in consequence of some real or supposed ingratitude on the part of the actor, The Dramatic History of Master Edward and Miss Ann was sent to the press. This appears from the following observations of Miss Ann. "I will say that for you, Ned, that your gratitude and my virtue are too very fine things, if any body could but tell where to find them. There was *what's his name*, who wrote the Droll for you, and made you your 'Dish of all Sorts,' and 'The Day of Taste,' and several comic songs, which have been of such service to you in your benefits, both in town and in the country, how did you serve him? Did not you expose him falsely and scandalously; and strive, by what you said of him publicly in some of the most infamous hawdy-houses that you frequent, to render him contemptible? And he had never done any thing, tu my knowledge, to merit such treatment. I wish he would write something about you; I wish he would: nothing he could print against you could be half so bad as the abuse you have loaded him with, Neddy:—but he don't value you, nor I neither."

Douglas.—Ly. Randolph, Mrs. WARD, (f) (1st app. for 10 years). *Lottery.* 24.—*P. Husband.*—Ly. Wronghead, Mrs. Pitt. *R. of Pros.* 26.—(1st time for 3 years) *Non-juror.*—Dr. Wolf, Sparks; *the part of* Charles, HULL; Sir John Woodvil, Ridout; Colonel, Dyer; Heartley, Smith; Ly. Woodvil, Mrs. Elmy; Maria, Mrs. Hamilton. *R. of Pros.* 27.—*B. Opera. E. ret. from Paris.*

(f) Mrs. Ward was the original *Lady Randolph*, in Edinburgh, where the tragedy of Douglas was first performed. "She was a very favourite actress there," says Mr. Davies, "when Delane and Sparks exhibited upon the theatre of that city, in the summer of 1748. Delane, though at that time in the service of Mr. Garrick, perhaps inadvertently, recommended her to his old master, Mr. Rich, who immediately fixed her in his company by articles of agreement. Her first appearance, at Covent-Garden theatre, was in Cordelia, the winter ensuing, when Quin acted Lear.

"Though this actress was very attractive in feature, and agreeable in figure, yet, it must be granted, that parts of high passion and lofty demeanour were much more suited to her manner than Cordelia. The jealous rage of Hermione was more congenial to her voice and spirit than the humility of a Shore, or the tenderness of a Monimia. Delane's complaisance to Rich, by being an instrument of engaging, to that manager, Mrs. Ward, lost him the friendship of Garrick, and occasioned a quarrel between them which ended only with the life of the former. Before this transaction, they had been on the most friendly terms: Garrick had publicly professed himself the friend of Delane, and seemed to take pleasure in walking with him, in the street, arm in arm. But, '*O world, thy slippery turns!*' Delane, soon after his arrival from Sotland, accidentally met Garrick in the piazza of Covent-Garden, who not only would not return his salute, but gave him such a look of anger and disdain as few men had it in their power to bestow. An immediate separation of interest ensued. Delane's articles were given up, and he was hired to Mr. Rich. This actur did not long survive the quarrel. He was a man of spirit, and felt all the disagreeableness of contemptuous treatment. Whether, in consequence of this difference, he applied himself with greater eagerness to his bottle, or whether it was owing to his usual indulgence in the circulation of the glass, it was universally said he died a martyr to Bacchus. This happened about the year 1750."

In 1758, Mrs. Ward shared the principal characters with Digges, at Smock Alley, in opposition to Barry and Mrs. Fitz-Henry. Mrs. Bellamy's description of Mrs. Ward's person, when she first performed Cordelia at C. G. is less favourable than that given by Mr. Davies, but it must be remembered that the portrait is drawn by a rival beauty as well as a rival actress. "This lady had one of the most beautiful faces I ever beheld; but her figure was vulgar to a degree. By the stoop and magoitude of her shoulders, it might be imagined that she had formerly carried milk-pails. Her beauty would have been much more conspicuous in that line, or with a chain and knife fastened to her apron-string, than in the character of a queen or young priocess. Yet, notwithstanding this dissimilitude of appearance, and being pregnant into the bargain, is was determined that she should debût in Cordelia, the youngest daughter of King Lear. Her beautiful face and novelty insured her applause at her first appearance; but her situation, as well as her figure, being against her, she did not conclude the part with any degree of credit. Mr. Garrick stood unrivalled in Lear, but as Mrs. Ward's acting

28.—*Henry IV.*—Ly. Piercy, Mrs. Vincent. *R. of Prus.* 30.—(for the composer) (g).—*Propheters.*—Aurelia, Mrs. Vincent. *The Sultan*, new set by Dr. Arne.—Solyman, BEARD; Zaida, Miss BRENT. *Judgment of Paris* (h).—Paris, Beard. 1 DEC.—*Propketess.* 3.—*B. Opera. C. and Petr.* 4.—*Miser. J. of Paris.* 5.—*Theodosius.*—Athenais, Mrs. WARD. *Lethe.* 6.—*Committee. Contrivances.*

7.—*Orphan.*—Monimia, Mrs. WARD. *The Fair* (i). 8.—*C. Lovers.*—Indiana, Mrs. Ward. *Fair.* 10.—*M. Wives. Fair.* 11.—*As you like it. Fair.*

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did not tend much to the support of the piece, it was not repeated." The ensuing season, 1749-50, Mrs. Ward went over to Drury-Lane, having been encouraged, it is said, by Garrick, to break her articles with Mr. Rich, but she proved an indifferent substitute for Mrs. Cibber, who declined playing that season. Barry even refused to play Romeo to Mrs. Ward's Juliet; "and Garrick," says Mrs. Bellamy, "though necessity compelled him to play with her, took a great distate to her, on account of her want of feeling. Of this she gave him, one night, the strongest proof, by being employed in adjusting her glove-knot, which happened to come untied, during one of the most pathetic and interesting scenes in the Fair Penitent." Mrs. Ward died, we believe, about the year 1770.

(g) Dr. Arne.

(h) This masque is the production of Congreve. The story is told by Ovid, in his Metamorphosis, l. iii. but the author has made an alteration in the fable, more conformable to the characters of the opera. Congreve has shewn himself a scholar and a poet in this dramatic piece. The measure of the airs is various, and suited to the situations of the personæ dramatis. The author accounts for having no regard to rhyme, or equality of measure, in that part of the dialogue designed for recitative, which, he says, is only a more tuneable speaking, and a kind of prose in music. The music was originally composed by Purcel, Eccles, Singer, and Weldon; but the opera was, many years afterwards, re-set, by the master for whose benefit it was performed on this evening.

(i) "The Fair," says Mr. Baker,* "was acted at C. G. in 1753. In this piece Maddox, the celebrated wire-dancer, was introduced, and, from the novelty of his performance, it met with great success." It is true that the pantomime was *performed* in 1753, and that Maddox, the wire-dancer, shewed his skill upon that occasion; but the entertainment was *first* prodoced in the season 1749-50, when Rich, under the name of Lun, was the Harlequin, and the famous *Turk* exhibited on the wire, and when Quin and Mrs. Woffington, conceiving it a degradation to perform on the same stage with wire-dancers, refused to act during the representation of the pantomime. It was this year again revived, as appears from our register, *with additional scenes of action.* The equilibrist on the wire was now a Mr. Saunders; Miles was the *Harlequin*, Lalauze Pierrot; Bencraft and Mrs. Pitt, *Pantaloon* and his *wife*; *Columbine*, Mrs.

* Though we make mention of Mr. Baker's name, in referring to the *Biographia Dramatica*, we are not ignorant of the vast additions which have been made to that work, published by Mr. Baker, under the title of "A Companion to the Play-house," by the learned and indefatigable Mr. Reed, to whose critical sagacity and profound researches in old English literature, the public are indebted for a fund of valuable information upon various points connected with the progress of dramatic history.

12.—[Benefit of Mr. JACKSON.]—Osman," (his first app. in that character, and third on the stage) Mr. J. Zara, Mrs. Ward. *Lethe.* 13.—*B. Body. Fair.* 14.—*Bold Stroke for a Wife.*—Ann Lovely, Mrs. Hamilton. *Fair.* 15.—*T. and Sigismunda.*—The latter by Mrs. Ward. *Fair.* 17.—*She would and she would not.*—Hypolita, Mrs. Hamilton. *Fair.* 18.—*L. for Love* (k). *D. to pay.* 19.—*Othello.*—Desdemona, Mrs. Ward. *Fair.* 20.—*Stratagem.*—Dorinda, (first app. here) Mrs. Lea (l) *Fair.* 21.—*E. of Essex* (m).—Rutland,

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Dyer; and Beard, in the character of the recruiting sergeant, sung a song. Among the other characters were, a *Drummer*, by Mr. TATTOO, and *Andrew to Yates's Parade*, by JONATHAN. Whether these names were real or fictitious we have not been able to discover. Maddox, the wire-dancer abovementioned, was engaged, in 1758, by Mr. Sheridan, after the rate of £200, to perform in Dublin; but the ship in which he embarked foundered at sea, and all on board perished. Theophilus Cibber was among the sufferers. All that is known relative to the loss of the vessel is related by Victor, who was awaiting in Ireland the ship's arrival.

"After a very dreadful stormy night, a rumour prevailed that the ship called the Dublin, Captain White, from Parkgate, full of passengers, was lost; and, after the painful interval of ten or twelve days, it appeared, by two gentlemen just arrived in the packet-boat from Holyhead, (one of whom was my acquaintance) that they had the happiness to quit that ship in the river Dee, when under sail, finding it crowded with passengers; that they saw Cibber, Maddox, and all our people on board; that she was an old ship, new vampt, and had but three sailors and one boy, besides the master; that the storm drove her to the north; that she passed the Isle of Man, on the coast of which some things were found, supposed to be blown from her decks; but it was certain she foundered on the coast of Scotland, where the body of Mrs. Ford, wife to Mr. Ford on Cork-hill, (known to be on board that ship) was cast on shore, with a chest of cloaths and books belonging to poor Cibber. There was a noble earl, with his youngest son, and about seventy passengers, on board this fatal ship. On account of the unhappy lord, a vessel and servants were sent off to search along the coast of Scotland, and they returned to Dublin with many fatal proofs of the wreck. As I had the honour of being acquainted with the present earl, he was pleased to permit me to wait on him, to see the sad tokens his messengers had brought; and among them were some papers, of no worth, belonging to Cibber, and a part in a play, with his name wrote on it; the sight of them afflicted me. It was I that persuaded him into that fatal engagement. Poor Cibber! he had long felt the blasts of adversity; his life was tempestuous, and his fate to end it in a storm! Our loss of Maddox was almost irretrievable; because, with our Harlequin, went the music, and the business and plot of the pantomime; as also among the geniusses, the man who played on the twelve bells, fastened to his head, hands, and feet, &c. &c. &c."

(k) For the benefit of a widow, with a large family, in distress.

(l) The wife, we presume, of Lee the actor, and the mother of the present Miss Lees, of Bath, so highly distinguished for their literary attainments, and so deservedly admired and esteemed for the excellence of their moral characters.

(m) For the benefit of the General Lying-in Hospital, in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square.

first time) Mrs. Ward. *E. ret. from Paris.* 22.—*P. Husband. Fair* (n). 26.—*Committee. Fair.* 27.—*T. Rivals.*—E. Won'd-be, Clarke. *Fair.* 28.—*Henry V. Fair.* 29.—*M. Wives. Fair.* 31.—*Country Lasses. Fair.*

(n) The last time of performing till the hollidays.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre TAUNTON.—The following Occasional Epilogue to the comedy of Speed the Plough, written by Mr. Lee, the manager, was spoken by him on opening this theatre.

Well, *Speed the Plough!* 'tis man's peculiar care,
The general hope—the universal pray'r!
And here, in *Taunton Dean's* thrice happy vale,
Where rural manners, rustic sports prevail,
And peasants wield the cudgel and the flail:
Where agricultural arts improve the soil,
And the rich harvest crowns the farmer's toil,
'Tis here especially we ought to bow,
And join, with one accord, to *speed the plough!*
Snppose—(as *metaphor* some mirth may yield)
Suppose, I say, we call this stage a *field!*
Here we have launch'd the *plough*—the play, I mean,
My well-yok'd company compose the *team!*
We break the soil, in anxious hopes to thrive;
I hold the plough*—*you* condescend to *drive!*
And do not spare the lash, if they should want it;
If they deserve your praise I'm sure you'll grant it.
The play-house opening is the player's *spring*;
Soon as the light appears† we work and sing!
But here no sky-lark ushers in the morn,
Our lark's the fiddle, hautboy, and French-horn;
The thrush and blackbird in this field are mute;
Some cuckoo-notes we have——upon the flute!
Near corn fields, oft, hogs grunt from morn till noon;
No grunting here,—except on the bassoon!
For barn-door poultry you may look in vain;
Sometimes, indeed, we've *ducks*—but they are *lame!*
Geese we don't want—they *hiss*, and give us pain.
No other feather'd creatures this way tread,
Except the ladies—feather'd on the head!
Unlike all others is theatric ground;
Tho' it appears but simply fenc'd arround.

* Alluding to his being manager.
† Pointing to the stage lights.

Yet know, with equal wonder and surprise,
These trees,‡ but twelve feet high, yet touch the skies!
And that which seems a large and distant wood
Is no such thing, when rightly understood!
No change is here effected by the weather;
These leaves ne'er move, except 'tis *all* together.
For, at a word, the artists skill has strove
And made it literally a "moving grove,"
Trees fly in air, the skies themselves down fall,
And e'en a quickset hedge becomes a wall!
But, I too far digress; my business now
Is, on this spot, to beg you'll *speed the plough*.
Brown is the sod; no verdure here, that's certain;
It boasts of nothing green—except this curtain!
My care must be to keep the soil well till'd,
In hopes to have my *granaries* well fill'd:
But don't mistake pray what I say for raillery,
My granaries are the boxes, pit, and gallery!
Could I but see them every night well stor'd;
I do not mean with *corn*;—'twere wrong to hoard:—
The grain we here expect is sense and beauty:
Thus to monopolise becomes a duty!
I hope to aid *such* contracts you'll endeavour,
For all *we* wish t'*engross* is—public favour!
Then *speed the plough*---here *sow* the drama's cause,
And let us *reap* full *crops* of your applause.

Theatre PORTSMOUTH.---The theatricals here are in considerable estimation; the performers, generally speaking, possess much merit. Maxfield, though his voice admits of little or no variety, is an interesting and respectable actor. Tragedy, comedy, and farce meet great support from the versatile talents of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and the operas are well sustained by Thomas and Mrs. T. Collins; the latter of whom combines much taste with a thorough knowledge of music. Sheridan, who has for many years played the old men, is still a favourite. It must be admitted he is not deficient in endeavours to please, though he will sacrifice propriety and often decency to obtain an empty laugh. T. Collins (the manager's son) is much liked. He has very superior comic talents, and his conception and delineation of character are just. In the part Spanish valet, the low clown, the country boy, and those parts where the noblest and finest feelings are tenants of the roughest exterior, he is eminently successful. The heroine in tragedy and comedy is a Mrs. Johnson, from the Bath theatre, who is, deservedly, a great favourite. Her Mrs. Haller, Angela, Elvira, and Lady Teazle are severally excellent. Messrs. Allen, Romer, Gill, Whaley, Warren, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Allen, &c. comprise the remainder of the company. Pizarro has been brought out at a great expence. Collins, the manager, played Rolla—more, we think, for his amusement than profit. Speed the Plough, Management, Wise Man of the East, and Turnpike Gate, have been the other novelties of the season, which is just concluding. Q.

‡ Pointing to the side scenes, &c.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

THE KING on Thursday, the 15th May, was present in Hyde Park, at a field day of the Grenadier Battalion of Guards, which went through their evolutions in a manner much to their credit, and the satisfaction of his Majesty. In firing by companions from centre to flank, Mr. Ongley, of the Navy office, who stood a few yards from the King, received a musket ball, which entered the groin, and came out at the back part of his hip. His Majesty instantly rode up, and, with the most benignant solicitude, directed that the utmost attention should be paid to him, and that he should be attended by his own and the army surgeons. The wound, which we are happy to learn is not mortal, was supposed to have been occasioned by one of the soldiers having, by mistake, loaded with ball cartridge.—To ascertain, however, whether any man had a second of the same description, the battalion, with recovered arms, was faced to the right about, and their cartouch boxes examined, but the inspection terminated in favour of them all. Their evolutions were then reassumed, and his Majesty, in a similar position, attended by Lords Chatham, Chesterfield, and Cathcart, General Gwyn, and Colonel Calvert, continued during four other firings.

In the evening their Majesties and the Princesses went to Drury Lane Theatre. Just as his Majesty entered his box, and was bowing to the audience with his usual condescension, a person, who sat in the second row from the orchestra, but towards the middle of the pit, got upon the seat, and levelling a horse-pistol towards the king's box, fired it. It was so instantaneous as to prevent all the persons near him from seeing his design in time to defeat it, though, providentially, Mr. Holroyd, of Scotland-yard, had the good fortune to raise the arm of the assassin, so as to direct the contents of the pistol towards the roof of the box. The audience remained for a second in an agony of suspense. His Majesty shewed the most perfect composure. After the first moment of stupor, the persons around him and the musicians from the orchestra seized the man, and hurried him over the palisades into the musicians' room. Mr. M. Wright, a solicitor of eminence in Wellclose-square, who sat immediately behind him, was the first to secure him. He dropt the pistol, but Mr. Wright found it under the seat. The audience, as may be conceived, after the first moment of stupor had subsided, burst into the most violent emotions. Terror, dismay, and rage were marked on every countenance, except that of his majesty, who sat with the utmost serenity; while the queen, who was just near enough to hear the report and see the flash, collected confidence from his magnanimity. The princesses were apprized of the event before they entered the box—they melted into tears: princesses Augusta and Mary fainted. Mr. Sheridan, assisted by Mr. Wigstead, the magistrate, proceeded immediately to examine the man, in the room into which he had been conducted, and where he had been searched to see if he had any other fire arms, or papers. He had none. Mr. Tamplin, a trumpeter in the band, who assisted in taking him over the orchestra, recognized the man to be a soldier, and, pulling off his coat, found that he had on a military waistcoat. On being questioned, by Mr. Sheridan, he said "he had no objection to tell who he was. It was not over yet—there was a great deal more and worse to be done. His name was James Hadfield: he had served his time to a working silversmith, but had

enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, and had fought for his King and Country." At this time the Prince of Wales and Duke of York entered the room, to be present at the examination. He immediately turned to the Duke, and said—"I know your Royal Highness—God bless you. You are a good fellow. I have served with your Highness, and (pointing to a deep cut over his eye, and another long scar on his cheek) said, I got these, and more than these, in fighting by your side. At Lincelles I was left three hours, among the dead, in a ditch, and was taken prisoner by the French. I had my arm broken by a shot, and eight sabre wounds in my head; but I recovered, and here I am." He then gave the following account of himself, and his conduct:—He said, that having been discharged from the army, on account of his wounds, he had returned to London, and now lived by working at his trade. He made a good deal of money: he worked for Mr. Solomon Hougham. Being weary of his life, he last week bought a pair of pistols, from one W. Wakelin, a hair-dresser, and broker, in St. John-street, (Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Wigstead immediately sent persons to bring Wakelin and his Master to the theatre).—He told him they were for his young master, who would give him a blunderbuss in exchange; that he had borrowed a crown from his master, that morning, with which he had bought some powder, and had gone to the house of Mrs. Mason, in Red Lion-street, to have some beer: that he went backwards to the yard, and there he tried his pistols. He found one of them good for nothing, and left it behind him. In his own trade he used lead, and he cast himself two slugs, with which he loaded his pistol, and came to the theatre.—At this part of his narrative Sir William Addington, the magistrate, arrived, and took the chair: he went over the examination of the persons who had secured him, and who had seen the pistol levelled at his Majesty. Sir William said, it was most material to ascertain that fact, Whether the pistol was levelled at the sacred person of his Majesty, or fired at random, as the one case would be high treason, the other not. He asked Hadfield what had induced him to attempt the life of the best of sovereigns?—He answered that he "had not attempted to kill the king. He had fired his pistol over the royal box. He was as good a shot as any in England; but he was himself weary of life—he wished for death, but not to die by his own hands. He was desirous to raise an alarm; and wished the spectators might fall upon him—He hoped that his life was forfeited."—He was asked if he belonged to the Corresponding Society. He said "No; he belonged to no Political Society; he belonged to a club of *Odd Fellows*, and he was a member of a Benefit Society." And being asked if he had any accomplices, he solemnly declared that he had none, and, with great energy, took God to witness, and laid his hand on his heart. From this time he began to shew manifest signs of mental derangement. When asked who his father was? He said he had been postillion to some duke; but could not say what duke. He talked, in a mysterious way, of dreams, and of a great commission he had received in his sleep; that he knew he was to be a martyr, and was to be persecuted like his great master, Jesus Christ. He had been persecuted in France; but he had not yet been sufficiently tried. He knew what he was to endure; but he begged Sir William Addington to remember that Jesus Christ had his trial before he was crucified. He said many other incoherent things in the same style. Wm. Wakelin, the person from whom he had bought the pistols, being brought to the house, was examined. He said it was true that he had bought a pair of pistols of him, and that he had said they were

for his young master, who would give him a blunderbuss for them: but he had not yet got the blunderbuss. He knew very little of Hadfield, but knew where he worked, and had heard a good character of him; but that the least drink affected his head. Several persons, from the house of Mrs. Mason, his acquaintance, confirmed this fact: and they said they ascribed this to the very severe wounds he had received in the head. The least drink quite deranged him. Upon this evidence he was committed to Cold Bath Fields, for re-examination; and their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Clarence and Cumberland, and Mr. Sheridan, conducted him thither. His Majesty's Privy Council, however, desiring to examine him forthwith, to discover if he had any accomplices, he was taken to the Duke of Portland's Office, where he underwent another examination. Messrs. M. Wright, Holroyd, Tamplin, Calkin, Parkinson, F. Wood, Lion, and Dietz, who were instrumental in securing him, and whose evidence is the most material as to his directing the pistol towards his Majesty's box, if not towards his sacred person, also attended. After this, the Dukes of Clarence and Cumberland, Mr. Sheridan, and a number of officers, returned to the theatre, and, after their Majesties had withdrawn, the most strict search was made for the slugs. A mark was discovered in the top of the canopy over the royal box, and in the orchestra below a flattened and irregular piece of lead was found, supposed to have recoiled from the place where it struck. No other slug or ball was found. It was most providential that the royal box is elevated more than 15 feet from the pit; so that from the place where Hadfield levelled his pistol, he was between 30 and 40 feet distant from his Majesty's person. The Royal Family sat out the play of *She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not*, with the farce of the *Humourist*, and enjoyed the happiness of receiving, from every individual, the warmest testimonies of affection, and of hearing expressions of the most heartfelt satisfaction at his Majesty's safety.—*God save the King* was twice sung, amidst the most enthusiastic shouts of loyalty and affection, and thrice repeated at the conclusion of the comedy, followed by *Rule Britannia*; and the following verse, after the farce, was sung by Mr. Kelly, subjoined to *God save the King*, with infinite effect, viz.—

"From ev'ry latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King!
O'er him thine arms extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our Father, Prince, and Friend.
God save the King!"

The Prince of Wales, who was at dinner at Lord Melbourne's, was almost immediately informed of the circumstance, by Mr. Jefferys, member for Coventry, and instantly went to the theatre to attend his Majesty.

On Friday Hadfield was again examined before the Council. It appeared that a second slug or piece of lead had splintered a part of the King's box, from whence it had glanced to Lady Milner's. Two officers of the 15th Light Dragoons stated that the prisoner had behaved like a brave, good soldier, but that since he had been wounded in the head, he was liable to be much affected by liquor; and that, on a recent visit to the regiment at Croyden, he was so affected

by his hospitable reception, as to render a strait waistcoat indispensible for three days. One of the gentleman added his surprise that Hadfield had been permitted to be at large.—He was remanded to prison, and now remains for trial.

The following statement of nourishment, communicated by absorption, we extract from a provincial Journal:—"Dr. Van Mons, of Brussels, has lately announced the following circumstance:—Having a patient under his care, who, on account of a wound in the throat, was incapable of swallowing any kind of nourishment for several days, he kept him alive, during that period, by applying to the skin, in different parts of the body, several times a day, a sponge dipped in wine or strong soup. He concludes, from this fact, that the absorbing vessels of the skin are capable of conveying the fluids communicated to them to the interior parts of the body, as the latter convey the assimilated nourishment to the blood. It should be remarked, however, that from Dr. Rollo's experiments on diabetic patients, it did not appear that water was absorbed by the skin; but this may have been owing to something peculiar in the absorbent system of such patients; for one of our own navigators, (Captain Inglefield, or Captain Bligh), kept his companions from perishing of thirst, by applying sea water to the skin."

Lord Bridport having, from ill health, resigned the channel Fleet, Lord St. Vincent has been appointed to that command.

The Holy Father lives simply; he has no furniture in his house but what he used in the convent; the valuable presents offered to him he has not accepted. In the course of the last critical and memorable years he never left his see at Imola for a single moment, as most other cardinals and bishops had done. In the beginning of February, 1797, when the enraged Buonaparte marched against Rome, and the first hostilities took place near Imola, Chiaramonte, the present Pope met that General, entreating him to spare the town and its inhabitants, which was done; and even the Monte di Pietra, or public pawn-house, though pillaged in almost every other place, remained untouched. On that occasion he entertained Buonaparte, and afterwards almost every other French General passing through the town.

Two gentlemen of the Bengal Civil Establishment have, we are informed, returned to Calcutta from their excursion above the Hurdwaar, whither they had been for the purposes of making a discovery. Several Gentlemen from Anopsheer went with them, and, by all their accounts, they have been eighty cose up the course of the Ganges above the Hurdwaar, and where Europeans were never before. The country people stared at them as if they had been supernatural beings, and insisted upon looking particularly at their cloaths, and touching them. They found some part of the Ganges fifty feet deep, and the stream astonishingly rapid, particularly near a place called Serinaghur, where it is impossible to stem the current. The people cross the river by a curious bridge of ropes. Their passage over the hills was not only tremendous, but dangerous, from narrow, rugged, and almost perpendicular paths over immense mountains, continued in many places by the trunks of trees laid from one large rocks to another. The weather was so cold that, in the month of August, they could not, with the assistance of great coats, keep themselves comfortably warm.

Whenever a shot is discharged from a musket at a review, field-day, &c. the division, troop, or company from which it came, should be instantly ordered to ground, or, as was practised on Thursday, to recover their arms. Each piece

should then be particularly examined, by applying a small pocket-mirror to the muzzle, when the reflection will ascertain if a ball had been fired from it; as in that case, several marks will plainly appear in the tube, occasioned by the resistance the shot had experienced in its passage.

The Serjeants of Companies, whose immediate and established duty it is, ought to be peculiarly vigilant to examine the soldiers' ammunition before they march into the field.

The Corporation of London has lately granted an addition of £1500. per annum, to the salary of the Lord Mayor.

Some old records in Wiltshire state, that, in the year 1339, wheat in that country sold at 8 guineas per quarter, and that it continued so for four months; that it soon after declined to 10s. per quarter; that, four years after, it fell to 4s. 6d. and remained at that price, with little fluctuation, for seventy years; that, at the expiration of this term, it rose to £5. and held that price till near the year 1534, when it fell to 2s. 6d. per quarter.

An Agricultural Society has been formed in Philadelphia, on principles similar to those so happily existing in this country.

The recent addition to the allowance to innkeepers for the military, makes the sum at present amount to 16d. per day for each man, and 14d. for every horse billeted upon them.

To prevent accidents from the stowage of fodder, Lord St. Vincent has ordered that no cow shall be kept on board the channel Fleet.

A vessel with five masts was a few days since launched at Chichester, from whose construction and rigging much improvement in the art of ship-building is expected.

Lord Eldon's recent explanation of the law, in which he stated that a surgeon or apothecary, who, either from ignorance or neglect, occasioned the unnecessary continuance of a patient's illness, not only was not entitled to be paid for attendance, but was liable to a prosecution, militates much against some of the profession; and it is even possible cases may occur, in which dishonesty may attempt to screen itself from payment fairly earned. But when, on the other hand, the multitudinous victims to quacks and impostors are considered, society must feel grateful to the exalted character who thus stands forward for its protection.

Stealing of dogs is become so much a matter of trade and science as to require the severest penalty of the law. We would not incite to an extension of the sanguinary punishments which have been so frequently reproved, and which disgrace the national character; but, whilst death is inflicted on the wretch who, to protect himself and family from starving, steals a sheep not worth twenty shillings, we conceive that the person who, in the premeditated course of his profession, deprives another of a dog worth twice as many pounds, merely to possess his skin, for which he cannot obtain five shillings, should be liable to something more than an inconsiderable fine. A verdict for £20 was lately given to a dealer in dogs, for one which he had sold to a gentleman, but which, running away, was refused to be paid for. We recollect to have seen an hundred guineas offered for a dog, which, consequently, was worth so much: but, be the intrinsic value what it may, the law should, by every possible means, attach security to that property which the subject prizes.

A poor man, a few days ago, observed Mr. Mellish drop from his pocket, in

Lombard Street, a book which contained bank-bills to a considerable amount.—He hastened after, and restored it to the Owner, who gave him his address, and on calling, by appointment, the following morning, presented him with £40, and an annuity of £50 for life.

A trial was lately made at Woolwich, under the direction of the Board of Ordnance, in the presence of several Lords of the Admiralty, and of a committee of Field Officers, of two 24 pounder guns, mounted upon a patent gun-carriage, lately constructed by Mr. John Gover, of Rotherhithe, upon an entire new principle, for the sea-service, one of which was fired 19 rounds at the target, in the short space of 19 minutes, with admirable effect, and was capable of performing with much more quickness. The other was fired from the battery at the water side, for the purpose of ascertaining the range of the shot, which, to the astonishment of every officer present, made a range of 2000 yards, though the powder was but four pounds, and the elevation but one degree. The officers universally expressed their entire satisfaction of this experiment of an invention which appears to be the most perfect of the kind ever discovered, and, from its properties, is most essentially adapted to the merchants' service, where a scarcity of hands usually occurs; four men having proved fully sufficient for the effectual management of this carriage.

Prince Augustus, who recently returned to England, travelled on the continent under the name of Mr. Ford.

Judge Buller, it is stated, is about to retire from the bench. Mr. Graham is mentioned as his probable successor.

The powers of steam at Meux's brewery, so adapted to the general purposes of the concern, as to grind, to mash, to pump, hoist, &c. is equivalent to the draft of 40 horses.

The widow of General Washington has been granted the privilege of franking, by the legislature of America, from whence Hamilton Rowan is on his way to Hamburgh. His estate and seat at Rathcoffee have been restored to Mrs. Rowan, who is about to let it, and go to reside at Hamburgh during the war.—The Irish state prisoners, who obtained leave to go to America, have received from Government the extended privilege of residing at Lisbon.

The thermometer, in the sun, on Sunday, May 4, rose to 104, being four degrees above blood, and 38 above summer heat; in the evening it fell to 66, being 10 degrees above temperate.

Cannons, the once residence of the Duke of Chandos, has been bought in at the auction at Garraway's, by its owner, Colonel O'Kelly, for £36,700.

W. Jackson, a deserter from the Cornish Fencibles, on Monday, May 5, attempted to escape from the party conveying him and another to the Savoy, when Charles Baxter, a private in the 3d of Guards, and one of the party into whose charge they had been given, fired at and killed him in Hart-street. The Coroner's Jury, on Tuesday, employed five hours in the examination of witnesses, and, after a consultation of almost as much more time, brought in a verdict of Manslaughter, for which Baxter was ordered to be confined till the next sessions, when he is to take his trial.

Mr. Medhurst, of Kippis Hall, in a fit of mental derangement, after sparing the life of a servant, at the intercession of his wife, nearly severed the head of that amiable woman from her body, which he stabbed in three places. The screams

of one of the children brought several servants, but, as the wretched maniac was armed with a sword and several pistols, they did not dare to approach till the Pontefract Volunteers had arrived and secured him.

Dr. Herschel's 25 feet telescope is valued at £7,000.

A flash of lightning, on the 17th April, broke into a room at Hamburgh, where a wedding party was dancing, and killed the bride and two of the guests.

During the present unprecedented prices of grain, Liutseed is recommended as an excellent substitute for beans, in the feeding of horses; the former is at present cheaper, and it is far more nutritive.

A gentleman of Lacon Heath, Norfolk, having lately been arrested, and confined in his own house, his wife released him by taking a bee-hive into the apartment, and throwing it down. The bees, enraged, assailed the bailiffs, who leaped out of the window, leaving their prisoner to shift for himself, and who, availing himself of the opportunity, regained his liberty.

A provincial paper (the Leeds Intelligencer) asserts the following singular account to be a fact:—"A short time since there was a christening at Louth, at which there were two sponsors, whose ages together amounted to 170 years, and who, after going down a dance together, sung each a jocund song. The godmother was grandmother to 98 children, and could say to her daughter, 'Daughter arise, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter has got a daughter.'—Her son, of the age of 71, who is the child's great grandfather, and was also present, offered to bet a wager of 100 guineas, that he could ride 100 miles in a day, dance the whole of the night, and walk 30 miles the ensuing day."

CAMBRIDGE.—The subjects of the prizes to be given by the Members of the University, are, for the Senior Bachelors, *Unde fit, ut quasdam artes, quæ apud antiquos summâ cum Laude viguerunt, nos, vel penitus ignoremus, vel notas, parvè imitemur.* For the Middle Batchelors, *Utrum Civium Fortitudo Bestiarum certaminibus, aut frequenti Cædis et Sanguinis conspectu, promoveatur.* The exercises are to be in Latin prose.

The island of Java produces infinitely more rice than is wanting to its consumption; the India Company, to promote a free communication, intend to offer such terms to the islanders as it is conceived will induce an export of the surplus stock of grain, and avert those calamities which have so frequently occurred in India, from a failure of the periodical rains.

Lord Kenyon, on receiving the report of the convicts in the hulks, directed an enquiry to be made into the truth of a statement, that a superintendant, named Ryder, had received from one of them a sum of money to be excused from work. His Lordship commented on the reported irregularity of these persons, and lamented the continuance of a system which was found to have failed of its desired object.

In the court of King's Bench, Lord Kenyon lately regretted the confusion so frequently resulting from the multiplicity of stamps to mercantile paper, and expressed a wish that one stamp *ad valorem* should be substituted.

The French Government is said to have granted to the Dutchess of Orleans, who resides in a private manner at Barcelona, the estate of 80,000 francs per ann. of which she was deprived by the revolution.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS AND HEIRS:—Lady Elgin, of Constantinople. The Ladies of Sir W. Beddingfield, at Oxborough, and of Sir J. Trollope, Bart. at Eastwicke House. OF SONS:—The Lady of Sir W. Rowley, Bart. of Tendring Hall. Mrs. Bland, of Drury-Lane theatre. The lady of Colonel G. Cotterell, of the Herefordshire Militia. Mrs. Holcroft, wife of the dramatist, at Hamburgh.—OF DAUGHTERS: Lady Bagot, in Upper Brook-street. The Lady of Sir J. Sinclair, of Ulbster, Bart. Lady C. Wingfield, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The Hon. Mrs. A. Ward, in Portman-square. The Lady of G. Shum, Esq. of Bedford-square.

MARRIED.

R. Hippesley, Esq. to Miss C. daughter of Sir J. Mordaunt, Bart. Capt. Brown, of the 13th Foot, to the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Spry. At Prague, the Prince of Hohenzollern, to the Princess Paulina, of Courland. W. Bailie, Esq. to Miss Bloomfield, sister of Lady Belvidere. The Rev. R. Nares, to the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Prebendary. In Dublin, Maj. Gen. Morrison, to Lady C. King, daughter of the late Earl of Kingston. J. Stephens, Esq. of the Temple, to Mrs. Clarke, sister to Mr. Wilberforce. The Rev. H. Hobart, to the eldest daughter of Sir T. Beauchamp, Bart. of Langley.

DIED.

At Pontoise, in France, George Barnwell, Viscount Kingsland. At East Dereham, aged 69, W. Cowper, Esq. the poet. At his house, of an apoplectic fit, with which he had been seized whilst playing before their Majesties at St. James's, Mr. Fischer, the celebrated performer on the oboe. At Christchurch, the Countess of Strathmore. At the India House, where, in a fit of mental derangement, he threw himself from a window, J. Burford, Esq. (Coroner's verdict, lunacy). In Leicester-square, Lieut. Gen. A. G. Martin, Col. of the 51st Foot. At Rousham, the Lady of Sir C. C. Dormer. In Grosvenor-square, the Lady of Sir L. Darell, Bart. At Epsom, the relict of Dr. Parkhurst. At Kemsing, aged 70, Sir J. Bruce, Bart. At Amport House, George, Marquis of Winchester, Premier Marquis of England, who is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Charles Ingoldshy Paulet, now Marquis of Winchester, &c. At Halifax, upon which station he commanded, Admiral Vandeput. At Midhurst, aged 82, the relict of T. Toplady, Esq. formerly of the Salt-office. At Perth, aged 115, Elspet Watson, who, at her utmost height, measured only 2 feet 9 inches, and who retained such excellent health, that, though possessed of £30 in specie, she continued her occupation of a walking mendicant till within a few weeks of her dissolution. M. R. Arnott, Esq. reading clerk to the House of Lords. In Edinburgh, Admiral Lockart. At Richmond, of a consumption, the celebrated Mallet du Pan, Editor of the *Mercure Britannique*. He has left a wife and several children. At Sax Munden, the only son of C. Long, Esq. At Warsaw, Prince Poniatowsky, brother to the late king of Poland. At Berlin, the Dowager Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. In Green-street, aged 91, Lady C. Courtenay, mother of the Bishop of Exeter.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

FOR

JUNE, 1800.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. MATTOCKS, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

A fine Portrait of the EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G. *was intended for this Number; but our Engraver having solicited further time, that he may do every justice to the admirable original, we are induced to postpone it till next month, when it shall assuredly be given, accompanied by a Biographical Sketch of that accomplished Nobleman.*

We know not how sufficiently to thank S. K. for his constant, valuable, and interesting communications.

OCTAVIUS, Q. Z. and our other habitual contributors will be pleased to accept the same acknowledgments.

The last criticism of our *Edinburgh* correspondent was received; but it has been unfortunately mislaid. We are sorry to give him the trouble of transmitting a *second* copy.

The *Lines on Religion*, by I. C. L. and the *Ode to War*, by W. H. P. are not sufficiently striking.

The further favours of T. N. are respectfully solicited.

The *Anecdote of Dr. Johnson*, and the *Quaker's Letter*, communicated by X. Y. Z. are too well known to need a repetition.

PIZARRO, a *New Song*, by a gentleman of *Wolverhampton*, shall have an early situation.

Portia will have the goodness to excuse the liberties we have taken with the manuscript, with which we were favoured.

The *Lines* to the *Honourable* Mrs. CAWTHORNE are again unavoidably postponed, for a reason which the poetical department of the present month will satisfactorily explain.

*** *All books intended for the Review, Letters, &c. should be addressed, particularly, to the Editor of the Monthly Mirror.*

Mrs MATTOCKS

Pub.d by Vernor & Hood 31. Poultry, June 1.1800.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JUNE, 1800.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MRS. MATTOCKS.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

ISABELLA MATTOCKS was born in the year 1746. Her uncle, Mr. William Hallam, was at that time manager of the theatre in Goodman's-Fields. Her father performed there, and was esteemed an excellent low comedian. Worldly embarrassments compelled him, when his daughter was only four years old, to quit England, and try his fortune in America. Her aunt Barrington, an actress of merit, with true sisterly affection, prevailed on Mrs. Hallam to leave our heroine under her protection. She did not neglect her charge: her husband and herself became parents to her, in the tenderest sense of the word, and gave her an expensive and a finished education.

At four years and a half old, Miss Hallam performed for her uncle's benefit, at Covent-Garden, the part of the "*Parish Girl*," in Gay's "What d'ye call it." She was so diminutive, that a gentleman whimsically said, "he could hear her very well, but he could not see her without a glass."

At fifteen, our heroine made her regular debût at the same theatre, in the character of *Juliet*; and from that time to this, (with the exception of one winter passed in Liverpool, when Mr. Mattocks was manager there) she has invariably continued at Covent-Garden, and has been deservedly, for a long series of years, a distinguished favourite of the town.

Her father, soon after his arrival in America, became manager of the theatres in *New York*, *Charlestown*, and *Philadelphia*, and realized a fortune of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS; but his family lost the whole in the American war.

Admiral Hallam is Mrs. Mattocks's uncle, and Colonel George Hallam her cousin. She is also related to the family of Mr. Rich, the late patentee of Covent-Garden theatre.

For several seasons Mrs. Mattocks was the *Rosetta*, *Polly*, &c. of the theatre, and sustained a respectable line of business in tragedy; but she has latterly devoted herself entirely to the COMIC

MUSE, whose cause she supports with admirable spirit, and with a peculiarity of humour, which, though it may sometimes exceed the precise limitations of critical propriety, is richly comic, and, as far as we can carry our theatrical recollection, perfectly original.

Mrs. Mattocks has generally passed her summers at Liverpool, where she has many very respectable connexions.

CASTLE OF LANGARRAN.

A WELCH STORY.

From the MSS. of the late James Petit Andrews, Esq. F. S. A.

LETTER XVI.

Colonel Macarty to Count O'Donnel, at Paris.

La Prairie pres D'Amiens.

I LEFT Paris, my dear count, in such haste, that I had not time to tell you why I hurried away. It was in consequence of a letter from my old serjeant Dubois, who now keeps an inn at Amiens.—That fellow has neither honesty nor honour, but a sort of attachment to me (who procured him the post he enjoys) and a kind of soldiery character about him, supply the place of those estimable qualities.

From him I learn that my Theodosia's heart has received a rude attack from a travelling English nobleman, who, some how or other, by an acquaintance with my son, Arthur, (who, I find, knows very little about him) has introduced himself to her regard, and been a constant guest at my house for these past three weeks.

That foolish Lucretia Fitzgerald! But I never placed any confidence in her. I know her to be good-tempered and worthy, but open to every kind of imposition; and so devoutly fond of my daughter, that there is no lengths which she would not go, to serve her interest, or humour her inclination. I am but this instant arrived at La Prairie. I stopped half an hour with Dubois, to know how affairs now stood. The nobleman had set out for Dieppe just six hours before I arrived. He had been closely attendant on my poor, deluded girl, and certainly went away with a full dependence on her heart being in his possession. Dubois, like a cunning villain that he is, insinuated himself first into the regard of the valet, and, by his recommendation, became the prime favourite and confidante of the master, who has let him into all his schemes. He is dotingly fond of Theodosia, and I really believe him a man of fortune and family. 'Then why? (say you) so anxious, so unhappy, about your daughter?' Can you, O'Donnel, ask me this question? Are

not all my favourite projects for the alliance with Sir Michael Bourke utterly overturned? Have I not dwelt, with rapture, year after year, upon that delightful, tho' ideal union? Perhaps I went too far; perhaps I prest the poor girl too closely to marry him. She has the gentlest of tempers, and the too visible ruggedness of his turn (altho' accompanied by the strictest honour and integrity) may have disgusted her, and made her the more liable to the seduction of this insinuating youth. But, my dear count, am I totally to forget the difference of religion between them? And, after having broken all my promises to Bourke, am I to abandon my duty as a parent, and, with my eyes open, deliver my Theodosia over to that temptation, which, of all others, a girl of her temperament and sensibility would be least able to resist, the solicitations of a beloved and fond husband? I shall break off here, as I mean to walk to Amiens, and will resume my pen when I return.

In continuation.

All doubts concerning my future conduct, in this delicate affair, are now resolved into certainty. This young man is not worthy to enter my family, even if I could forget that I am a catholic, and could prevail on myself, in mere compassion for her tender heart, to permit my beloved girl to ally herself with perdition.

Dubois has been telling me, that an old French servant, who had accompanied Lord Glenham, during a tour of three years, on the continent, had, after residing at his house above a fortnight, made him master of his young lord's pranks. He is, according to his domestic's tale, the most fickle of men. He has always been enamoured of some fine woman, in every city in which he has resided a single month; and having generally been successful in gaining the lady's affections, some unfortunate event has always intervened to prevent the conclusion of the marriage. Could I but fancy that he ever meant to treat my Theodosia in this rascally manner, neither the British Channel, nor the Tower of London, if he fled to it, should save him from my sword. But to do him justice, both his servant and Dubois believed him most earnestly in love with my daughter; and that he left her by her positive order, lest some unhappy interview might take place between him and me. Poor dear girl! she made even her love give way to her filial attachment!

This moment a parcel is delivered into my hand from Dubois. It contains a letter, post-marked London, directed to Lord Glenham. 'Tis dishonourable to open it; I know it well; but, on the present occasion, each honour must give way to the anxiety which preys upon me for Theodosia. Perhaps I may gain, from this, some

important intelligence respecting the character and designs of this idle young man. Oh, could the seducer of virgin hearts, the tempter of the innocent and affectionate from the paths of filial duty, feel what I now feel, he would abandon his pursuits, and leave to the maiden, and to her parent, the humble possession of domestic happiness.

The intercepted Letter from Sir George Sinclair to Lord Glenham, in answer to Letter . . . . . A.

I WRITE but a few lines, that the letter may find you at Amiens.

Oh, Glenham! if, as you say, 'you must either be Theodosia's, or be lost to honour, humanity, &c.' why be Theodosia's; but you will have a confounded up-hill piece of road to manage, I can tell you. Your uncle has got a match for you; even your own cousin, Augusta Fitz-Hammond; and, depend upon it, you are not to expect a farthing, unless you humour him. But what care you? The sacrifice you make to Theodosia's eyes, will be so much the more brilliant.

Seriously, my friend, you must now proceed with steady steps, nor cast an eye back to Lætitias, Lauras, Claras, (and heaven knows how many more, each of whom, by the way, had in her turn just as much reason to suppose herself the only beloved of your heart, as the present favourite now has). But, Glenham, consider that you are bound by more than common ties to honour and constancy in the present case. The poor girl, whom your specious qualities have inveigled, quits for you her father, her religion, and even her character; for as you are not known in France, all her acquaintance will think the very worst of her, and never take the trouble to be set right. And what can you give her for all this loss on her side? Nothing but your own affection; for your family will hate and despise her; every vulgar prejudice which bigotry and narrow sentiment can produce, will be ranged in array against her; her gaiety will be styled levity, her smiles attributed to folly, and her ease in behaviour will be called boldness. The girls, who each had their plans on you, are preparing already their hooks and their pincers to tear her in pieces. Determine then to be her protector, her shield, and to reward, by your tenderness, the persecution which I see is preparing for her. Take notice! letters from your family, with a proposal 'In likeness of a new and trimmed bride,' are either gone to you, or are on the road, to my certain knowledge.

Your's faithfully,

G. SINCLAIR.

Written beneath by Col. Macarty.

Can I bear this, think you, O'Donnel? A Theodosia Macarty, the daughter of a man inferior in blood to no one prince in Christendom; a girl whose beauty and accomplishments would adorn the throne which her lineage might demand; shall she enter a family prepared 'to hate and despise' her? Curse their vulgar bigotry! Shall their contemptible purse-pride triumph over a Macarty; and, after humbling her to the dust, condescend to take notice of her, (curse their insolence!) 'because she is really a good creature; and to be sure, if my lord *would* play the fool, and make her fortune, was she to refuse it? Oh no—it was not to be expected.'—O'Donnel, I just now got up from my chair, and stamped round the room like a maniac. I must calm myself, or I shall blow up my own plans, and frustrate one of the best laid schemes that ever was planned.

This young chevalier that writes to our Adonis, seems, to give him his due, to be a man of principle and honour. But he need not be uneasy for his friend: he shall have no 'up-hill roads' to labour through, no 'brilliant sacrifices' to make. Neither the person nor the character of my daughter shall fall into the power of his amiable female friends, to be 'torn in pieces,' unless all my plots fail.

You are, I suppose, anxious, my good count, to know what that plan is, on which I so much depend for delivering my darling from the fatal net which surrounds her. It is not quite ripe enough to be gathered, but it ripens apace: and I will inform you thus far—my great dependence is on my knowledge of Miss Fitzgerald's character. Foolishly as she has conducted herself in this affair, I know that it is only her unutterable affection to Theodosia, which has occasioned, at the same time that it excuses, her folly. Could I, then, but persuade her how much Theodosia will lower herself by this match, and how little chance it would give her for happiness; and should I, also, assure her, that Sir Michael Bourke shall never again be named as a lover to my daughter, I do then verily believe that she would go any lengths to cure her of this infatuation. In the mean time I am tolerably easy, since I am certain that all communication by letters is cut off, and that there is no suspicion here that I know a word of the matter.

Faithfully your's,

A. MACARTY.

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

Number XIII.

DIANA PRIMROSE.

THE FOURTH PEARLE.

TEMPERANCE.

The golden bridle of Bellerophon
Is TEMPERANCE, by which our passion
And appetite we conquer and subdue
To reason's regimen; else, may we rue
Our yielding to men's syren-blandishments,
Which are attended with so foul events.
This pearl in HER* was so conspicuous,
As that the King,† her brother, still did use
To style her—his sweet sister *Temperance*;
By which her much admir'd self-governance
Her passions still she check't; and still she made
The world astonish't, that, so undismay'd,
She did with equal tenor still proceed
In one fair course, not shaken as a reed,
But built upon the rock of Temperance;
Not daz'd with fear, not maz'd with any chance;
Not with rash anger too precipitate,
Not fond to love, nor too too prone to hate:
Not charm'd with parasites, or syren's songs,
Whose hearts are poison'd though their sugred tongues
Swear, vow, and promise all fidelity,
When they are brewing deepest villany.
Not led to vain or too profuse expence,
Pretending thereby state-magnificence:
Not spending on these momentary pleasures
Her precious time; but deeming her best treasures
Her subjects love, which she so well preserv'd,
By sweet and mild demeanor, as it serv'd
To guard her surer than an army-royal;
So true their loves were to her, and so loyal.—
O golden age! O blest and happy years!
O musick sweeter than that of the spheres!
When prince and people mutually agree
In sacred concord, and sweet symphony! S. K.

* Q. Elizabeth. † Edward VI.

THE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1800.

[Continued from page 245.]

THE historical part laying a claim to precedency of examination, we shall first select the most distinguished efforts in this class, and, in order to avoid all question of preference, shall follow the order of the printed catalogue; reviewing collectively, under the first respective numbers, the works of each artist at present exhibited.

No. 7. *Dream of the Red-Cross Knight.* HOWARD.

The composition and grouping of this picture are good, and the aerial figures graceful. The mode of producing their *visionary* effect reminds us too much of the theatrical method of drawing a gauze over solid objects. Imitations of stage appearances should be sedulously avoided by painters: on these points it is their part to inform, not to copy, the stage.

No. 8. *The Harvest Man's Farewel.* W. R. BIGG.

This subject is consistent with the usual choice of the artist—simple and pathetic. The *Harvest Man* is going forth to labour, and the circumstances of the picture are well combined to express the promise of his day. His own accoutrements, the boy filling the wallet which is to accompany his toil, the neatness and provident stores of his cottage, the good-humoured carefulness of the housewife, the happy and affectionate countenances of the children, all contribute to render his prospects interesting to the mind. More variety in the characters of the children might have augmented that interest.

In the effect of colouring, the whole has too much of a cold glare, and the group of the man with the girl and child is altogether too white to recede from the eye, as its situation demands, behind the more advanced figures of the wife and other children. This picture is designed as a (*a*)companion to No. 22(*b*), which possesses similar properties, and is of a mellower tone of colouring; but there is an af-

(*a*) We cannot help wishing it may be its fortune to accompany the STORMY NIGHT of the same artist, (exhibited two or three years since) in which a cottager's wife was represented, as surrounded by the endearing pledges of a husband's affection, yet so absorbed in anxious thoughtfulness, as to be wholly inattentive to them: her expectation was evidently of some thing or person not then present, and which was looked for from without; nor could a doubt be for a moment entertained, respecting this object of her solicitude. His rustic slippers were warming before the fire, the homely meal was in preparation, and his children were at the door, waiting to

"Climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

But, *without*, the sky lowered, the storm blackened, and the forked lightnings flew. Could we ask wherefore the mother of a family was anxious? The expression of nature, in the various ages of the children, was likewise remarkable in this affecting picture. The nursling

fectation prevalent over the expression, especially of the heads, with the exception of the harvest man himself.

No. 10. *Death of Palemon, from Falconer's Shipwreck.* CORBOULD.

The poem, from which this subject is taken, is so well known, that it was probably thought unnecessary to insert the lines immeately applicable:—they are too beautiful to be forgotten.

Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks, so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!

* * * * *

Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd
Thy image, lovely Anna, hung pourtray'd.

The general arrangement of the scene, in this picture, the natural expression of the figures, the dark hues of the rolling waves and atmosphere, all contribute to impress on the mind of the spectator the tender and interesting melancholy which the poet has laboured to excite. The execution is polished and soft.

No. 11. *General Fraser mortally wounded by the Shot of a Rifleman, near Hudson's River, 7th October, 1777; in the Group on the right Hand, are Lady H. Acland, Mad. Reidesell, with some English and German Officers who had the Command of the Camp.* WOODFORDE.

Cotemporary subjects, in which portraits of living persons are introduced, are seldom adopted without some influence of private motives, and therefore they have a claim to more cautious investigation. Of the present picture the grouping is simple, and reminds us of parts of Mr. West's admirable picture of General Wolfe. The general attention is ably directed to the principal figure. In attempting to divest his pencil of dark and cumbrous shadows, the artist is in danger of rendering his effect flat and uniform; but the uniformity of colour is, in the present instance, somewhat excused by the necessity of similar dresses, &c. It is in the energy of great minds to trample on difficulties of this kind.

No. 23. *Birth of the Thames.* MRS. COSWAY.

The infant Thames, his brow enwreath'd with sedge, is lifted in triumph on the arms of Naiads. There is no inconsiderable novelty

slumbered on its mother's breast; the next in age seemed to have fallen asleep from weariness of expectation, of which the alarm could not yet interest his tender mind; the others were either at the fire, perhaps drying themselves after a fruitless attempt to meet their father in the storm, or anxiously placed at the door, to be the first heralds of joy to their fond and interesting mother.

(*b*) The welcome home, or harvest over.

in this pleasing conception; the figures are well designed and graceful, and the colouring clear and unaffected. Nos. 122, 131, and 149, are single figures, likewise of graceful and elegant design. The colouring is simple and chaste, chiefly of that in which "the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams." The first is of a bright effect, a little deficient in harmony. The *devotional* idea of the figure called *Perseverance*, is ably strengthened by the almost total exclusion of any but the chastest colours.

No. 27. *Athenian Youth taking the Oath of Fidelity to their Country, at the Altar of Agraule.* FRERESON.

We mention this amongst other efforts of historical talent, but, at the height at which the picture is placed, the smallness of its size precludes the discussion of its merits. The composition appears to be good, both of the figures and of their site. If any great contrast, or force of interesting expression, be introduced into a design of this nature, they have been sought for in the mind of the artist, rather than in the subject itself.

No. 36. *Tars relieving the distressed Widow and Children.* WILSON.

In the manner of Watteau, of a light penciling; but, in the choice of subject, without sufficient force.

In No. 167(*c*) the group of figures is good, but there is a want of relief in the colouring.

No. 44. *The Cradle Hymn, from Dr. Watts.* NORTHCOTE.

The "rapt imagination" of the fond and pious mother, in Dr. Watts's beautiful poem, is here personified. While she is intent on domestic duties, angelic forms, unseen by her, hover over the cradle, and protect the slumbers of her infant.

Although the servile imitation of the manner of other painters, however eminent, be justly considered as unworthy of the toil of genius, yet, the assimilation of conceptions and ideas to those of the highest intellectual capacities that have appeared in the world, can by no means fall under an equal censure. Sir Joshua Reynolds has said, in his discourses, that when the painter is beginning to plan his work, he should endeavour to conceive in what manner Titian or Raphael, &c. would have treated the same subject.

In this manner the artist now before us, called by the nature of his subject, appears to have held in his mind the peculiar excellencies of Corregio, and his follower Baroccio, but principally the former. Overlooking the superficial modes of their design and execution,

(*c*) Travellers sheltering from a thunder storm.

he has approached the essential qualities of both. The same retired and modest grace, the same softness and harmony, the same aerial lightness, pervade both the drawing and colouring of his work. Corregio, in native refinement, in ardent conception, and affecting simplicity, will not easily be surpassed; but those who dwell with rapture on the tints and attitudes of Baroccio, will be pleased to find, in this picture, all his elegance and sweetness, without his affectation.

The head of the boy sleeping in the cradle, is one of the finest examples of portrait, and the distinction between its fleshy, substantial solidity, and the lighter forms of the angels, is aptly and ably characterized. In the face of the mother there is a fullness exceeding the general proportion of the figure.

No. 48. *The Bard, from Gray.* FUSELI.

Mr. Fuseli's characteristic abilities are so familiar to the public, from the exhibition of the Milton Gallery, that it need only be said that this picture is designed with the usual spirit and fancy of the artist. (*a*) We find his works again at No. 85 (*b*) and 172 (*c*). In the former of these we cannot but notice the lofty conception of

"The father of the powerful spell,"

The grander energy of the painter's mind has banished from his canvass the poet's "eastern gate, and moss-grown pile," and left his hero enthroned in solitary regions of "darkness visible," such as more aptly suit the solemnity and obscurity of the fable. The subject of Odin's inquiry is artfully introduced into the back-ground, with great beauty of effect.

No. 51. *Diana and Endymion.* PAYE.

This artist first attracted the public attention by works of a pure and unaffected style, both of drawing and colour, which ranked him among the best followers of the school of Murillo. The simplicity of thought and composition remain in those at present exhibited, but in colour and execution he seems to have wandered from his original manner, without advantage; his painting has assumed a cold and ragged appearance, of which the purpose is not evident. The composition of the Diana and Endymion is pleasing, and the effect good, but the whole appears spotty and unfinished.

No. 777 (*d*) has the same defect. No. 281 (*e*) is richer in the colour, and with more of harmony.

(*a*) The complex nature of Mr. Fuseli's works and merits will perhaps be the subject of a future number of ou Mirror, when we shall take a farther review of his productions at the Milton Gallery.

(*b*) Descent of Odin, from Gray.

(*c*) The fatal Sisters, Do.

(*d*) Milton composing his Paradise Lost.

(*e*) Psyche.

No. 60. *Combat between Don Quixote and the Giants interrupted by the Innkeeper.* SMIRKE.

The humorous expression of this picture, excellent as it is, does not surpass the remarkable terseness and polish of its execution. The same account may be given of Nos. 77 (*a*) and 148 (*b*); both are painted in the style in which this artist has already rendered himself so eminent. In No. 109 (*c*) we find him boldly entering on the manner of Rembrandt, and following that great master, if not *passibus æquis*, at least with a firm and regular march. 153 (*d*) partakes of the manner of Vanderwerf.

Nothing is more pleasing than to contemplate the dexterity with which genius can shift its appearance from one form to another; yet Mr. S. is more at home in his first manner. In both of these latter numbers, however, the attempt is attended with considerable success. In the former there is a simple dignity of composition, admirably united to the subject. The adoration of the hermit, and the youthful beauty of the angel, though the latter is redundant in weight and solidity, are forcibly conceived and expressed.

No. 63. *The Apostles imprisoned.* WEST.

In the numerous works of the president, it is easy to perceive that he is, at all times, directed by the same unvarying aim, of simplicity in the general design, and correctness in the form of the individual parts. His compositions are among the most artfully elaborate of the modern school. In those which consist of many figures, the *compactness* of his groups excites admiration; and, where there are few or single figures, the surrounding circumstances are always combined with them, so as to form a regular whole. Facility of execution, likewise, distinguishes this artist, whether in small or large undertakings: his colouring is marked with a peculiarity frequently appropriate to the subject.

In the eminent qualities which we have mentioned, lie united his defects. Correctness is often in danger of running into insipidity, and coldness is sometimes substituted for chasteness: facility, also, is one of the most dangerous possessions that can fall to the lot of an artist; it is an enemy to thought, not by combating, but by superseding it. There is no case more desperate than when the hand has once got the start of the head.

The works of Mr. West, in this exhibition, rank among the most respectable of his productions. In Nos. 63 (*e*) and 74 (*f*) the

(*a*) Don Quixote addressing the Princess Dulcinea.
(*b*) The Gypsey.
(*c*) The Angel justifying Providence. Parnell's Hermit.
(*d*) Musidora, from Thomson's Season's
(*e*) The Apostles delivered from Prison.
(*f*) The Women at the Sepulchre of Jesus.

ingenuity of composition appears so eminently, as to give almost a novelty to subjects which have, as it were, served their apprenticeship to painters. Nos. 130 (*a*) and 136 (*b*) are finished sketches, that attempt to rival the strong and sparkling colours of the Venetian school; 134 (*c*) is more laboured, and equally rich in colour, but the principal child is deficient in beauty: his countenance is rather expressive of pain. The larger composition of 144 (*d*) is of a colder and less pleasing hue than the preceding ones.

No. 64. *The Chiefs of the Tribe of Israel returned from seeking the Land of Canaan.* HAMILTON.

In this number, as in the following one of 73 (*e*), the greatest pretensions to excellence are found in the regular composition and lively colouring. The works of this artist possess, in general, much grace: his women figures are elegant, and his effect is bright and airy. Where there is, however, a considerable display of the human figure, unconnected with any strong interest arising from the passions, the highest class of painting is necessarily unattained. 120 and 147 (*f*) are designed as models for transparencies, and their colouring aims at assisting this intention.

No. 67. *The Peasant's Return to his Family in the Evening.* WESTALL.

Nothing is more difficult than to appreciate the merits of an artist who has concentered his efforts in the acquirement of manner. If that delight us, his end is answered; and though to say that we are displeased with it, appears, at first sight, wholly to destroy his pretensions, there may be yet much sterling talent worthy our approbation, which, even unperceived by himself, practice has brought forward and matured.

This we believe to be the fact in the case of the artist now before us. There is a striking peculiarity in his colouring: it is an attempt to blend harmoniously the most brilliant and lucid tints, without the usual resource of cool or extended shadows, employed in the works of most of the painters around him: but we doubt whether the effect produced on the eye be not rather that of pain than pleasure. It is a strained effort, which allows no repose. Much,

(*a*) Venus, at her birth, attired by the Graces.

(*b*) Adonis, with his dogs, conducted to the chace by Love.

(*c*) "And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them; "And said, verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matthew. Chap. xviii. Ver. 2 and 3.

(*d*) Isaac, when he first saw his twin sons, Esau and Jacob.

(*e*) Jethro brings to Moses his wife and two sons.

(*f*) La Madonna della gloria.

however, of gay and vivid splendour is produced, and, in 162 (*a*). the artist appears to have sought the justification of his luxuriant colours in the lines applied to his picture :

As he rais'd the gifted strains,
Richer verdure cloth'd the plains !
Richer scents the flowers bestow'd,
And, beneath *her ruddy load,*
More luxuriant bent the vine.

But, beyond all this, there is, in Mr. W's pictures, as in his drawings, an aim at simple and graceful expression, almost superseded and absorbed by the elaborate polish of finishing. In the *Bower of Pan,* indeed, luxuriance is not confined to the scenery, but a little licentiously extended to the nymphs, beyond what the mere situation of *Listeners* demanded. Nothing is more admirable, than to preserve the *idea* of a picture, or image raised by it in the spectator's mind, ONE and ENTIRE. This, however, is an achievement which does not always demand the powers of the strongest minds.

No. 80. *A Married Sailor's Adieu.* IBBETSON.

There is in this picture a neatness of penciling, and a vivacity of effect and execution, which are only else to be found in the best works of the Flemish school. The sky has the brightness of *Cuyp.* The figures are well grouped, and their various expressions attentively studied from nature. The sailor, at the helm, is particularly drawn with a free and masterly touch. The sea is clear and bright, and the rippling of the water on the beach, ingeniously denotes the height of the tide at which it is probably neccessary for the vessel to depart. We find an effort of equal excellence in No. 792. (*b*) The expressions are all natural, the compositions good, and the style masterly. The affectionate characters of the sailor's parents are not amongst the least striking parts of this picture.

[To be continued.]

EQUIVOCATION.

THE Jesuits are charged with being the inventors of the doctrine of equivocation ; and it is very certain that they have made a very terrible use of it. Shakspeare, in Macbeth, says—" Here's AN EQUIVOCATOR, that could swear in both the scales, against either scale ; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven."—Warburton explains this passage as referring to the

(*a*) The bower of Pan.
(*b*) A Married Sailor's return.

Jesuits and their practices, against the state, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I.—As a specimen of their ingenious, though diabolical craftiness, I shall give "THE CATHOLIC'S OATH," as I find it in the Harleian MSS. No. 6933. The lines are to be read entire, in the usual way; and which contain an abjuration of the catholicism; but the half of each line, when read downwards, exhibits the reverse on one side, and on the other an abjuration of protestantism.—Though the following piece is in rhime, the jesuits had similar oaths in prose; and this mode was practised generally by them.

THE CATHOLIC.

I hold as faith, What England's church allows:
What Rome's church saith, My conscience disavows.
Where the king is head, That church can have no shame;
The flocks' misled, That hold's the Pope supreme;
Where the altar's drest, There's service scarce divine;
The people's blest With table-bread and wine.
He is but an ass, Who the communion flies,
Who shuns the mass, Is catholic and wise.

I shall add a few anecdotes of more vulgar, though not less artful equivocations.—A fellow swore, in court, that he left the principal witness in *such a condition*, that, if he continued in it but half an hour longer, he must inevitably die. This was naturally understood of the desperate state of his disease: but the truth was, that he left him at a tavern, with a gallon of wine at his mouth, in the act of drinking. His fraud, which equals any thing that Cicero relates in his "Offices," lost the plaintiff his suit. Sir Edward Coke, who, with great judgment, had those strong prejudices, which a mere lawyer has too often, asserted, that a cause gained in the King's Bench, by this flagrant impostor, could not be reversed by the Court of Equity.

Dr. Hickes records a prevarication of Oliver Cromwell, who, indeed, was as great a Jesuit as any in the large body of Jesuits. A gentleman came to the protector, to beg a lock of King Charles's hair for a lady. Ah, no Sir! (replied the crafty regicide, bursting into tears) that must not be; for I swore to him, when he was living, that *not a hair of his head* should perish.

Another equivocator swore he was the father of three children, who were all *in the church-yard*; which was so far true, that they had been sent for the purpose of his prevarication! D'I.

THE DOCTRINES OF DAN DEMOCRITUS,

A DESCENDANT FROM

THE MERRY CITIZEN OF ABDERA.

LECTURE I.

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
DEMOCRITUS, quanquam non essent urbibus illis
Prætexta et trabea, fasces, lectica, tribunal:
Quod si vidisset.---------- *Juvenal, X. Sat.*

WHATEVER sages, if, indeed, men may be called by that honourable title, who have vapoured away the spirit of life in the dry alembic of useless speculation, whatever such sages may say against LAUGHTER, I pronounce it to be the *summum bonum* of human existence.

I have scarcely made this assertion, but the muscles of my visage are titillated beyond the power of constraint, by the approach of a short fat old gentleman, of a gloomy countenance, with spectacles on his nose, through the glasses of which flashes the fire of his little eyes, like the expiring snuff of a rushlight, through the apertures of a chamber lanthorn. This gentleman is a mathematician, and he calls for a demonstration of the proposition I have had the audacity to advance.

'I am ready with my demonstration, Mr. Parallelogram—But stop—do you not observe another gentleman coming towards us? We will wait for his attention.'

With an affected formality of aspect, a proud step, and a demeanour truly ridiculous, are we joined by the Rev. *Dr. Demure.* He has heard a strange hypothesis, and wishes to know what defence the fabricator has to make for such a vile and wicked insult upon religious and moral decorum. My penitence is exhibited in the wrinkles of my cheeks: nor do they in the least subside at the approach of a curious figure, who, as he draws nearer, buttons up his breeches' pockets. He has a dull, heavy physiognomy; and yet there is an acuteness about his nose and chin, that marks him as wonderfully deep in some science or other: what most moves my spleen, is the supercilious sneer that twists up the corners of his mouth. He desires to know how laughter may be termed a *bonum*: he knows, that without a more substantial *bonus* than a grin, he should not have been tempted to have touched the loan.

My audience increases.—A being, whose stiffness of muscle

makes him appear to walk on stilts, and whose visage, with obdurate inflexibility, maintains the dignity of respectable length, stands silently at my elbow. He is accompanied by a little mean looking animal, sharp-nosed, and crook-legg'd, like a vermin terrier, but apparently endued with exquisite sensibility, both of sight and hearing. This animal appears docile and fawning, and sneaks about the room with such artful alertness, that when you suppose him farthest from you, it is ten to one but he has his nose familiarly in your pocket. He has a mischievous trick of biting; but then he does it with such admirable craftiness, that you can never catch him in the fact:—to be sure he never ventures to bite in front. I took him, at first, to be of the species of turnspits. I am informed that he is so; but that since the invention of roasting jacks has deprived these poor animals of employment, government has taken them under its care: they are now called informers, and are of inconceivable utility to ministry.

The fair likewise honour me with their presence. Beauty, with a white handkerchief to her eyes, her cheeks suffused with *amiable weakness*, trembles with the *tremor* of sensibility, in the person of Miss Nancy Nerveless. She has just beheld a poor, sweet, harmless fly, destroyed by an ugly monster of a spider, and she wonders how any body can have the heart, during such a melancholy catastrophe, to talk about laughter.

She is accompanied by her aunt, a maiden lady, of whose countenance the smiles which once endimpled it, took leave, as soon as she entered that synod of moroseness and sour faces, a methodist meeting. The spiritual precision of her contracted lips, and the elevation of her sanctified eyeballs, however indicative they may be of pious ideas, do verily excite that demon in me, who delights in the maxillary motions of mirth. This lady talks much about irreverend mockery and want of grace. Poor lady, she boasts the three great virtues: *Faith*, which relies on the inspiration of a frantic cobler; *Hope*, which never imparted a smile to her own countenance; and *Charity*, which never enlivened the countenance of a fellow creature.

Such is my audience. I proceed to my demonstration.

"Ladies and gentlemen, give me leave first to establish with you a few general principles. The *summum bonum*, or *chief good*, you will acknowledge to be something, by the possession of which the human race is distinguished from other animals."

The divine gave a nod of acquiescence.

"And yet, by the folly and vice of mankind, it is to be found only among a few elect"—

The old lady assented, but turned up her eyes as if she expected every moment to hear blasphemy.

" That it acts by sympathy throughout the race of man."

The young lady look'd pleased.

" That its stock is inexhaustible: the interest great, the purchase small."

The broker stared.

" That its supplies are extensive, and easily raised."

The statesman bowed.

" That the deprivation of it, is not in the power of the most encroaching and arbitrary monarch, or of the most insidious and rapacious minister."

The cur uttered a low growl, and looked up at his master.

" And give me leave, on these principles, to say, that, as sure as triangles, whose sides and angles are equal, are likewise equal to each other, laughter is the summum bonum of human existence."

The mathematician pulled out a pocket Euclid.

" On the first position I shall expend but few words: for what animal, except man, enjoys the faculty of laughing? I have, indeed, heard of a horse laugh, and of the grin both of a cat and of a monkey; but I have likewise heard many a long and empty human head, excel the laugh of any horse, nay, equal its own prototype, the bray of an ass. Who will besides so forget the honour due to the visages of our race, as to prefer the grin of a cat to that of a flattered old maid, or the contortions of a monkey, to the graceful grimaces of a beau at his toilet.

But the genuine power of laughter is yet confined to few: neither vice nor folly knew how to laugh. The laugh of the vicious is affected, and that of the fool mere sound—mere hollow parchment, which makes the more noise, the clumsier the instrument is that strikes it. *Falsator* cannot laugh at the ridiculous situation to which the discovered lies of *Mentitus* have reduced their author. *Scortator* looks sullen while the laughable disgraces of the licentious *Siphon* contribute to the mirth of the table. *Salacon* never sees the character of the boasting Bobadil represented, but he turns pale; and the fair *Clinopale* seriously thinks that there is a want of decency in exhibiting the characters of loose women on the stage. *Merobibus* is enraged at ths mention of drunkenness; and the old beau *Mephitis* cannot keep his seat for peevishness, while the expensive perfumes of that demirep *Scirpea*, become a topic of raillery.

" To few, therefore, to the elect only of wisdom and virtue, is the blessing of laughter bestowed. Such are united by sympathy of

mind, and congeniality of sentiment. The world is their comedy, and they take care it shall remain so by keeping themselves uncontaminated by the follies and vicious habits of the actors.

"The health and spirits of a contented mind, compose the stock of a laughing philosopher. And are not these inexhaustible? In sickness they faint not—even in affliction their equilibrium remains. The purchase is a little circumspection—the interest it bears is inward cheerfulness, and heartfelt satisfaction. Its supplies are universal, for what in nature will not afford a laugh? May I not laugh at the disappointed schemes of the fraudulent speculator? the ineffective plans of the narrow-minded politician? the buffoonery of the pretended wit? the tormenting pleasures of the voluptuary? the dreams of enthusiasm, and the visions of self-conceit? Surely these are the legal property of laughter, and, without the consent of parliament, have I a right to lay my taxes on the broken schemes, the incomplete desires, the aerial buildings, and the subterraneous subtilties of vice and folly. These are supplies of which neither monarch nor his ministers can deprive me: nay, which I can levy even upon ministers themselves, who abuse their station; and to which princes and kings, who know not, or perform not their duty, must contribute.

"Such is my demonstration. Let me now persuade you, my serious auditors, to that practice which thus constitutes the *summum bonum* of life.

"Unbend, my good rector, the severity of that front. The doctrines of a long countenance are seldom attended to, while a merry monitor is heard with delight. The ruffling of the visage unruffles the heart. Laugh, laugh, and thou shalt live to wear lawn.

"Renew with smiles that faded complexion, my dear lady: and permit us no longer to confound our ideas of the effects of religion, with those produced by a fit of the cholic.

"And you, my fair votary of sensibility, mock not sorrow. Pearls may be pretty on a cheek—dimples are more becoming; but both the tear and the smile of affectation are the subjects of ridicule. Learn to love, sweet senseless tenderness, and you will soon begin to weep and laugh in earnest.

"Shall I tell the rest of my audience to laugh?

"Shall this monied gentleman laugh, if his riches are the fruits of sly peculation, the hoards of niggardly misery, or the scrapings of mean obsequiousness?

"Shall the mathematician laugh, if dry and barren enquiries have supplanted in his bosom all attention to moral duty? if the

figures of a rhomboides, or of a parallellopepidon have obliterated those of private benevolence or of universal charity? Or shall the statesman laugh, if, by acquiescence in oppression, he has made thousands weep? if his yes and no have been put into his mouth, while a bribe was put into his pocket? if the words he speaks to-day disprove those he spoke yesterday, and are to be contradicted by those he is conning against to-morrow?—

No, no; rather let such be food for our laughter. But if, on the contrary, the rich man's wealth has been the produce of probity; if his studies are regarded, by the mathematician, as the source of innocent pleasure, or as the means of making new acquisitions of science for the benefit of mankind; and if the politician's heart is warm with patriotic motives, and his exertions strenuous for the public weal, none have so indisputable a right to laugh as they. As for the statesman's cur—why, let him laugh if he can. T. N.

GIBBONIANA.

No. II.

MADAME NECKER.

I HESITATE, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. I need not blush at recollecting the early object of my choice. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable: her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper. He lived, content with a small salary, and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village, he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes, by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and the erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the themes of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity. I saw, and loved. I found her, learned without pedantry; lively in conversation; pure in sentiment; and elegant in manners. She permitted me to make her two or three visits in her father's house. I passed some happy days there,

in the mountains of Burgundy. And her parents honourably encouraged the connexion. In a calm retirement, the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom. She listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne, I indulged my dream of felicity: but, on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate. I *sighed* as a lover: I *obeyed* as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune, and good sense, to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and, in the capital of taste and luxury, she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace, he has reclined upon the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of Mr. Necker, the minister, and, perhaps, the legislator, of the French monarchy.

MR. SHERIDAN'S COMPLIMENT.

I WAS present at the august spectacle of the trial of Mr. Hastings, in Westminster Hall. It is not my province to absolve or condemn the governor of India. But Mr. Sheridan's eloquence demanded my applause—nor could I hear, without emotion, the personal compliment which he paid me, in the presence of the British nation. He said, "the facts that made up the volume of narrative were unparalleled in atrociousness; and that nothing equal in criminality was to be traced either in ancient or modern history; in the correct periods of Tacitus, or the luminous page of Gibbon."

MR. BURKE. FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I BEG leave to subscribe my assent to Mr. Burke's creed on the revolution of France. I admire his eloquence; I approve his politics; I adore his chivalry; and I can almost excuse his reverence for church establishments. I have sometimes thought of writing a dialogue of the dead; in which Lucian, Erasmus, and Voltaire should mutually acknowledge the danger of exposing an old superstition to the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude. Q. Z.

MISCELLANEA.

PAINTING IN SCOTLAND.—So early as the year 1460, says Mr. Pinckerton, painting had become very common in Scotland; as is proved by the following curious anecdote, taken from Bowar, the continuator of Fordun.

A Highland robber, having taken two cows from a poor woman, she swore she would wear no shoes till she had complained to the king. The savage, in ridicule of her oath, nailed horse-shoes to her feet. When her wounds were healed, she proceeded to the royal presence, told her story, and shewed the scars. The just monarch instantly dispatched orders to secure the thief, who being brought to Perth, and condemned, "The king commanded that he should be clothed in a canvas frock, on which was painted the figure of a man fastening horse-shoes to a woman's feet." In this dress he was exhibited through the streets of the city, for two days, and then dragged, at the tail of a horse, to the gallows, and hanged.

BESSIE BELL & MARY GRAY. } *"And thereby hangs a tale."* Shaks.

The banks of the river Almond (in Scotland) about two miles above Bertha, afforded an untimely grave to the fair friends, Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, two neighbouring beauties, celebrated in an elegant Scotch ballad, composed by a lover deeply smitten with the charms of both. One was daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, the other of the Laird of Lednoch. A pestilence, that raged in 1666, determined them to retire from the danger. They selected a romantic and sequestered spot on the side of the Brauchie Burn, where

"They bigged a bower on yon Burn Brae,
"And thick'd it o'er with rashes."

Here they lived for some time, and, as it should seem, without jealousy; for they received the visits of their lover: till, catching the infection, they both died, and were both interred in the lands of Lednoch, at Doonach Haugh.

EPIGRAMS.—In a collection of Songes and Sonnettes, by Lord Surrey, Sir Thos. Wyat, and uncertain authors, (printed by Tottel, Qto 1557) is the first pointed English epigram; and which, says Warton, deserves to be admitted into the modern collections of that popular species of poetry. Sir Thomas More was one of the best jokers of that age: there is some probability that this might have fallen from his pen. It is on a scholar, who was pursuing his

studies successfully, but, in the midst of his literary career, married unfortunately.

A student at his book so plast,*
That wealth he might have wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to run.
Now who hath plaid a feater cast,
Since jugling first begonne?
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,
Himself he hath *undonne*.

It is a general joke on an unhappy match. The following is a specimen of an epigram of a later period, from a little book of epigrams, by John Weever, 1559; a compliment

" Ad Robertum Allot et Christopherum Middleton—"

Quick are your wits, sharp your conceits,
Short and *more sweet* your lays:
Quick but no wit, sharp no conceit,
Short and *less sweet* my praise.

While noticing this species of composition, I cannot refrain from transcribing one more epigram: although it has been frequently printed, I trust none will be displeased at seeing it again. *Decies repetita placebit.*

Dr. Doddridge, says Johnson, was author of the finest epigram in the English language; the subject was taken from his family motto. " Dum vivimus vivamus"—which, to be sure, was not quite so proper for an English Divine. But he paraphrased it thus:

" Live while you live," the epicure would say,
" And seize the pleasures of the present day:"
" Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
" And catch each fleeting moment as it flies."
Lord, in my life let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to thee!

The epigram before us, and that of Crashaw which I have before had occasion to notice, are instances that this species of poetry is capable of being applied to noble purposes; and is sufficient to rescue it from the obloquy cast upon it by Lord Chesterfield, and other such superficial writers and supercilious censurers.

Stamford. OCTAVIUS.

* So pursuing his studies.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

"*An honest man's the noblest work of God.*" Pope.

SIR,

IN common with many of your readers, I have to lament the death of William Perkins Taylor, Esq. an occasional correspondent with the editor of the Mirror,* and whose death deserves to be recorded in those pages which have received no small degree of credit from his contributions. Trusting to some of your readers, who were more intimately known to Mr. Taylor, for a circumstantial account of that amiable man, I shall only observe that he was born of a very respectable family, at Wymondham, in Leicestershire, and received the early part of his education under Mr. Orme, at Oakham; afterwards he was entered at Cambridge, and from thence he went to Edinburgh, where he intended to study physic. Here it was he wrote a novel, entitled "Argentum, or Adventures of a Shilling;" a very lively tale, in which he has pleasingly described many of the most striking occurrences of his journey, when he went to be entered of the medical college. His other publications were "Young Wilmot's Tragedy," a very successful imitation of the old English poetry, and "Admonitions and Precepts of Christianity," translated from the original "*Monita et Precepta Christiana*;" these, with "Lovely Louisa," a simple and elegant song, and Letters in the Mirror and Gentleman's Magazine, are all I know of Mr. Taylor's writing. He married early in life, and became proprietor of the Stamford, Sheffield, and other theatres. Although a temperate and regular-living man, he laboured, for several years, under a debilitated frame and feeble constitution, and died the eighteenth of May, 1800, aged thirty-one. The simplicity of his manners, the sincerity and candour of his behaviour, and his unexceptionable morality, endeared him to a larger number of friends than usually falls to the lot of man. Without any ambition or vanity to gratify, I feel a pleasure in thus adding a testimony to departed worth, and I trust, in so doing, I shall not disgrace my friend, although his character will receive little increase from my feeble praise.

Stamford. OCTAVIUS.

* Mr. Taylor sometimes corresponded under his own name; but the articles signed *Carlo* are also the contributions of that gentleman, whose loss we sincerely deplore, *Ed.*

FACETIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

From "The Schoolmaster, or Teacher of Table Philosophie." 1576.

A PRIOR having guests to dinner, caused his servants to mingle water with the wine, that it might stretch the farther; and perceiving one of the monks to be very talkative, said unto him—"Brother, when will your mill leave clacking?"—"It cannot leave, Sir," quoth the monk, "as long as you give it so much water."

A LAWYER had taken away a cow from a poor man, who complained thereof to the king. "I will *hear what he will say* to the matter," quoth the king. "Nay, my Lord," said the poor man, "if you *hear him speak*, then have I surely lost my cow indeed."

AN archdeacon having visited his parish-church, from which he was promoted to the archdeaconry, there came to him a husbandman to ask counsel, saying, "Master archdeacon, I married a poor wife, and now I know where I may have a rich one; is it lawful for me to forsake the poor one, and to take the rich?" The archdeacon answered, "By no means."—"Then," said the husbandman, "But you have forsaken a poor church, and keep a rich archdeaconry;" which he hearing, gave up his archdeaconry, and returned to his own church.

IN the priory of Ramessâ, there dwelt a prior that was very liberal, who caused these verses to be written over his door:

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
"To none be shut, to honest or to poor."

But, after his death, there succeeded him another, whose name was Raynhard, as greedy and covetous as the other was bountiful and liberal, who kept the same verses there still, changing nothing therein but one point, which made them run after this manner:

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
"To none, be shut to honest or to poor."

Afterwards, being driven from thence for his extreme niggishness, it grew into a proverb, that for *one point* Raynhard lost his priory.

ON a time there came into a saint's church, so many halt and lame people to be cured, that the priest could not drive them forth. Then said the priest, "Give me your staves, and I will heal you all." And when he had them, he sent for fire; and being demanded what he would do with it? "Burn him that is most lame," quoth he, "that you may all be healed with his ashes." And when they heard this, they all ran away.

S. K.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

ELECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Observations on a Tour through the Highlands and Part of the Western Isles of Scotland. By T. Garnett, M. D. Continued from Page 284.

VOYAGE TO STAFFA. *Basaltic Pillars.* "As we proceeded along the western coast of the island, the Basaltic pillars were very evident, though, in many places, irregular, and reaching only half way down the rock, which, together with the pillars, was of a dark colour, inclining to black. In other places they proceed from the water upwards, and are abruptly terminated or broken. As we turned the southern point, they became vastly more regular, and the view of the island on this side was grand beyond conception; like the end of an immense cathedral, whose massy roof was supported by stupendous pillars, formed with all the regularity of art. At the bottom appeared the ends of broken pillars, standing upright, and forming an extensive causeway. On the top of the island, above these ranges of columns, the green turf is often interrupted by lesser pillars, inclined almost in every direction, but generally dipping towards the west, forming an angle of 30° with the horizon. The large pillars are of a dark hue, inclining to black, but, in many places, richly coloured with light green, yellow, and orange. This rich variety of colour, which adds greatly to the beauty of the magnificent scene, is produced by different species of lichen, growing upon the stone. The pillars stand upon a base of gravelly lava, of a light brown colour, without any regularity in its form. This bed slopes gradually from the bases of the columns into the sea."

"Proceeding farther along the same side of the island, we had a view of Fingal's cave, one of the most magnificent sights the eye ever beheld. It appears like the inside of a cathedral, of immense size, but superior to any work of art, in sublimity and grandeur, and equal to any in regularity. Regularity is the only part in which art pretends to excel nature; but here nature has shewn that, when she pleases, she can set art at nought, and make man sensible of his own littleness. Her works are, in general, distinguished by a grand sublimity, in which she disdains the similar position of parts, called by mankind *regularity*, but which, in fact, may be another name

for narrowness of conception and poverty of ideas. But here, in a playful mood, she has produced a regular piece of workmanship, and on a scale so immense, as to make all the temples built by the hand of man hide their diminished heads." P. 218—220.

For the full description of these stupendous objects, the dimensions of the cave, theories concerning the formation of the pillars, and the mineralogy of Staffa, we refer to the first volume, and the plates, three in number, which the author approves, as well executed.

"ICOLMKILL—is between three and four leagues from Staffa. At a considerable distance we could discern the tower of the cathedral, which became every moment more distinct. We sailed between Icolmkill and a small island called the Isle of Nuns; and, as we approached the former, we saw a considerable number of kelp-makers at work on the shore. Having landed on a small bay, opposite to the only village on the island, we were conducted to a wretched hut, the only public house, where, after refreshing ourselves, we walked out to inquire for the schoolmaster, who was to point out to us the different remains of antiquity. He being absent, we took a slight view at [of] some of the dilapidated buildings, and, on our return, were met by the schoolmaster, Maclean, successor of the insular antiquarian, mentioned by Dr. Johnson."

"He conducted us to a little bay, to the west of the village called the BAY of the MARTYRS, where all the illustrious dead were landed, who had been brought from distant parts to be interred. As the evening was far advanced, we appointed the schoolmaster to meet us at six o'clock next morning, July 21. Our antiquary was punctual to the appointed time, and conducted us to the ruins, which point out, in striking contrast, the present state of this little island, and its condition in former times, when it was the luminary of the Caledonian regions, and diffused knowledge and civilization through the ignorant clans of barbarians for many miles. In this sequestered isle learning flourished, and found a safe retreat, when western Europe lay buried in ignorance and barbarity; and from this seminary issued pious and learned monks, as well as laymen, who again revived learning, and propagated christianity thro' many kingdoms of Europe."

"Previous[*ly*] to describing these ruins, I shall give a short account of their foundation. This island is between two and three miles in length, about one in breadth, and is mentioned by writers under different names. It appears that the Druids possessed it before the introduction of christianity. At a very small distance from

the cathedral is a green hill, called to this day the THE BURIAL PLACE of the Druids. According to tradition, the first christians banished the Druids, and took possession of their seat."

From some notations of time, we learn, in the subsequent paragraphs, that the Druids had been expelled about the beginning of the 17th century; for it is said that the religious establishments in this island, having continued unmolested in the exercise of their duties for two centuries, were, in 807, attacked by the Danes, who, with their usual barbarity, slew part of the monks, and forced the remainder, with CELLACH, their abbot, to seek safety by flight. The monastery remained depopulated for several years, but, on the retreat of the Danes, received a new order, the Cluniacs, who continued there till the dissolution of monastic institutions, when their revenues were united to the see of Argyle, and, on the abolition of episcopacy, became the property of the duke. Dr. Garnett gives an outline of Columba's romantic history, for which we refer to the volume, or to a more ample account lately published by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Cambeltown.

"It would appear, that the [primitive order of] monks first differed from the church of Rome, both in a clerical tonsure, the time of observing Easter, and several other ceremonies; and some have thought that COLUMBA borrowed his regulations from an oriental monastery. However this may be, he here led a very exemplary life, and was greatly respected for the sanctity of his manners. At length, in the 77th year of his age, he died, in the arms of his disciples, and was buried in the island, though the Irish contend that his remains were removed to Down."

Though the church and tombs of the nuns, the dimensions and parts of the cathedral, its materials and revenue, the bishop's house, the tombs of the kings, and of the insular lords, and others, with memorial inscriptions, and other precious morsels of antiquarian entertainment, are here served up, in elaborate profusion, we regret that we cannot regale our readers with a plentiful meal, and are therefore unwilling to tantalise them with a penurious repast of mutilated fragments.

[To be continued.]

Select Sermons, translated from the French of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, to which is prefixed an Essay on the Eloquence of the Pulpit in England. Clarke, New Bond-Street. 1800.

THE translator has infused into these discourses the same vivid glow we so much applauded when we noticed his version of the fu-

neral orations of Bossuet. We shall turn, at present, from the merits and characteristic energy of these discourses, in order to advert to the preliminary essay on the eloquence of the pulpit in England. This essay might be entitled a moral *Rhetorique*, in which the sublime art of preaching is unfolded in a new, original, and interesting manner; in which the precepts are enlivened by several splendid illustrations. We cannot refrain from ardently recommending this essay to the diligent perusal of all young men of the clerical profession. The many hints and luminous precepts that are to be found in this eloquent treatise, are well calculated for improving the general taste, and for stimulating the sacred orator to a sublimer flight. "If terror and pity," says the essayist, "are the throbbing pulses of Christian oratory, as well as of the drama, the powers of the former are certainly in this country feeble and unimpressive. Many splendid exceptions may be adduced, but I allude to the deficiency of general excellence. Under that consideration, the form of sacred eloquence appears sickly and inactive; the pulse at her heart beats languidly; no expression flashes from her eye; and her pale lip attests that no seraph has touched it with the *live coal from off the altar*."

Substance of the Speech of Thomas Jones, Esq. F. R. and A. S. and M. P. on his Motion for Peace, made in the House of Commons, May 8, 1800, *with a Copy of the Address moved for by him to his Majesty.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d. Debrett.*

WITHOUT entering into the expediency or inexpediency of making peace with the present government of France, we do not hesitate to give it as our opinion that the remarks made by the Honourable member on the subject are strongly expressive of an honest and patriotic mind, convinced, to the best of its judgment, that the rejection of the late pacific overtures from France was unwise, and not for the advantage of the country. This credit is due to Mr. Jones, who seems to have been prompted, in the sincerity of his heart, to stand forward, on this occasion, albeit "unus'd to the *debating* mood." The speech is not dilated by common-place declamation and embellisnment; but the arguments are those of plain common sense, and will speak forcibly to the minds of those who are not behind the state-curtain.

Tales of Truth. By a Lady. Under the Patronage of the Duchess of York. Small 8*vo.* 4 *vols. Dutton.* 1800.

THE patronage of the Duchess of York, in whom are associated all the softer virtues and christian charities which endear exalted

rank to the worthy and the good, will serve as a sufficient passport to these agreeable volumes. As compositions of fancy, they are, perhaps, open to numerous and powerful objections: but as *Tales of Truth*, and lessons of morality, we can recommend them without scruple to the young of either sex.

The Works of Don Francisco de Quevedo. Translated from the Spanish. 8vo. 3 *vols.* 15*s. Edinburgh, Mundell; London, Wright.* 1799.

QUEVEDO, one of the most eminent writers and distinguished scholars which Spain has produced, amply merited the honour which is here done to his memory. His *Visions* are sufficiently known to the English reader; but his other works, of which the better part are given in these volumes, viz. *The Night Adventurer, History of Paul, the Spanish Sharper, Fortune in her Wits, Proclamation by Father Time, A Treatise of all Things, Letters, &c.* have been chiefly confined to the libraries of the curious and the learned.

The type and the paper are of a very superior kind; and the translations are illustrated with several beautiful engravings. A life of the author is prefixed, from the pen of Dr. Anderson.

The Chemical Pocket-Book; or, Memoranda Chemica: arranged in a Compendium of Chemistry, according to the latest Discoveries. With Bergman's Table of single elective Attractions, as improved by Dr. G. Pearson. Calculated as well for the occasional Reference of the Professional Student, as to supply others with a general Knowledge of Chemistry. By James Parkinson. 5*s.* 12mo. *Symonds.* 1800.

A USEFUL and ingenious companion to the *medical* tracts published by Mr. Parkinson, which we have had occasion to notice and commend in some of our former numbers.

Some Observations upon the Vindication of Homer, and of the Ancient Poets and Historians who have recorded the Siege and Fall of Troy, written by J. B. S. Morrit, Esq. By Jacob Bryant. Quarto, 95 *Pages. Pote and Williams. Eton.*

OF the learned controversy on which these observations are suggested, few readers are competent judges, and perhaps fewer have not already made up their minds. Our very respectable author's hypothesis is certainly not sanctioned by the current of popular belief. The credibility of Homer's relation, concerning the place, the per-

sons, the event, and many of the incidents, which are said to have arisen during this extraordinary war, is among the earliest and strongest of our convictions. We contract, in infancy, a familiarity with the numerous heroes in this memorable conflict, which greatly endears them to our recollection; and our hearts very naturally revolt at arguments which are calculated to annihilate scenes and reduce to fiction the drama and apparatus which have so often charmed us. Mr. Bryant's object, however, in this arduous investigation, is so respectable and praise-worthy, his reasoning is every where so guarded and correct, and his researches, on the whole, are so modest and candid, that he is not to be refuted by strong language, blunt assertion, or arbitrary misconstruction. Of these unfair proceedings in polemical discussion, he complains heavily in the pamphlet before us. We have not had an opportunity of reading Mr. M's work, but we are sincerely concerned that any one, in the character of a gentleman and a scholar, should ever be found liable, in any degree, to the imputations with which he is here charged.

A Picture of Christian Philosophy; or, a Theological, Philosophical, and Practical Illustration of the Character of Jesus. *By Robert Fellows, A. M. Oxon. 2s. 6d. White, Fleet-Street.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the verbosity of the title page, which gives a vulgar aspect to so petty a publication, the whole is well written, and contains some original considerations, even on this topic of long repeated discussion. The reverend author discovers a becoming acquaintance with his professional literature, and sets the benevolence of his divine master in a point of view peculiarly luminous and engaging.

The Union. Cease your Funning. 45 *Pages, Price* 1*s.* 6*d. Dublin printed. London, Debrett,* 1799.

AN ironical reply to the publication entitled "Arguments for and against an Union considered," attributed to Mr. Cooke. That pamphlet the author affects to consider as the production of an United Irishman, and recommends "that the writer, printer, and publisher be prosecuted, by indictment, information, or court-martial, as the circumstances of the case may require." His remarks are distinguished by humour, and the singularity of the performance may bestow upon it, in Ireland, considerable celebrity. It is well written, but does not appear to us to contain any conclusive proofs of the impropriety of the measure it designs to oppose.

DRAMATIC.

Ramah Droog: a Comic Opera, in Three Acts. By James Cobb, Esq. 8vo. 2s. *Longman and Rees.* 1800.

THIS opera, the exhibition of which has afforded considerable amusement to the town, will no more bear the investigation of criticism in the closet, than it satisfied the judgment of intelligent spectators in the theatre [see vol. vi. p. 365]. Stripped of its scenic attractions, its *decorations, music, dance, procession,* &c. what remains will scarcely requite the reader for his attention. It is some merit, however, to *write up* to these things, and few men are better acquainted with the method of disposing the different materials of a modern opera to the greatest advantage than Mr. Cobb; witness the *Haunted Tower, Siege of Belgrade, Pirates, Cherokee,* &c.

The dialogue of this piece is easy and correct.

The Two Friends; or the Liverpool Merchant. A Drama. In Five Acts. Translated from the French. 8vo. 2s. *Earle and Hemet.*

THE generous conduct of a man, who, understanding that his friend, a very respectable merchant, is on the eve of bankruptcy, without knowing the bad state of his affairs, supplies the deficient sum, from money vested in his hands, as receiver of the county taxes, and, in consequence thereof, exposes himself to suspicion, reproach, and disgrace, forms the subject of the present play. The plot is intricate and busy, and the situations are often interesting. The scene is laid in Liverpool, but the manners are perfectly *French.*

The author of the *Road to Ruin,* we think, must have known something of this play.

The Beauties of the Modern Dramatists. By W. C. Oulton. 12mo. 2 *Vols. West and Hughes.* 1800.

THESE volumes, like the *Beauties of Shakspere,* the *Poets,* &c. are alphabetically arranged under different heads; but there is little discrimination or taste employed in the selection.

When this work was *first* published, a plate, containing five portraits, was prefixed as a frontispiece, two of which had been pirated from the Monthly Mirror. Understanding that the publishers had been deceived by the *engraver,* we have forborne to prosecute them for this offence, on condition of their giving up the plate and impressions to the proprietors of this Miscellany. This is the *third* time we have been lenient to such practices; but we now give notice, that we are determined, henceforth, to protect a property from invasion, which we have acquired by means of connexion and resources exclusively our own, and which has cost us no small expence and industry to raise to its present flourishing condition.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO-VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS.

SHAKSPERE.

FROM THE WREATH, BY EDWARD DU BOIS.

MENANDER IN PLUTARCH.

Ουδεν πεπονθας δεινον, αν μη προσποιη.

Thou hast suffered no wrong, unless thou dost fancy so.

EPICTETUS.

ENCHIR. C. 31.

Σε γαρ αλλος ου βλαψει, αν μη συ θελης. Τοτε δε εση βεβλαμμενος, ὁταν ὑπολαβης βλαπτεσθαι.

No one hurts thee unless thou art willing he should. For then only wilt thou be hurt, when thou dost think thyself hurt.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

B. 7. § 14.

Εγω δε, εαν μη ὑπολαβω ὁτι κακον το συμβεβηκος, ουπω βεβλαμμαι.

Unless I myself think that which happens an evil, I am still unhurt.

OTHELLO.

SCENE XIV. ACT II.

IAGO. *You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.*

SCENE VIII. ACT III.

OTHELLO. *He that is robb'd———*
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

EPICTETUS.

ENCHIR. cap. 79.

Αποκτειναι μεν δυνανται, βλαψαι δ' ου.

They can kill me, but they cannot hurt me.

HAMLET.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal.

ANNE TO RICHARD.

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have.

MACBETH.(a)

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?

THE CHOEPHORÆ OF ÆSCHYLUS(b).

Ποροι τε παντες εκ μιας ὁδε
Βαινοντες τον χαιρομυσῃ(c)
Φονον καθαιροντες ιυσαν ατην(d).

All the streams rushing from one mouth to wash away the blood of this hateful deed, would wash in vain.

(a) See ANALECT. III. p. 199.

(b) Compare the characters of Orestes and Pylades with those of Hamlet and Horatio. Ægisthus and Clytemnestra also resemble Claudius the king and Gertrude the queen. Egisthus was cousin to Agamemnon; the king was brother to Hamlet's father. Ægisthus and the king, with the connivance of Clytemnestra and the queen, murder the husbands of the latter, and obtain their thrones.—They are both killed by the sons of the deceased, to which act they are alike excited by preternatural means; the one by an oracle, the other by his father's ghost.—See the above play of Æschylus: there the spirit or manes of Agamemnon are disturbed, as well as Hamlet's father's, both desirous of being revenged of their murderers. Æschylus and Shakespere use some expressions, on similar occasions, that are not unlike. The effect of horror, in Hamlet, is to make the "*hair to stand an end*;" in the other we have φοβος, ορθοθριξ. Orestes, at the tomb, seeing the procession advance, says to Pylades:

Πυλαδη, σταθωμεν εκποδων ως αν σαφως
Μαθω γυναικων ητις ηδε πρεσβοπτα.

So Hamlet, at the grave, to Horatio:

But soft! but soft, aside—here comes the king,
The queen and courtiers.
Couch me awhile, and mark.

Clytemnestra, to her son:

Κτειναι εοικας, ω τεκνον, την μητερα.

The queen, to her son:

———*Thou wilt not murder me?*

(c) Χειρομυσῃ. Ed. prin. Turneb.

(d) De Pauw seems perfectly justified in reading this verse as an iambic, and the two last words, with a necessary correction, thus:

Φονον καθαιρωντες ελλυσαν ματην. Except that it should be καθαιροντες.—SCALIGER and CANTERUS had seen that λυσαν and ματην were wanting. And the antistrophe closing with an iambic, shews that an iambic was required here.

THEOCRITUS.

Id. XXVII. v. 64.

Παρθενος ενθα βεβηκα· γυνη δ' εις οικον αφερψω.

I came here a maid, I shall return home a woman.

HAMLET.

OPHELIA. *Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,*
And dupt the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never returned more.

HOMER.

Il. VI. v. 429.

Εκτορ, αταρ συ μοι εσσι πατηρ και ποτνια μητηρ,
Ηδε κασιγνητος, συ δε μοι θαλερος παρακοιτης.

ANDRO. Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas, my parents, brothers, kindred all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.

POPE.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

JULIET. *Romeo is banished———in that word,*
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!

The one sets the same value on Hector as the other does on Romeo.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF KOTZEBUE.

KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German dramatist, lately repaired to Revel, the Emperor Paul having given him permission to return to Russia. After a stay of a few days at Revel, he continued his journey into the interior; but, at the first town he reached, he was apprehended by order of the commandant, who immediately sent an account of the proceeding to the Emperor. It was expected that an order would be received to conduct him to the frontiers, but, on the contrary, the officer has been commanded to send him under a strong guard to Petersburg. This circumstance has given rise to many conjectures: some persons think that he will be immediately brought to trial, while others are of opinion that he will be transported into Siberia.

Kotzebüe having lost his father (who was private secretary to the Duke of Saxony) at a very early age, went to Petersburg, to the Prussian ambassador, Count de Gootz, to whom he was related.—The count recommended him to the governor of Revel, as a person capable of superintending the education of his son. But Kotzebüe's attention was occupied, in a much greater degree, by the daughter. The governor was, at first, highly incensed, on discovering that he had seduced her affections; but, finding no remedy for the evil, he consented to their marriage, obtained for him the reversion of his own situation, and a diploma, conferring on him the dignity of Baron of the Roman Empire. His wife having died a few years after, Kotzebüe honoured her memory with a superb elegy, and consoled himself for her loss by seducing a married woman, for whom he undertook to procure a divorce. In consequence of this transaction, he was obliged to fly from Revel, and to take refuge at Vienna, where he was appointed sub-director of the National Theatre.

Several quarrels with the actors, in which his conduct was very open to censure, his publication of an atrocious libel, and violent suspicions, apparently too well founded, of his political opinions, compelled him to leave Vienna. He came to Berlin, on his way to Revel. During his residence here, he requested that the manager of the theatre would, from respect to his modesty, not permit any of his performances to be represented. On leaving this place, he presented Iffland, the manager of the theatre, who is also an actor, and a celebrated dramatic writer, and to whom he shewed the most distinguished attention, with a tragedy entitled *Octavia*. This production has not been exhibited on the stage: those, however, who have seen it, praise it highly, and state, that he is the first who has had the art of attaching considerable interest to the fate of the unfortunate spouse of Antony.

THE REVEREND ROWLAND HILL

AND

MRS. PORTER, THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

Mr. Editor,

Some few weeks past, the public prints teemed with the following anecdote, which, it was said, transpired in the course of a sermon preached by the Rev. Rowland Hill, at the funeral of his coachman.

Mr. Hill having, for some time, expatiated on the merits of the deceased, finished that part of his discourse, by informing his auditors—" That this very man was, thirty years ago, a highwayman; had stopt him, (Mr. Hill); but, a proper opportunity offering, had been questioned, and, of course, from the nature of his narrative, in a friendly manner been expostulated with;—that there being great reason to believe this crime originated more from distress, than indolence or depravity, temporary relief was cheerfully and voluntarily afforded. Mr. Hill gave him his address, and the robber promised to wait upon him at a future period, which he did; and, after a few conferences between them, became an inmate of Mr. Hill's family, wherein he continued, beloving and beloved, till compelled by death to tread 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.'

" The secret of what passed on the highway was known only to the master and servant, and never disclosed to any person by either, till the abovementioned period."

How this anecdote got into circulation I know not; but I have every reason to believe it is totally void of truth. The circumstance never occurred to Mr. Hill, nor did Mr. Hill deliver any such narrative from the pulpit. The object, however, of this letter, is not merely to correct a mistake, which has obtained very general credit, but to state a fact upon which the fabricator of the harangue in question very probably built his ingenious story, and which comes so immediately within the design of your work, and reflects such immortal honour on a deceased member of the theatrical community, that I flatter myself you will readily assign it a corner in your Dramatic Department.

Mrs. Porter, the late valuable and justly celebrated actress, resided some years at Highwood Hill, near Hendon, and thither she usually returned after the evening business of the theatre was over, in a single horse chaise (attended by a servant) while a book, with a brace of pistols, generally occupied the side pocket of her carriage.

One summer evening, during the theatrical vacation of the year 1731, whilst taking an airing, Mrs. Porter was stopt by a highwayman, with the customary demand, " your money:" on looking back, she found her attendant had loitered behind, and was not, at that juncture, within sight. Conceiving, however, that he might not be long in coming up, and knowing that she had a resource at

hand, her admirable presence of mind, and natural courage, overcame the timidity of her sex, and, with undaunted resolution, she presented one of her pistols. The fellow, who, in all probability, had merely the semblance of fire arms in his hands, astonished and intimidated, in the most supplicating manner, implored her pecuniary aid; declaring, in the strongest terms, that necessity alone had induced him to rob on the highway: that he had a family actually in want of every necessary of life, who had known happier days than those they now experienced; and, to appease their importunate cries for bread, he had that night, for the first time, resolved to commit an act he even then shuddered to think of.

The man's voice, his emotion, his tears, convinced Mrs. Porter that she had not much to fear from him; and, before he had completed the little narrative of his domestic misfortunes, with the sympathizing tear of sensibility, that amiable woman gave him her purse, containing nine or ten guineas, and some silver. She did more—asked his address, which, after some little hesitation on his part, and emboldened by assurance on hers, he at length gave. Mrs. Porter told him, she should make minute enquiry as to his circumstances, &c. and, if found correspondent with his tale, he might, probably, hear further from her. The servant, at this instant, coming up on a brisk trot, the man left her abruptly, getting off, as fast as he could, down a pathway through some fields. On his departure, Mrs. Porter, giving her horse a smart lash, the animal started on the instant, ran unruly out of the track, overthrew the chaise before it could be stopped, and, in consequence thereof, her thigh bone was severely fractured. In this deplorable state she was conveyed home, but, to her immortal honour be it remembered, that, notwithstanding this unlucky accident, she lost no time, but caused strict enquiry to be made after the rash adventurer and his family; and finding that he had, in no respect, deceived her, she raised him, by her own and her friends subscription, the sum of sixty pounds. Such an act, under all the circumstances, Mr. Editor, was nobly great. I confess I know not which to admire most, her composed magnanimity in the hour of attack, her faithful adherence to her promise (at a time when vulgar minds would have found sufficient employ in contemplating its own situation) or her unexampled liberality in the end.

I am, &c.

PORTA.

THE TRAGEDY CALLED DE MONTFORD,

AND

THE PASSION OF HATRED,

ILLUSTRATED BY AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

WHEN the play abovenamed was presented to the public, a benevolent scepticism suspected the propriety of the fiction, and hoped to be able to deny that its incidents could be found in the volume of human nature. The principle of justice led the spectator into a delusive inference, that profound hatred originated in serious wrong; and that petty altercation generated only petty dislike. It was, therefore, not considered that excellence itself may be a cause of aversion, and continued kindness only an aggravation of the feeling. But benefits wear the character of insults, when we hate to be obliged. When the reason predominates over the passions, the head acknowledges the gift, while the heart is cold; and the natural envy of power is embittered by the consciousness that we are reduced to taste of its bounty. There are, however, degrees of this passion; and to those who doubt its *extreme* character, the following story is offered. We may deplore the condition of our being, but we shall vindicate the dramatist.

A venerable and learned peer (whose name it were irreverence to mention, but which may be surmised when a lately-exhibited bust is alluded to) when a young man, upon the circuit, was retained as counsel for the *prisoner* in the following case:—An elderly gentleman was cast away upon the western part of our coast. The people gathered about him, and pointed out a respectable house in the neighbourhood, where he was most likely to be well received. He rejoiced to find, that it was inhabited by an old school-fellow, whom he had never seen since they were boys together. His joy, however, was damped by finding him a martyr to the gout—yet, long as he had suffered under the pangs inflicted by that tyrant, he seemed revived by the sight of an early friend, and his spirits appeared to be renewed by the unlooked-for accident. After our traveller had refreshed himself, he was shewn by the servant maid to the chamber she had prepared for him, and left to his repose. This girl was the only domestic of our old gentleman. In the night, the traveller was *murdered.* The trial was to ascertain by whom. The master of the house represented himself as unable to stir hand or foot—for a long time he had never moved out of his apartment. The girl, when interrogated, gave her answers and protestations in a manner so candid

and convincing, that every opinion absolved her. In this situation, the counsel for the prosecution said he had one more question to ask the servant maid, which he handed to the prisoner's counsel. "If you put this question," said the latter, "I *fling up my brief*."—Every consideration naturally enforced the question—it was, "Did you, in the night, hear a door open? The answer was, "I *did*."—"What door?"—"*My master's*."

The old gentleman, upon this, begged that he might be permitted to confess his crime, and make the only atonement in his power. What he said was to this effect.

"We were of the same standing, in the same school, and the sons of gentlemen. Two boys on the foundation, with no other dependance, had robbed an orchard. The deceased proposed that we, as able to bear the obloquy, should *father* the offence. We did so; and were expelled. The shame of expulsion produced hate towards him who had recommended the act that produced it. We were sundered in the business of life. I knew not, till he sought my house, that he existed. At the sight of him, I felt a flush of triumph springing into my cheeks—to him it no doubt seemed the joy to behold him—it was the joy to behold him my *victim*. HATRED invigorated my limbs:—decrepitude yielded to the demand for vengeance:—in the middle of a sleepless night, I crawled on my hands and knees to his chamber-door; with a palpitating heart listened to his breathing, to be assured he was asleep; and, with a razor he had borrowed of me, I cut his throat from ear to ear—I then crept back to my chamber with horrible satisfaction."

It is only necessary to add, that, upon this confession, the offender was executed. To apply the story, and illustrate our subject, may be the trouble, for it cannot be the amusement, of the reader. Of its truth there is not the slightest question.

B.

☞ *Our Account of the Play of* DE MONTFORD *will appear next Month; when we shall offer some remarks on the passion of* HATRED, *as applicable to dramatic purposes, and also upon the principle which the author has laid down in her* Series of Plays.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

On his publishing a second Volume of "Fabliaux," of the 12th and 13th Centuries, translated by the late *Mr. Way.*

THE friend, whose oaten pipe was tun'd erewhile
To minstrel measures, who in sylvan bow'r
Woo'd gothic Fiction, which hath gifted pow'r
To charm the lone retreats of letter'd toil:—
That gentle friend, who roam'd thro' many a clime
Of fabling fancy, gaz'd on tourney high,
Or antique maske, or faery revelry,
And told his tranced tale in suited rime;
That friend is gone!—but to *thy* care he gave
An anademe of taste-enwoven flowers,
Which shall his memory rescue from the grave,
And faithfully record to after hours,—
That he whose aiding hand the wreath entwin'd,
Shares kindred feelings and congenial mind.

T. PARK.

SONNET ON CHATTERTON.

O Chatterton! fair Genius' eldest born!
Thou who oft straying Avon's banks along,
Pour'd forth so sweet thy wildly warbling song,
With clouds o'ercast arose thy cheerless morn!
Ill could'st thou bear th' unfeeling taunt of Scorn,
The chilly hand of Want:—beneath the darts
Of Obloquy, and Envy's hellish arts,
Too soon, alas, thy spirit sunk forlorn!
Thy features wore the pallid hue of Care,
Thy bloodshot eyeballs starting from thine head,
By fits cast round dread Frenzy's vacant glare,
And thy torn heart with throbbing anguish bled.
Rash youth! the direst wrath of heaven to dare,
And drink the bitter draught, that gave thee to the dead.

Lynn.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

APRIL 28.—MR. BANNISTER'S NIGHT.—*The Children; or Give them their Way.* A musical farce of some whim, calculated to display the abilities of Mrs. Jordan, and the junior Bannister; but, having been imperfectly studied in some of its parts, the effect of the representation suffered material injury. The farce was preceded by a prologue, introductory of a new song, called the *Origin of Bachelors*, which possessed considerable merit. The music was composed by Mr. Kelly.

29.—*De Montford.*—Vide note at the end of the British Stage.

MAY 10.—*Indiscretion.*—A comedy from the pen of Mr. Prince Hoare, to which, we regret, our limits will not allow us to do the justice it demands. The design is of the most laudable kind, and calculated, in an especial degree, to further the ends of morality. The *strong holds* of vice and profligacy have often been attacked, and lately, with peculiar vigour;—their inmost *recesses* have been explored, and it has been thought sufficient to deter the spectator from the commission of crime, by representing its fatal consequences to the culpable parties; the hopeless penitence of the seduced, and the remorse of the seducer. This is good; but it is, perhaps, as well, or better, to stop up the *avenues* which lead to such a depôt of misery; to point the finger of Caution *ad portam*, indicating that INDISCRETION is the door to *Guilt*, and that one false step may precipitate the passenger into irrecoverable wretchedness.

To quit the roof of a parent is the most alarming INDISCRETION of which a female can be guilty. She forfeits the regard of the author of her being, and is thus too apt to supply the loss by accepting a protection which brings with it dishonour and ruin. This is the danger against which Mr. Hoare offers a warning to the sex; and he illustrates his moral by the example of *Julia Burly*,(a) who, to avoid the addresses of a person to whom she feels no attachment, elopes with the protesting *Clermont*.(b) He takes advantage of the confidence thus reposed in him, and meditates her seduction. Julia finds means to escape. [*Let the fair reader reflect how few, under such circumstances, are so fortunate as Julia.*] An interview is effected by a female friend of the family, between the father(c) and daughter, but Julia, refusing to give up the name of her lover, she retires from the house unassisted and unforgiven. Clermont [*But every libertine is not a Clermont*] becomes sensible of his misconduct to Julia, and seeks to lose, in dissipation (but in vain) the recollection of the wrongs he has done her. In the disguise of a modern fine gentleman, the latter meets with an opportunity of conversing with Clermont, and, by an artful but concealed reference to her own situation, exciting his sensibility, assures herself that he still loves her with sincerity, and is filled with remorse for his transgression. The result is a declaration of her real character, and the sanction of her father to their union.

There are other important characters and incidents in the piece, which coalesce with the main intention, but we must refer to the published drama for the detail.

(a) Mrs. Jordan. (b) Mr. Barrymore. (c) Mr. Bannister.

The disguise of Old Burly, for the purpose of discovering the designs of the young men who visit his house, in regard to his *second* daughter, though whimsical, trenches rather too closely upon the limits of farce, for a production which aspires, and which often arrives, at legitimate comedy. The *advertising couple (Sir Marmaduke Maxim,* (d) and *Victoria,*) the dupes of their mutual vanity, afford a very high degree of entertainment; and the *interview* is conducted with infinite humour and address. The author has aimed at novelty in delineating the character of Burly, but, we doubt whether he have not a little defeated the object of the comedy, and detracted from the interest of some of the scenes by the comic irascibility which forms a *trait* in his composition.

The play is written with much elegance and vigour. Mr. Hoare has modelled his dialogue after that of our best dramatic writers, with whom he may challenge a competition, for some part of the present performance, without the imputation of vanity. We shall present our readers with a specimen, when the work comes under our cognizance as *reviewers.*

MAY 12.—MRS. JORDAN'S NIGHT. This inimitable actress, in the part of Beatrice, *(The Pannel)* introduced a new song, called *The Blue Bells of Scotland.* It is a simple little ballad, of which, as a composition, or a *tune*, nothing extraordinary can be said; but it pleased, and will continue to please whenever it is sung by Mrs Jordan—such is the exquisite sweetness of her voice, and, what is scarcely less fascinating, the accompanying *naiveté* of her manner.

14.—MR. KELLY'S NIGHT.—*The Haunted Tower*, and the *Corps de Ballet*, from the Opera House, a company which was, perhaps, never equalled in this country before, and will scarcely, at any future period, be excelled, attracted a most crowded and brilliant audience.

15.—*She Would and She Would not.*—BY COMMAND OF THEIR MAJESTIES.—This evening will be for ever memorable in history, as that on which the life of our beloved Sovereign was attempted, by James Hatfield, whom, before the publication of this number of our work, the decision of a jury will have pronounced either a deliberate assassin, or a wretched maniac. We gave a full account of this alarming occurrence in our last number. Vide *Domestic Events.*

JUNE 2.—*The Lucky Escape.* A pleasing little ballet by Signor Bossi, produced for the benefit of Madame Bossi del Caro, and in which Mr. St. Pierre, and the Miss Denis, (three young ladies of uncommon merit) from Sadler's Wells, displayed a degree of grace and activity, which met with universal applause.

JUNE 5.—MR. TRUEMAN'S NIGHT. On which occasion he treated his friends with a new *loyal song*, commemorative of his Majesty's late escape, and composed by the ingenious Mr. Moorhead.

JUNE 6.—MRS. CROUCH'S BENEFIT.—Signora Bolla, from the King's Theatre, made der *entrée* on the *English* stage, in the character of *Lilla*, the part which was so admirably performed by Storace, to whom Mad. Bolla in some respects bears a resemblance. She spoke the dialogue intelligibly; but, of course, with the foreign accent: and displayed considerable humour and spirit throughout the whole performance. Miss Dixon, from the same theatre, the young lady who performed *Beda* for Mrs. Crouch's benefit last season, afforded much

(d) Mr. King and Miss Pope.

satisfaction both as a singer and an actress, in the part of *Ghita*. The *Page* was represented by a young lady (a pupil of Mrs. C.) who promises to do credit to her preceptor. The house was crowded with the first fashion in town.

11.—*Mountaineers.*—Raymond played *Octavian* with great animation and feeling, and with an effect only inferior to that produced by the impressive performance of Kemble.

14.—*Citizen.*—A young lady, whose name we understand to be Rogers, exhibited something like comic talent in the part of *Maria*, and met with a favourable reception from the audience. But, if she designs to make the stage a profession, she must endeavour to soften down, if possible, the asperities of her voice, which, when elevated beyond a certain pitch, becomes extremely disagreeable to the ear, "straining harsh discords and offensive sharps."

17.—The theatre closed with *Love for Love*, and the *Follies of a Day*. Powell and Miss Heard were the substitutes for Kemble and Miss Biggs, absent on *foreign service*.

18.—The proprietors obliged Mr. Lacy, the son of one of the former patentees of this theatre, with a *free night*; and the principal performers also made a gratuitous tender of their services. *The Child of Nature*, and *Othello*, were the entertainments; in the latter of which Mr. Lacy performed the part of the *Moor* with some judgment, but with little effect. This gentleman was formerly an actor at this theatre, and, besides *Hamlet*, and other characters of consequence, had the honour, (as the poetical address from the ready pen of Mr. Taylor informed us) to perform *Alexander the Great* before their Majesties. On an occasion like the present, criticism must resign its office. The house wore a respectable appearance; and, we sincerely hope, the purpose of the benefit was substantially answered. The clear profits have been estimated at £270.

COVENT-GARDEN.

April 30.—Mr. Knight's *Benefit.*—The *Critic* was represented, for the first time on this stage, in which Mr. Knight's *Puff*, Munden's *Sir Fretful*, Fawcett's *Whiskerandos*, Mrs. Mattocks's *Tilburina*, and, to use the Irish phrase of an Irish poet, Johnstone's "*expressive silence*," in Lord Burleigh, completely fulfilled the intention of our modern Congreve. The house was most respectably attended.

May 1.—*Paul and Virginia.*—A story which St. Pierre has rendered one of the most simple and interesting pastorals in the French language; of which the elegant translation of Helen Maria Williams increased the popularity; and which acquired a *Dramatic* character, under the classical taste of Noverre, assisted by the graceful performance of Madam Hillisberg, found its way, this evening, as it ought to have done before, on the boards of Covent-Garden theatre. The better part of the music of the *ballet* was transferred to the opera, which is really one of the most pleasing exhibitions of the kind we have ever witnessed.—The interest of the story is heightened by creating an anxiety for the fate of the affectionate pair, by the introduction of a rival, who succeeds in separating *Virginia* from her lover, and conveying her on board the ship destined for Spain. A violent storm arises—the vessel is wrecked—Virginia is discovered amid the

waves, by which she is, at length, overpowered, and, apparently, swallowed up—the faithful negro precipitates himself from a rock into the sea—Paul, at this instant, in a small boat, in defiance of the storm, hastens to her rescue, and returns with the lovely prize, as a reward for his courage and constancy.

The music is the joint composition of Mazzinghi and Reeve. Some part of it is exquisitely beautiful, particularly the fine *Strain* given by Incledon, in his best manner, and the supplicatory air of Virginia, in behalf of the poor *suffering abject slave*, which was sung by Mrs. H. Johnston with delightful tenderness and taste. Mrs. Mills never exerted herself more effectually in *speech*, *song* and *dance*, than in the part of the negro; though we looked in vain for the manual strength which could *fell to the ground* so powerful an opponent as Emery. Munden was exceedingly happy in his character. The opera is put together by Mr. Cobb, and it does him credit.

2.—Mrs. MATTOCKS's *Night*.—A young lady, whose timidity would scarcely allow us to judge of her theatrical pretensions, made her appearance in the *Deserted Daughter*. Emery's *Item* is on a par with his *Silky*, *Varland*, *Nicholas*, and *Lovegold*, all '*birds of the same feather*,' though Moliere, Fielding, Holcroft, Cumberland, and Morton have somewhat variegated the plumage.

7.—Mrs. MARTYR's *Night*.—The *Woodman*, with considerable alterations in the cast. Townshend's *Fairlop* was a judicious and interesting performance. Medley fell into the hands of Hill, and *Sir Walter Waring* into those of Munden, who was nearly as brisk, humorous, and '*so forth*' as his predecessor, Mr. Quick. Dolly was undertaken, at a short notice, by Mrs. Chapman, upon the sudden indisposition of Mrs. Martyr.

MAY 12.—*Liberal Opinions*.—This is an endeavour to do in one piece, what has frequently been attemped in many; to exhibit an honest lawyer *(The Country Attorney)* a generous Jew *(Sheva* and *Abednego)* a Yorkshireman no sharper than the rest of his countrymen, *(Young Testy)* &c. &c. The characters are brought into one connection by a story, which, though not new or ingenious, is well calculated for the purpose, and gives rise to a good deal of that sort of merriment which poor O'Keeffe has produced in more abundance, perhaps, than the British drama has to thank him for. As it is intended, next season, to extend this performance from *three* to *five* acts, we shall postpone all further remark till that time arrives. But, if *we* might recommend, we should advise compression instead of the proposed addition. It may be made an excellent farce, but no theatrical alchemy can refine such coarse materials into the sterling ore of comedy.

13.—Mrs. POPE's *Night*.—Mrs. P. performed *Imogen* and *Amanthis*, with much feeling and propriety.

17.—Miss WATERS's *Night*.—*Speculation*.—A Gentleman and Lady appeared in *Alderman Arable* and *Constantia*. We trust they found it a *bad* speculation, and have resolved on some other *look out*. The audience, at least, thought so.

20.—Mrs. EGERSON—a lady who changes her name every fortnight—played *Julia*, in the RIVALS, for her benefit. We hope she *felt* the character. If she did, the next step, we should hope, will be *reformation*, and, in that case, the stage may again erect itself into a school of morality, for the benefit of the rising generation—of *females*.

24.—*Ramah Droog*—*Poor Soldier.*—Mrs. Trevor, a sister of Mr. Kelly, of Drury-Lane, and who had been engaged from the beginning of the season, made her *first appearance* on the stage, for her *own benefit*. *Zelma* and *Patrick* were the characters in which she chose to make her *debût*. We cannot speak favourably of the lady's exertions on the present occasion, nor can we afford her any hopes of future success. It is but justice, however, to remark, that, the ridicule with which the audience seemed to treat Mrs. Trevor, whenever she appeared, was sufficient to 'quail the stoutest,' and to deprive her of that degree of courage and self-possession of which a novice, and especially a *singer*, stands so particularly in need. The attempt, however, was certainly unadvised, and must prove fatal to her theatrical prospects.

27. Mr. FARLEY's *Night*, &c.—Mr. Byrne, beyond dispute the most elegant and finished *English* dancer we ever had, entertained the audience with a ballet of his own composing, assisted by Mrs. Byrne, (late Rossi) and his son, a very clever child, who promises to *tread in the steps* of his father.

JUNE 3.—*Every one has his Fault.*—A Miss Lascelles made her *entrée* in *Lady Eleanor Irwin*. She has an elegant figure, and possesses *capabilities* that may, hereafter, be turned to account. This lady is engaged, we understand, for the ensuing season.

12.—The theatre closed with the *Lie of a Day*, *Three Weeks after Marriage*, and *Paul and Virginia*, for the benefit of Mr. O'KEEFFE, who, after administering, for a series of years, to the public mirth, is reduced to a situation that rendered it necessary for him to appeal to their bounty. This appeal was made in person, and it was touching to see the '*unfortunate*' dramatist introduced by Mr. Lewis on the stage,* to lament an infirmity which, (not to compare him to *Homer*, or *Milton*, nor, as some have done, to *Samson* led into the presence of the Philistines,) increased the interest of the exhibition, while it strengthened his claim to the consideration of the compassionate. The address, which its length will not permit us to insert, was modest and affecting, with the exception of a passage, wherein he seems to censure our present comic writers for profiting by his dramatic labours:

"And every puny whipster gets my sword."

He delivered the address, written by himself, with distinctness and propriety, and in a manner which sufficiently declared his grateful sense of the kindness shewn him, as well now as heretofore. He was led off at the conclusion by Mr. Lewis, amid the tears and congratulations of the whole house; and it would be difficult to ascertain who felt the most upon this occasion, the author, the comedian, or the audience. Mr. Quick, with the promptitude of genuine friendship and sympathy, came forward in *Alibi* and *Drugget*; and Mrs. Jordan, never behind-hand, when worth is to be rewarded or distress alleviated (though we disliked the *puff*, as well as the *nonsense*, of "*kindly perform*," as expressed in the bills,) came from Drury-Lane, where she had performed the *Child of Nature*, to officiate at Covent-Garden, as the *handmaid of charity*. The proprietors merit every commendation for their exertions in favour of an author who has

* This office peculiarly became Mr. Lewis, as acting manager; and, more especially, if it be true, as has been reported, that Mr. O'Keeffe is indebted to that gentleman for his original introduction into theatrical life.

done their state no inconsiderable service; nor should the performers pass without encomium, who relinquished their nightly salary in his favour. The house was extremely fashionable, and the profits are stated to have amounted to £260.

Mr. Lewis, in a neat address, returned the usual thanks on behalf of the manager and performers. The house will open again on the 15th of September.

13.—*The Duenna*—*Sultan*—and a dance, called the *Animated Statue*—were performed for the benefit of the Lying-in Hospital, Bayswater. Mr. Quick, Mrs. Jordan, and the Byrnes, from the Circus, increased the attractions of the evening.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This theatre opened on Friday, the 13th, with the *Heir at Law*, and the *Jew and the Doctor*, under the acting management of Mr. Fawcett, who has made the most spirited arrangements for the summer season. Emery, whose *forte* seems to be the country boys, acquired infinite credit and applause by his performance of *Zekiel Homespun*, which he played from his own original conception, without paying the least regard to those who preceded him in the part. *Emily*, in the farce, was personated by a young lady of the name of Gaudry, who possesses a pleasing countenance, a light and elegant figure, and a voice of much tenderness and delicacy.

16.—*Inkle and Yarico.*—The heroine by Mrs. Mountain, whose style of singing, before remarkable for its finish and accuracy, has been much improved by the suggestions and care of the celebrated Rauzzini. She was received with the warmth due to a former favourite, who has, on all occasions, conducted herself in such a manner as to entitle her to their peculiar applause. Miss Gaudry, on this evening, put in her claim as a *singer*, and it was admitted *nem. con.* This lady is to be considered as an acquisition of consequence to the summer theatre.

'Tis all a Farce. The plot, characters, and design of this piece, are the genuine reflex of the title, which, while it tells the spectator what entertainment he is to expect, will serve as the author's excuse for *'o'erstepping the modesty of nature.'* The story is Spanish, and has all the intrigue and bustle of their drama. An old gentleman is engaged to give his daughter's hand to a person whom he has never seen, against her consent, but from whom he shortly expects a visit. The favoured lover of the lady pretends to be the man of his choice, who is treated, on his arrival, as an impostor. A duel is the result, and the former, supposing himself a murderer, to elude the pursuit of justice, has a poor fellow *(Numpo)* who is found asleep in the street, dressed in his habit. The mistakes and equivoque which follow upon *Numpo's* sudden and unaccountable dignity, constitute the substance of the farce, which, though as old as Shakspere's *Taming of the Shrew*, is irresistibly ludicrous; and the rapidity of the incidents contributes greatly to the spirit of the representation. Fawcett, whose humour and activity are unfailing and incessant, carried the piece through with the most brilliant *eclat*; and we have no doubt but that it will be registered among the permanent attractions of the theatre. Mr. Allingham, the clever and successful author of *Fortune's Frolics*, has the merit of producing the present entertainment.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.—Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Siddons, Mrs. S. it is said, has declined all her summer engagements. There is a report that her son, Mr. Henry Siddons, is about to be united to Miss Scott, of Glasgow, with a fortune of £30,000. The papers have also betrothed Mr. Sheridan, junr. to Lady Anne Lambton, with £10,000 per annum. Banti's place at the opera, next year, is to be supplied by Mrs. Billington, at £2000 for the season. The receipts of the Opera House, on the night of the concert for the naval pillar, amounted to £693 16 4. Cooke, an actor of provincial celebrity, is engaged by Mr. Harris, for next season; as are, also, Mr. J. Brunton, and Mr. Blanchard, from the Norwich stage. Mr. Holman retires from Covent-Garden theatre, and thus diminishes, in a degree that will hereafter be sensibly felt and lamented, the professional consequence, the moral respectability, and the gentlemanly reputation of that company. Such a loss will not easily be repaired. The American Johnson has also relinquished her situation at the same theatre, for one more agreeable to her wishes and deserts, at York. Miss Leak quits Drury Lane, and, we believe, the stage altogether. The novelties forthcoming at the Haymarket are, a comedy by Mr. Colman, an opera by Mr. Holman, to be composed by Mr. Davy, of Exeter, a translation from the French, by Mr. C. Kemble, and a grand ballet by Mr. Fawcett, the music composed and compiled by Mr. Arnold. Mrs. Litchfield's engagement with the proprietors of Covent Garden theatre, which expired last season, has been renewed. Murphy is coming forward with a *Life of Garrick*, upon a plan more interesting and comprehensive than the work of Davies.

INCOME OF ACTORS.—The following statement has appeared in one of the public prints, as the profits of the performers respectively mentioned, during the last season, *clear of all expences*.

Mr. Incledon,	927	7	6
Mr. Munden,	800	13	6
Mr. Fawcett,	858	4	6
Mr. Holman,	440	13	6
Mr. and Mrs. Pope,	943	17	0
Mr. Knight,	647	3	0
Mr. J. Johnstone,	562	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston,	720	18	0

All that need be said of this statement, or rather *mis*-statement, is, that it is *not true*, and that it has been published (by whomsoever suggested, or from whatever authority derived) with a view to injure the performers, and create new dissentions in the profession.

VAUXHALL.

Clothed in the enchanting livery of a promising luxuriant summer, this earthly paradise is now open to the public. The band is considerably augmented, and the vocal performers respectable. An ode, called THE SHIELD OF PROVIDENCE, alluding to the late daring attempt on the life of our beloved Monarch, and written by Dr. Houlton, is worthy the pen it came from. It is evidently the tribute of the heart, and Mr. Hook has displayed his usual taste in the music, attached to this loyal effusion on a subject so truly interesting. The piece concludes with *God save the King*; the manner in which it is introduced, and blended with new melody, is striking and fanciful; and we doubt not, but a

treat so replete with genius and novelty, will retain its attractions to the end of the season.

ROYAL AMPITHEATRE, WESMINSTER-BRIDGE.

To say that the new pantomine produced since our last, at this place, is replete with excellent scenery, trick, and change, is not doing it all the justice it demands. Those who have read, with the true zest, the whimsies of DON QUIXOTE, and the humours of his SQUIRE, Sancho, will find that much attention has been paid to *character*, and that the scene, "though dumb, yet speaketh." The engagement of the two troops of horse, which completely fill the stage, is well managed—its effect was such, as to convulse the house with laughter, and those who remember an attempt at a similar display in Garrick's Harlequin's Invasion, and regret its removal, will here find their favourite, with considerable additions to its original respectability.

OPERA.

THIS beautiful and extensive theatre, has uniformly presented, on the nights of performance, during the present brilliant season, such a display of beauty and of fashion, as never fails to interest the eye of taste, and the heart of susceptibility. Female loveliness, in its full blaze, must ever captivate; and where can we behold it in higher perfection, than within the splendid confines of this temple of song, dance, and refined amusement?

SADLER'S WELLS.

EVERY thing declares the most spirited management at this place: the novelties are uncommonly attractive. To do them the justice they so fully demand, it is proper we pay them a second visit, and, therefore, defer further mention till our next.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE revival of that magnificent spectacle, CORA, from the crouded audiences it has drawn, sufficiently proves that the attraction of what is really praise worthy, will remain beyond a day. The pleasing Scotch dance by Byrne, upon the same account, notwithstanding numerous repetitions, still continues to please as much as ever. The managers have shewn their judgment by engaging a person, whose invention and execution go hand in hand. We have been a spectator of the new pantomime; all we can at present say is, that Mr. Cross was never more happy. Want of space, in the present instance, forbids our entering into its particular merits; we therefore only add, it is at once a treat to the *eye*, the *ear*, and the *mind*.

RANELAGH.

THE character of this place appears to be more than restored. The proprietors seem determined to deserve, what, we doubt not, they will meet with—ENCOURAGEMENT.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.*

[Continued from page 311]

DRURY-LANE.

Season of 1759-60, *continued.*

DEC. 1.—OROONOKO, (a) *with* ALTERATIONS.—O. (1st time) GARRICK.

* Our history taking its date from the commencement of Garrick's management, the play-bill which announced his first performance in London, will, no doubt, be considered sufficiently interesting for insertion.

October 19*th*, 1741.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

At the theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day, will be performed a concert of vocal and instrumental music, divided into two parts.

Tickets at three, two, and one shilling.

Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the theatre.

N. B. Between the two parts of the concert will be presented a historical play called the life and death of

KING RICHARD THE THIRD;

Containing the distresses of King Henry VI.
The artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard,
The murder of Young King Edward V. and his brother in the Tower,
The landing of the Earl of Richmond,
And the death of King Richard, in the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster.

With many other true historical passages,

The part of KING RICHARD by a GENTLEMAN,

(Who never appeared on any stage)

King Henry by Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, by Miss Hippesley; Duke of York, Miss Nailor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Peterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blakes; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tressel, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Radcliff, Mr. Crofts; Blunt, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrell, Mr. Puttenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall; the Queen, Mrs. Steel; Duchess of York, Miss Yates; and the part of Lady Anne,

By Mrs. GIFFARD.

With entertainments of Dancing,

By Mons. Fromet, Madam Duvall, and the two Masters and Miss Granier.

To which will be added, a ballad opera of one act, called

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

The part of Lucy by Miss Hippesley.

Both of which will be performed gratis by persons for their diversion.

The concert will begin exactly at six o'clock.

(a) An alteration of Southerne's tragedy, by Dr. Hawkesworth. The comic scenes were omitted, and the characters of Aboan and Hotman extended to supply

Aboan, Holland; Blandford, Palmer; Governor, Burton; Stanmore, Packer; Capt. Driver, Bransby; Hotman, Blakes; Planters, Moody, &c. Imoinda, Mrs. CIBBER. In act 2 an entertainment of singing, the music by Stanley; with a dance, by Grimaldi, Noverre, &c. *Anatomist.*

3.—*Oroonoko*—with a *Prologue*, by FLEETWOOD. *Int. Chambermaid.* 4.—*Oroonoko. H. Life.* 5.—(for the use of the Marine Society) *with an occasional prologue* by Havard. *Male Coquette.*—Mrs. Dottrell, Mrs. Bennet. 6—*Oroonoko. H. Life.* 7—*W. of the World*—Waitwell, Bransby; Foible, Mrs. Bennet. *Q. Mab.*—The Fairy, Miss DAVIES, (*her first appearance*). 8.—*Oroonoko. H. Life.* 10.—*Ibid.* 11.—*Oroonoko. Q. Mab.*

12.—*M. of Venice.*—Shylock, MACKLIN (*his 1st app. here for 6 years*) (c); Lorenzo, Moody; the songs by Mr. PRENTIS (*his 1st app. on this stage*).—(FIRST TIME) LOVE A LA MODE (d).—Macklin, [Sir Archy Macsarcasm] King,

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the deficiency thus occasioned. The intention of Dr. H. was exceedingly commendable; and, if we may give credit to the assertion of Mr. Gentleman, who, about the same time, gave to the public an alteration of this play, which was acted at Edinburgh, Southerne himself declared, in his latter days, that he most heartily regretted his complying with a licentious taste, by writing any thing so offensive to modesty, as the comic part of his works. But what Dr. Hawkesworth added, does not seem to have been thought sufficient to fill up the chasm he had made, and the original play, therefore, has been more frequently acted since than the alteration.

We shall postpone the mention of Dr. Hawkesworth till we arrive at his *Edgar and Emmeline*, an original performance of much merit.

(b) Part of the pit was laid into the boxes.

(c) The interval he had passed as a tavern-keeper, a lecturer, and an actor in Ireland.

(d) A farce by Mr. Macklin. Some of the players had so little expectation of its being relished by the public, that they foretold its approaching destruction; and one or two principal characters were refused by them. What Mr. Garrick's opinion of it was, before it was acted, is not known; but it was rehearsed under the care and inspection of the author himself, who intended, it is said, to have acted Sir Callaghan O'brallaghan, had he found a proper person for Sir Archy M'Sarcasm.

During the first run of this farce, some gentlemen of North Britain were highly offended at the character of M'Sarcasm, which they imprudently declared was a satire upon the whole kingdom of Scotland. Many imprecations, almost in his hearing, were bestowed upon the author. The prejudices of some gentlemen of that country were very strong, for a long time, and not easily removed; while others, of the same nation, enjoyed the joke as highly as the rest of the audience. Macklin was not paid as an actor, but had a proportion of the profits of each night's performance, which proved very considerable. He has been blamed for indulging too great national partiality in the construction of this piece, for that, of four lovers, viz. an Irish officer, a Scotch baronet, a Jew broker, and an English country 'squire, he has made the first the only man who is disinterested in his addresses to the young lady; but perhaps the author was more desirous of rescuing the character of his countrymen from the odium of being considered, indis-

[Squire Groom] Blakes, [Bean Mordecai] Moody, [Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan] Burton, and Miss Macklin; *with an occasional prologue by Miss M.* 13.—*Ibid.*

14.—*Zara.* TUTOR (e).—Gaudry, Reinhold, Signora Saratina. The music by Signior Adolfo Hasse. 15.—*M. ado. L. a la Mode.* 17.—*Wonder.*—*Q. Mab.*

18.—(for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital) *P. Wife.*—Belinda, Miss Haughton; with *the occ. prologue* by KING. *M. Doctor.*

19.—(1*st time for* 6 *years*) *Refusal.*—Sir Gilbert Wrangle, MACKLIN; Frankley, Palmer; Granger, Davies; Witling, (1*st time*) O'Brien; Charlotte, Miss Macklin; Ly. Wrangle, Mrs. Bennet; Sophronia, Mrs. Clive. A minuet by Noverre and Miss M. *L. a la Mode.*

20.—*J. Shore.*—Shore, Havard; J. Shore, (1*st time*) Mrs. Yates. *H. Life.* 21.—*Refusal L. a la Mode.* 22.—*E. in his Humour. L. a la Mode.* 26.—*Romeo.*—FLEETWOOD (f); Juliet, Miss Pritchard. *Q. Mab.* 27.—*Refusal.*—*L. a la Mode.* 28.—(by com. of the P. of Wales) *Oroonoko. Q. Mab.* 29.—*D. Gallant. H. Life.*

31.—*G. Barnwell.*—Trueman, Austin. (1*st time*) HARLEQUIN'S INVASION (g); a Christmas gambol, (after the manner of the Italian comedy).—Harlequin, (1*st time*) KING. The other characters by Yates, Bransby, Moody, Blakes, Burton, Mrs. Bennet, Miss POPE, [Dolly Snip] with an occ. prologue.

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criminately, as *fortune-hunters*, than of exculpating them altogether from the charge of mercenariness in their attachments. "The thought of the catastrophe," says Baker, "is borrowed from Theophilus Cibber's comedy of The Lover; and the character of the Irishman bears too much resemblance to Sheridan's Capt. O'Blunder, to entitle its being looked on as an entire original. One act of it was printed in the Court Miscellany, April 1766. The great success of this piece has given rise to a report, that it was not really written by Mr. Macklin; and one gentleman, it is said, even whispered, among his friends, that he was in fact the author of it. The meanness and disingenuity of such a proceeding are too obvious to need being enlarged upon. Some of the best writers in the English language have suffered in the same manner. Mr. Pope observes, that it was said Garth did not write his own Dispensary; Denham likewise was charged with purchasing Cooper's Hill; Cibber was frequently upbraided as incapable of producing such a piece as The Careless Husband; and even Mr. Pope himself was suspected of not being the author of The Essay on Criticism. For an anecdote of King George II. relative to this farce, see the Life of Macklin, in a former number.

(e) We know nothing farther of this farce than that it was damned.

(f) It seems that when Garrick played Romeo, Mrs. Cibber was the Juliet; and when Fleetwood performed the lover, Miss Pritchard was the gentle heroine. This interchange of parts is a *desideratum* at present in our theatres.

(g) The plan of this pantomime, which was introduced by a prologue, which calls it a *Christmas Pye*, is a supposed invasion made by Harlequin and his train upon the frontiers and domain of Shakspeare. The characters are made to speak, and the catastrophe is the defeat of Harlequin, and the restoration of King Shakspeare. Of Harlequin's Invasion, all the dialogue, &c. was furnished by Mr. Garrick, who originally wrote some part of it, to serve the interest of a favourite

performer at Bartholomew fair, [probably Mr. Yates] where it passed under a title rendered designedly long and ostentatious, concluding thus—*The Taylor without a Head, or, the Battle of the Golden Bridge.* Miss Pope's performance of *Dolly Snip* was extremely serviceable to the pantomime. The music is by Dr. Boyce.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—This theatre opened, on Monday the 16th of June, with *Lovers' Vows* and the *Spoil'd Child.* Mr. and Miss Murray pass their second summer here, and Knight is engaged for twelve nights. Messrs. Young, Grant, Simmons, Emery, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Ward, and other Liverpool favourites, still continue in the company. Mrs. Mattocks also resumes the situation which she maintained for several years in this theatre.

Theatre BIRMINGHAM.—This theatre, which, under the able management of Mr. Macready, has been, for several past seasons, in a very flourishing state, commenced its season on the fourth of June. Mrs. Mountain, in her way to town, performed Clarissa, Yarico, &c. with great applause. Mr. and Mrs. Pope, who are engaged for one month, opened with *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and, on the same evening, Mrs. Litchfield, from Covent Garden theatre, made her first appearance in *Aura*, in the Farm House. The regular company is highly respectable, consisting of the manager, the judicious Harley, Mr. Betterton, Davies, (late of the Haymarket), Mr. Lewis (son to the excellent comedian of that name), Egerton, Halpin, Waldron, Curtis, Macartney (the Covent Garden *Romeo*), Noble, King (the Harlequin), J. Betterton, Mrs. Macready, Miss Arne, Miss B. Biggs, Mrs. Litchfield, &c. Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston succeed the Popes for one month, and Holman is engaged for the benefits. The houses, hitherto, have been extremely well attended.

Theatre MANCHESTER.—A Mr. Lee-Sugg has been here, with an *entertainment*, as he called it, of recitation, songs, and ventriloquism. We notice the circumstance merely to expose the impudence and blasphemy of this miserable stroller. In his bills he called ventriloquism "a wonderful power, that never can be learnt, but must be given by the *King of Kings*," and asserts that "the Lord hath given unto him this great talent, and the devil cannot take it from him." The magistrates and inhabitants of the place should have driven such a wretch from the town, with every mark of contempt and execration.

Theatre Royal DUBLIN.—Kemble is going through all his characters, with the most unlimited applause, to houses full of the most fashionable company. He is well supported by Cooke, Huddart, and Miss Gough. Mrs. Bellamy, late Mrs. Berry, and formerly Miss Grist, has risen into notice and favour with the public. Hamerton is the acting manager under Captain Jones.

Theatre Royal BATH.—Mrs. Johnstone, the present Siddons of Bath and Bristol, is an actress of the first merit and consequence. In tragedy and sentimental comedy she is superior to any performer we have seen for many seasons on those stages. A young Lady (Miss Grimani) has excited some attention in the parts of *Juliet*, *Euphrasia*, and *Elwina*, and we think that, with practice and encou-

ragement, she may become, at no distant period, a considerable ornament to the stage. We have had Mrs. Mountain here, for a few nights: Miss Griffiths is the vocal heroine at present. The theatre is upon the eve of closing a very successful season.

Theatre PLYMOUTH.—Blisset, late of the Bath theatre, and Mrs. Harlowe, have been performing here with success. Bannister, Munden, the Popes, and Mr. H. Johnston are expected in the course of the season.

Theatre Royal WINDSOR.—Bannister and Mrs. Atkins have afforded considerable amusement to their Majesties. The company is, in other respects, (as at this theatre it generally is) extremely indifferent.

A CURIOUS GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

Suggested by a Principle in the Composition and Resolution of Forces.

By W. A.

GIVEN, the four sides of a trapezium, A B C D, two whereof, viz. A D and D C, are equal; the angular points A and B are fixed, and C and D moveable. Now it is required to find the situation of the point C, such, that D E being produced to a given point P, and a line drawn from C to another given point Q, the angle P C Q may be bisected by another line passing the points A and C.

N. B. The point P Q is supposed to be situate on the same side of the figure with the point C.

☞ *An Answer from any of our mathematical correspondents is requested.*

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

CRIM. CON.—Taylor *versus* Birdwood.—Before Lord Kenyon and a special jury.—Sittings after Easter Term.——Mr. Erskine, in a very pathetic and eloquent speech, unfolded to the jury the leading points of the case. The plaintiff he stated to be 29 years of age; a young man of fortune, of considerable practice in the law, and descended from a very ancient and respectable family, residing at the priory, near Totnes, Devon. His wife he described as a beautiful woman (about 30) to whom, at the age of 21, he had been married, and with whom he had since lived almost nine years; that the marriage was an union of pure, disinterested love, under its happiest auspices, which remained unimpaired until the fatal hour arrived in which the defendant planned, and, finally, perfected its overthrow; that the defendant was a clergyman, in priest's orders, 26 years of age, the early associate and bosom friend of the plaintiff, (and the only son of Dr. Birdwood, a physician of great eminence, and a very honourable man, residing in the same town) who, under the impenetrable disguise and flattering observances of more than ordinary affection for the plaintiff, seduced and debauched his wife. Mr. Erskine most feelingly depicted the first intermitting indications of the mind of this unhappy lady, in all its stages of alienation; its slow dereliction; its affecting return; neglect followed by remorse, remorse by love, and love succeeded by returning inattention, until, by the artful wiles of the defendant, the struggle ended in the resignation of her virtue and honour, and the

consequent misery and distraction of her husband. Here Mr. Erskine beautifully contrasted the effects of neglect in friendship, and in wedded love. Do we not know (said he) how keenly we discern the smallest slight in the conduct of the man who possesses our regard? Are we not impatient of the cause? Do we not press for conciliation? But how more rapid is the mind's intelligence, how more acute the heart's anguish, in the woman who possesses that heart's fullest admiration, and shares with us the blisses of existence!

Several witnesses were called to prove the marriage and adultery, the affectionate conduct of the plaintiff towards his wife, and the virtuous manner in which she had been reared.

Mr. Law, the leading counsel for the defendant, made an admirable address to the jury on his behalf, in which he disavowed himself the advocate of adultery, but feelingly implored them not to give heavy damages, in this case, as his client was a young man, wholly dependent on his father, whose prospects would be blasted by their verdict, and, by the operation of heavy damages, would be consigned to a gaol, there to linger out the remnant of his days.

Lord Kenyon, in a speech of considerable length, summed up the evidence, which he declared could leave no doubt of the adultery, committed under the most aggravating circumstances. This he prefaced by an animated and eloquent exordium, on the nature of the offence, and said, that although he had been by some people ranked in the class of legal monks, he was determined to shew to them that, with all the feelings of a man, he abhorred a crime, which involved in its consequence the morals, religion, and happiness of the civilized world, and that he deemed it his glory to be assistant in its suppression, in defiance of the new republican philosophy of the day, which discountenanced virtue, and consigned to eternal repose that happiness he looked for beyond the grave.

The jury, without hesitation, gave a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages £500.

We some time since suggested a mode, by means of a mirror, to ascertain whether balls had been fired from muskets in exercise, reviews, &c. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the idea, has again our best acknowledgements, for enabling us to recommend that, instead of the principal officers, &c. by standing in the front of the line, rendering themselves liable to all the consequences of malevolence, awkwardness, or inattention, that they take post on either flank; by which every possible ill would be obviated, and an opportunity afforded, that cannot be obtained according to the present system, of viewing the entire line, and judging of the level of the pieces, upon which the success of an action, and the consequent safety of the combatant must depend.

A chymist of Guadaloupe has discovered a method of extracting from the sugar-cane one sixth part of fine sugar more than has hitherto been obtained.

The wishes of an august personage are said to have proved more powerful than the influence of a party, and the most efficient member of opposition, whose talents have long been a principal support to his cause, and an ornament to his country, is (if an authority we have reason to credit be correct) about to join the standard of the minister.

Poor Suwarrow, after all, we are told, is gone! Whether amid the smiles or frowns of the master he so gallantly served, is now of little import. The impartial page of history bows not even to the mandate of the Autocrat of all the Russians.

The ashes of Boileau have been lately removed by order of Buonaparte; the *fires* have long since been extinct: nor has the panegyrist of the ambitious Louis XIV. left behind him a single successor to immortalize the no less sanguinary first consul.

The theatrical adventurers to America appear, by recent accounts, to have been very successful of late.

The perfume tax, becoming more inconvenient than productive, having fallen from 14 to about £4,000 per annum, is relinquished.

ULTRAMARINE.—A substitute has been found for this beautiful pigment, formerly obtained by a tedious and difficult process from *lapis lazuli*. Morveau has discovered that lelenite loaded with iron, when decomposed by carbonaceous matter, yields a blue sulphurat of iron, of equal permanence with the true ultramarine.

It was stated, on a recent trial, that all the multitudinous cattle brought for the supply of the capital, are consigned to seven ar eight brokers, in Smithfield, who not only receive per centage on the produce, but exclude the small buyers, by purchasing on their own account the inconsiderable lots, which they sell in great numbers, and at increased prices, to the wholesale dealers, who, thus guarded against competition, are enabled to fix on the article such price as they think proper.

As Mr. J. Seaman, of Rupert-street, was lately going from the Haymarket to Bond-street, he fell down in a fit: a crowd of people soon collected, but a Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. Seaman, kept them at a distance from him, thereby promoting his recovery, by the admission of air, and preserving a large sum of money which he had in his pockets, and of which, it is probable, he had otherwise been deprived. This dog, about two years since, saved his master's life, at Portsmouth, when he fell into the harbour, and, but for the exertions of this animal, must have been drowned.

The hop plantations in Kent and Sussex are, in general, full of bine, and forward in growth; but all are, in different degrees, infected with the fly.

The potatoes promise to yield such abundant crops in the West of Scotland, that extensive contracts have been entered into to sell them at 6d. per peck.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock, on the night of the 19th April, a severe storm of rain was experienced in Boston, accompanied with very vivid flashes of lightning and some thunder. The wind was southerly, and the atmosphere was very thick and sultry, yielding a sulphurous smell. After the storm had abated, an impalpable powder was perceived in the streets, especially in those parts where the water had subsided, and in the rain water casks, resembling brimstone.—Several ingenious gentlemen made a collection of this substance, for the purpose of experiment. One of them melted a small quantity of it, and found it to answer the purposes of common brimstone in making matches. The circumstance is perhaps unprecedented, and will attract the notice of philosophy, as a subject in every respect deserving the most minute investigation.

The beautiful experiment in Galvanism, lately communicated to Sir Joseph Banks, by Professor Volta, and repeated by Dr. Garnet, at the Royal Institution, has confirmed the pretensions of the advocates of Perkinism, who asserted an in-

fluence of metals on the bodies of animals, externally applied. The many extraordinary facts evincing the efficacy of the metallic tractorts in diseases, although apparently authenticated by indisputable testimony, could not gain credence with some, because no experiment had then been hit upon to render their influence immediately perceptible, otherwise than in the removal of the disease;—this experiment offers an instant demonstration.

M. Zink, of Homburg, near Frankfort, has invented a musical Instrument which plays a full concerto, and comprehends 14 different iustruments. This instrument has three sets of keys; the uppermost plays the harmonica of Franklin, the middle one a piano-forte, and the undermost a harpsichord without quills.

An American gentleman, who left France on Wednesday last, and who, during an excursion of several months, has had abundant opportunity, to judge of the general situation of the country, reports that the people, wholly indifferent as to the fashion of their government, or as to the persons by whom it is exercised, are most anxious for the return of peace, and are greatly exasperated against England, which they are taught to consider as the immediate obstacle to their wishes.—Provisions are abundant, and, nominally, beyond conception cheap; but the generality of the people are without the means to purchase them, and are thus, in the midst of profusion, subject to all the inconvenience of scarcity. The Government paper was no where current; and the only money our informant saw for weeks was a very rude coin made of bell-metal. In the interior there exists no trade whatever, nor manufaeture, with the exception of silk hankerchiefs, and some similar articles of internal consumption.

A new church of singular architectural beauty, was lately opened at Calcutta, with a musical festival, in commemoration of Handel. The pews are arranged in the style of ancient amphitheatres, happily adapted for the display of oriental magnificence, and capable of containing a very large audience.

Doncaster.—On the 22d May, a violent storm came on, attended by tremendous claps of thunder, and the most vivid flashes of lightning, by which a loaded waggon, belonging to Mr. Heaton, of this place, was set on fire, and the lightning running along the gears, struck down five out of the six horses that were two a-breast, and killed one of the leading horses. The waggoner was also struck down, but received no material hurt. Two ladies were at the time hastening to the waggon for shelter from the rain, and were within a few paces of it, but happily received no injury. The fire raged with the utmost fury; engines were expeditiously procured, and a great concourse of people assembled to assist to save the property, notwithstanding which, most of the goods were either consumed or materially damaged. The hedges and road were covered, for a considerable distance, with damaged pieces of stuffs, muslins, woollen cloths, cottons, and other articles, that had been snatched from the flames, which totally destroyed the waggon.

An application is about to be made to Parliament for a suitable provision for prince Augustus, who is to be created Duke of Kendall.

Sir G. Webster, Bart. in a paroxism of mental derangement, on Tuesday night, (3d June) shot himself through the head, at his house in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, leaving two sons and a daughter. By this fatal event Lord Holland succeeds to the £7000 per annum, an unalienable property of Lady Holland,

which, previous to his marriage, he gave up to Sir G. W. for his life. It appeared that the deceased had, a few months after his marriage, made an attempt upon his life, and that he had recently given many proofs of insanity. Verdict of the coroner's jury—Lunacy.

A bridge of iron, of three arches, whose centre will admit ships without striking their top-masts, is, it is stated, to be speedily built across the Thames, in place of London Bridge; for which purpose, it is added, a lighter has been for some time employed in taking soundings.

Some days ago, as eight men and three women were at work in a coal-pit, at Erskine Colliery, in Scotland, the pit took fire, by which accident they were all dreadfully burnt; one of the men is since dead. A nearly similar accident happened about the same time, to four men who were at work in a coal-pit near Rutherglen; they were all shockingly burnt and one of them, likewise, is since dead.

Judge Washington, nephew to the late General, is, we understand, the federal candidate for the vice-presidency at the ensuing election.

The Prince of Wirtemburgh (brother to the Duke,) with his consort, on Monday night, arrived from the continent at Gravesend, where being detained for passports, they were obliged to lodge in the garret of the inn, all other parts being occupied. General Mack, has been forbid to appear at Vienna.

BIRTH.

Of a son and heir, Lady Porchester, in Grosvenor-square.

MARRIED.

At Llangefni, Mr. H. Cecson, to Miss Lucy Fencoch (the rich heiress of the late J. Hughs, Esq. of Bowgwddau-hall), a lady of much beauty, but deaf and dumb; who, on the evening of the marriage, slipped, in going down stairs, and fell with such violence against a chair, that her head was nearly severed from her body, and she instantly expired. H. Slaughter, Esq. to Viscountess Montague. Sir H. D. Hamilton, Bart. to the daughter of Lord Duncan.

DIED.

At Hamburgh, aged 38, the Duke D'Aiguillon. In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, aged 40, in consequence of a fall from his horse in hunting, H. Meynell, Esq. of Leicestershire. S. Pegge, Esq. one of the Grooms of the Privy Chamber. W. Cambell, 1st assistant of the Board of Control. In Bedford-square, whilst playing picquet, on Thursday evening, Sir F. Buller, Bart. one of the justices of the Common Pleas. At Windsor, aged 65, Dr. Pearson. At Egham, aged 61, C. T. Kirby, Esq. Serjeant at Law. At Bath, the lady of T. W. Coke, M. P. sister of Lord Sherborne. In old Burlington-street, aged 75, Lord Bradford, who is succeeded in the title and estates by his son, the Hon. O. Bridgeman, Member for Wigan. At Belvedere, Lady Bagot.

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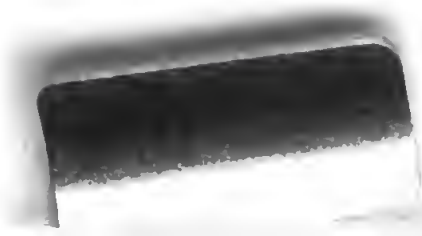

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